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A DAY IN CRANFORD

By JOSEPHINE TOZIER

With original illustrations by EDMUND H. NEW.



KNUTSFORD, the "Cranford" of Mrs. Gaskell's literary masterpiece, the town where she passed so many years of her childhood and where she now lies buried, is within easy reach of the American tourist who lands in Liverpool. It is a station on a small branch road going from Chester to Manchester, and only fifteen miles from the latter city. The distance from Chester to Knutsford is twenty-four miles. A fine old stage road, the delight of motorists and bicyclists, leads through the town.

It was a bright June day when Polly and I turned aside on a journey to the North to make a pilgrimage to the grave of the

author and the home of the Amazons and Elegant Economy,—sacred words, we too, like the Cranford ladies, always write with capital letters!

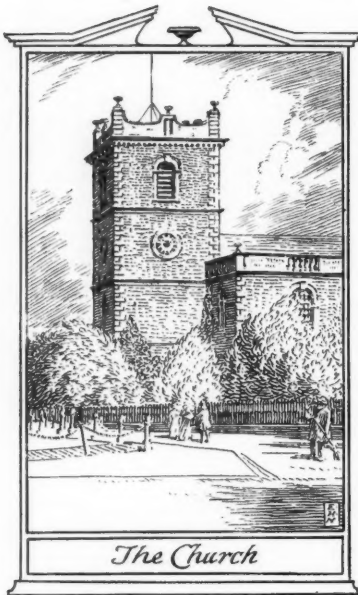
Approaching Knutsford from Manchester by railway, our first sensation as the town came into view was one of bitter disappointment. We have never since made it quite clear to one another what sort of a place we expected to see; but what we *did* see

was a rather imposing-looking town of dull roofs and duller chimney-pots surmounting dull brick houses placed in solemn, orderly rows on the slope of a hill; yet to eyes quick to perceive the saving grace of warm color there lingered a charm in the weather-stained tiles, tinted



*Knutsford
from the Moor*

with mellow brown and tawny green by sun and wind. A venerable church with a square tower over-



shadowed by broad waving trees rose majestically among the commonplace roofs. To it I silently pointed, while Polly continued to sigh; until, as we stepped from the carriage onto a tidily swept platform, I whispered in her ear the name of Captain Brown. Her interest revived at once; but there was no suggestion about the modern station of the ancient railway line where that brave gentleman of Cranford gave his life to save a little child; no tablet commemorated this noble deed, and with indignant surprise we beheld the jolly porters daring to skylark on such consecrated ground. One of these unconsciously irreverent men, with a jest to his fellow, shouldered our luggage to bear it away to the Royal George before we could reprove him. Cranford was no fiction, but reality to our fond fancy! With reproach in my glance and voice, I asked the way to where Mrs. Gaskell lies buried. That should be our first pilgrimage. The man led the way a short distance down the road and left us at an embowered gateway, saying:

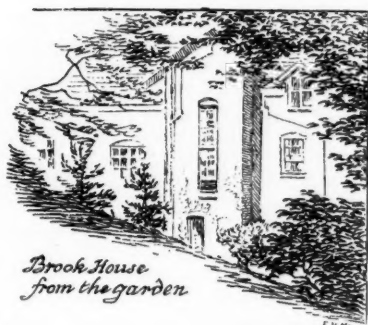
"When you come out and pass under the railroad bridge, you'll find the George half-way down King Street." Seeing signs of perplexity he added, "They ain't but two streets in Knutsford, so you can't lose your way!"

We rang and were admitted to the burial-ground, which is guarded by a quaint old Unitarian chapel built in Cromwell's time, a building much more like a cottage than a place of worship, having outside staircases, hung thick with festoons of vines and clambering roses, leading to the galleries. The spot is full of restful charm. The warm sun touched the marble cross which marks the writer's last resting-place; a robin trilled forth a summer song in the flower-laden bushes, and with him our hearts sang thankful benediction for the lovable spirit, the gentle genius, whose amiable wit, disclosed to us in "Cranford," shall make many generations glad and endure while English literature lasts.

We laid a great bunch of roses on the grave and with lingering steps left the garden of the dead, still listening to the joyous voice of the carolling bird long after the gate had closed upon us.

Adjoining the chapel enclosure on the way toward the town stands Brook House, which the author of "Cranford" bestowed upon the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson. A garden running over with bright blossoms now divides the house from the street





*Brook House
from the garden*

which in "Cranford" days ran close under the windows where the powdered head of the haughty Mr. Mulliner could be seen by the indignant gentlewomen lolling indolently and reading the coveted *St. James's Chronicle* for which they so patiently waited.

"The impudence of the man!" Miss Pole had dared to whisper. "I should like to ask him whether his mistress pays her quarter share for his exclusive use!"

Leaning over the garden wall, the recollection of that bold speech excited our imagination to something of the awe those dear ladies experienced when they listened to those daring words. No wheezy Carlo darted forth to bark at us; and on we went down the dipping road into the shadow of the railway bridge.

"This would do for Darkness Lane!" I exclaimed; "it is both dark and muddy enough for ghosts and highwaymen to walk here undisturbed."

"Nonsense!" was Polly's only reply. Her superior talent for acquiring exact information had enabled her to ascertain that the dreaded lane was in quite another locality, and that in "Cranford" days, ancient cottages thickly tenanted stood on the spot I was so generously giving over to spirits and robbers.

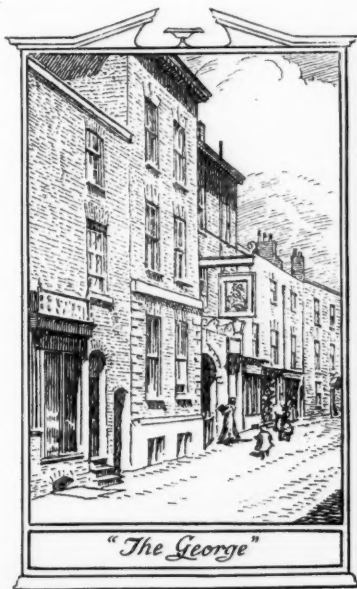
Out of the gloom we stepped into the sunshine of King Street, which goes rambling and curving from the churchyard wall to the gate of Tatton Park, a jumble of architectural

curiosities ranging from the period of daub and wattle to the snug and ugly villa of modern times. All of these structures crowd themselves close upon the street, each one pushing itself a trifle in front of its neighbor, as though anxious to watch what is going on in the world. The quaint charm of this twisting, incongruous old street completely obliterated our original impression of the monotonous chimneys.

"Such is the way of the world," remarked Polly, who never loses a chance to philosophize; "we judged the whole town by its most conspicuous defect."

"And were consequently deceived," I added.

Knutsford Church, a sober, dignified structure, with a square tower of the kind our forefathers so much admired that its counterpart can be seen in many an old New England town, stands in the centre of a rolling green carpet, sloping gently upward from the lower to the higher street, thickly sown with ancient tombstones. Mrs. Gaskell was married in this church; for in her time



"The George"

Dissenters were not permitted to marry in their own chapels. Here, too, with a novelist's privilege, she installed the Reverend Mr. Jenkyns as rector.

On a narrow thoroughfare, facing the churchyard and climbing the hill by its side, is a row of delicious old houses built in the days when our common sovereign King George I. influenced the taste of builders in England and America. Captain Brown and his daughters may have lodged in one of these modest homes, and busy Miss Pole could nowhere else have so perfectly gratified her inquisitive nature. Weddings and funerals and the weekly gathering at the church porch, as well as the advent of every stranger riding into town either by the upper or the lower road, would never here have escaped her watchful eyes.

The shops in King Street among which this inquisitive lady was wont to ramble of a morning, cannot have changed materially since "Cranford" was written. The very enticing array of bright silks Mr. Wildgoose, an enterprising draper, now displays in his windows would tempt a modern spinster less docile than sweet Miss Matty to despise sober, quiet gray. The leading jeweller supplies to his customers not only choice gold ornaments, but likewise an impartial assortment of boots, false hair, tobacco and "Manchester Perfect Teeth." A tiny little shop modestly sandwiched in between more ambitious structures announces that "Tea is blended on the premises"; and as

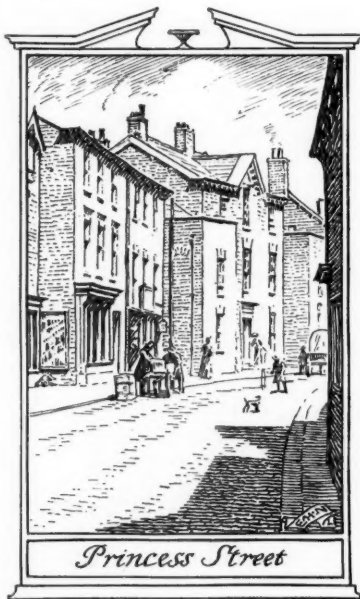
a culmination of Cranford reminiscence we actually saw a steaming joint being carried home for dinner from the baker's—although, alas! it was not borne gallantly by a Captain Brown for a trembling old woman, but gaily balanced aloft on one hand in perilous fashion by a whistling lad.

King Street has a sidewalk so narrow that only one person, and a very small person at that, can walk upon it with comfort. This luxury was presented to the town by Lady

Jane Stanley, the original of "Cranford's" Honourable Mrs. Jamieson. Lady Jane lived in the big house at the end of the town, was the daughter of an earl and quite as great a tyrant as the mistress of the asthmatic Carlo and that superior servant, Mr. Mulliner. One of Lady Jane's pet aversions was the sight of a couple walking arm in arm; therefore, when she presented the sidewalk, she stipulated that it should be limited to a single flagstone. This lady likewise owned the sedan chair which figures so amus-

ingly in Mrs. Gaskell's tale. With a condescension quite befitting her station, she allowed her chairmen to let it to her friends and neighbors for a consideration of fourpence an hour.

The plain brick face of the Royal George retired so modestly from sight behind the protruding timber façade of the picturesque old Rose and Crown that, until the swinging sign, pushing itself in front around a sharp corner, put us right, we fancied we were lost after all. Instead of the





The old Market House



*from the
Churchyard*



*The Rose
& Crown*



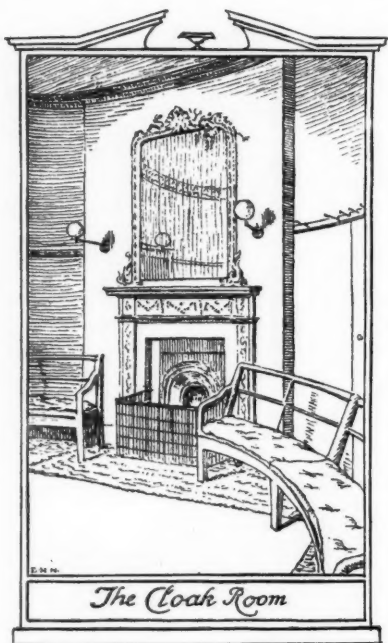
*Over
Knutsford*



*In
King's*



*'The George'
Yard*



rotund face of a Hanoverian king, as the name of the inn would lead one to expect, some highly imaginative artist had pictured the brave and saintly patron of England, St. George, mounted on a prancing steed of a mysterious breed, fighting a dragon most awful and wonderful to behold,—a combination of sea-serpent and crocodile, who wears his skeleton outside like an overcoat. I was gazing in surprise at this work of art when Polly's voice, issuing from the gloomy archway which yawns beneath it, the entrance to the inn, called me to "come on!" I hesitated a moment before taking the dark plunge; then followed to find her opening a door just inside, which led into the most cheerful interior.

What welcome can be expressed by a staircase! Out of great darkness we came upon one where the sunlight, pouring from a broad window on the landing, touched each spiral of the richly carved oak balustrade and spread out so cordially at the bottom of a flight of easy low steps that we

felt we were expected to mount at once and be at home in the Royal George.

In the quaint office bar occupying part of the hall, from which it is divided by diamond-paned antique window screens, stood the smiling landlady, her figure the sole dark spot against the shining old pewter and brass of the background. She came forward as soon as our wants were known, and directed a trim little chambermaid to show us rooms.

The Royal George at Knutsford is a treasure-house of the finest old furniture it has ever been my fate to desire in vain. The hall, the staircase landing, every nook and corner, is rich in relics of the days when Chippendale, Sheraton and like masters of the art were turning mahogany into beautiful and useful forms. Always a flourishing coaching-house, and at that period in the beginning and height of its prosperity, this inn was evidently equipped by a landlord with extremely good taste; and successive proprietors have not only preserved the beautiful bits with which he adorned it, but have added others calculated to excite envy and delight in the heart of an antiquary.

The brisk little maid trotted up the staircase before us and threw open the door of a room, asking, "Will this suit you? It is the room which her Majesty the late Queen occupied when she passed through Knutsford as Princess Victoria."

"Oh!" we both murmured in deeply interested tones.

"And one of us may have *this* room?" asked Polly in a tone of suppressed awe.

"If it pleases you."

Pleased us! We became at once arch royalists, entirely and completely forgetting in such surroundings that our forefathers ever rebelled against a king. There are no such fanatics as renegades, and notwithstanding the fact that our ancestors on both sides had grown up with the United States for the last two centuries, we fairly trembled with delight at the prospect of occupying



*Higgins the
Highwayman's*

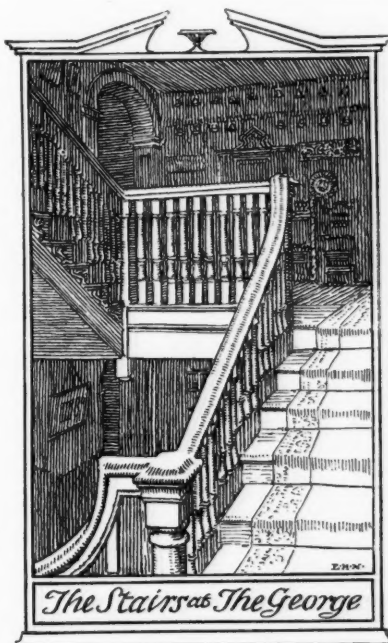
the room in which a princess had slept, and of ourselves sleeping in that splendid mahogany bed!

Our sitting-room also proved such a museum of choice furniture that I had to call back Polly several times from her contemplation of the splendid sideboard and rare old chairs to finish her luncheon. When our hostess came in to ask how we fared, we could hardly answer, so anxious were we to see the ballroom in which Signor Brunoni mystified and perplexed the beloved spinsters of "Cranford" by his magic, and where they sat, not quite sure they ought to remain, until Miss Matty discovered that the presence of the Rector stamped the entertainment as sanctified by the Church. This ballroom was built a hundred years or more before Mrs. Gaskell's time, but redecorated a century ago in Empire style. The glass chandeliers with dangling prisms burn up twenty-five dollars' worth of candles every time the ballroom is used. Here Louis Napoleon, an ambitious refugee, anxiously watching events, danced with the belles of the county. Perhaps he honored some of the Chippendale furniture by performing his favorite feat of running around the backs of the chairs when they were set at the supper table. This room has witnessed many a splendid

county ball and assembly; for the Royal George is highly favored by the noblemen who own estates near by.

Our hostess led us out into the broad sunny stable-yard where formerly the Manchester coach, with great stamping satin-coated horses, awaited daily its patrons, through a smoking-room wainscoted high with richly colored oak, full of old tables and benches in nooks and corners so cozy that only the pencil of a Saddler can do justice to it. The upper end of the now quiet courtyard opens on Princess Street, where Miss Matty lived her gentle life and tried hard to keep a little shop with "tea blended on the premises." Her house is pointed out to credulous tourists nearly opposite the taproom.

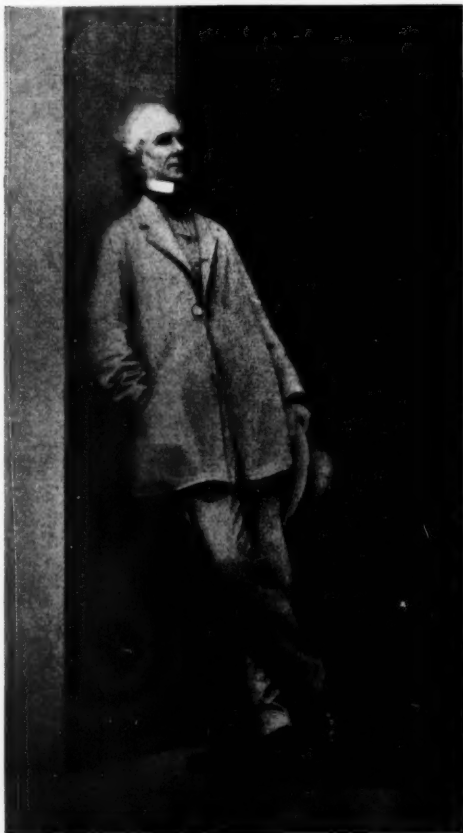
On Princess Street the fine large square brick dwellings, their doors embellished by huge shining brass



The Stairs at The George

door-plates and knockers, proclaim the utmost gentility and respectability; but, alas! several of the owners have been forced to follow Miss Matty's example, and give over part of their spacious abodes to trade, and the old street has consequently ceased to be purely residential. All the houses stand close upon the pavement, dignified, secretive and so abhorring vulgarity that it was only through a chance open gate or door that we caught occasional glimpses of bright flowers and spreading trees in the rear gardens, well concealed from the inquisitive gaze of passers.

It is not alone for gentle *ladies* that this town was formerly celebrated.



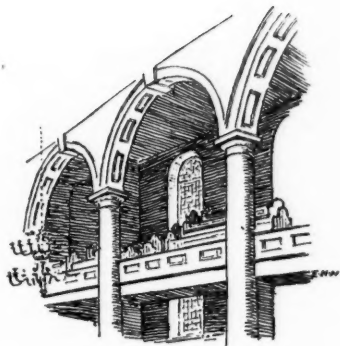
From a photo by Mr. Rupert Potter

THE REVEREND WILLIAM GASKELL

Knutsford produced one of the most noted "gentlemen of the road" of his time, a romantic highwayman bearing the unromantic name of Higgins. He was a person possessing such elegant manners and of so prepossessing an exterior, was so thoroughly irreproachable in his demeanor, that even his wife never suspected his character. He had a quiet way of going to balls given by the gentry, and, after making himself most agreeable, slipping away early to stop the carriage of the most bejewelled lady of the company and, with pistol at her head, rudely despoil his former partner in the dance of all her precious ornaments. He would appear at

public assemblies, and when sure he had been noticed, hurry home to mount his famous horse, Black Bess, and tear leagues over the country to commit a robbery and murder between midnight and breakfast. It was his complacency in one of the most atrocious of these crimes which brought his nefarious deeds to light and his body to the hangman. To spite the chief scandal-monger of the town, he reported a fearful tragedy as having occurred in Bristol several hours before it was possible that the news could have reached Knutsford. An old woman had been horribly murdered and robbed. He was suspected, arrested, convicted and executed, but his faithful wife always refused to believe him guilty, notwithstanding the fact that he wrote a confession openly boasting of his crimes.

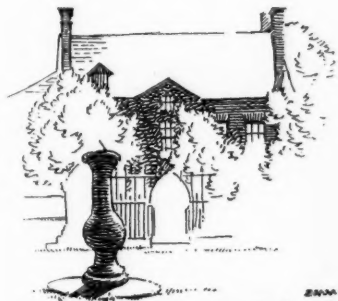
We followed Princess Street, which winds by many turnings out onto the Moor, and on our way to Higgins's former home, a great, sober, ivy-draped mansion still standing on the Heath, came upon a sight that would have warmed Miss Matty's heart, and lured every comfit



In the Church



*The
Mannwaring
Arms*



*Sundial &
Church House*



*Mrs Lumb's
House*



*On the
Heath*



*The Old
Vicarage*

out of the jars which stood with the tea on her little counter. The school tots of Knutsford were marching in procession as escorts to the school tots of Manchester, their guests for the day. The little Knutsford children, none of them over eight years old, were trotting their sturdy little legs in the endeavor to show their guests the length of the two streets, the commercial and the residential, which start far apart, above and below the churchyard, to meet in democratic fashion at the lodge gates of Tatton Park, where tea was to be served by His Lordship for the children. The column was headed by the Knutsford Brass Band braying its loudest, and Martha and her young man had both come out to gaze. The town mothers and fathers, with ill-concealed pride, lined the sidewalks; and one delighted parent actually overcame his English taciturnity enough to shout, with loud conviction, as his little Johnny went stolidly tramping by: "Him'll be a mon if he lives to grow up, Mother!"

The gentry, like those dear ladies Miss Pole and Miss Matty, were perhaps peeping behind closed blinds. We saw one of them, a gentlewoman hardly visible where she hid discreetly behind a rose-bush in the only garden which is bold enough to show itself to the street. Curiosity had proved too strong for that sweet creature who, owing to the thick foliage before her windows, was driven



forth to see the sight. The little ones were a sight well worth coming forth to see, for there are no more perfect cherubs on earth than Eng-

lish youngsters, no matter to what class they belong. These blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, curly-headed angels trudged along on their straight little legs with a step which promised to acquire with years the true British spring. The boys were attired in exact imitation of their fathers, waistcoats, "cords" and caps; the motherly little girls, in their spotless white pinafores, kept order on the march by restraining all at-

tempts the tiny chaps made to loiter and frolic by the way.

At a turn of the road as we passed near the Park we espied one Signor Garibaldi with a richly decorated



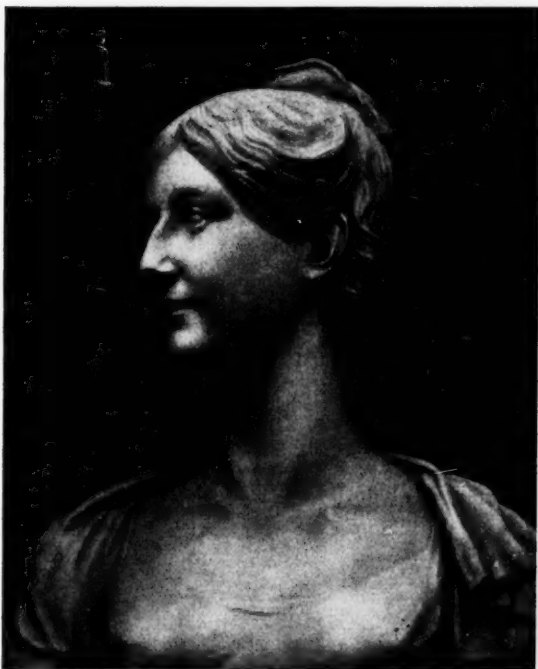
G. Richmond, R. A. del.

Emery Walker, Ph. Sc.

MRS. GASKELL, 1851

hokey-pokey cart ready to take in all the spare pennies and ruin the English digestion, if possible. His fat pony, not being fed on home-made ice-cream, contentedly browsed on the thick grass near the spot where his master had concealed his dainties from the eyes of the watchful guardians. The games were played and the tea was served on the lawns under the great elms near the lodge. Tatton Hall stands fully two miles back from the gates in this splendid domain of over a thousand acres, and the little fellows, who were here joined by their bigger brothers under the safe conduct of teachers and curate, felt free to play as freely as if they were in the wild woods, instead of among the fine oaks of a nobleman's park.

In the tall red brick house facing the Heath, Mrs. Gaskell spent thirteen years of her early life; and roaming about the moorland near Knutsford, Charles X. of France while still the Comte d'Artois, with a passion for botany, almost lost his life when under the guidance of a French dancing master, who had



From the bust by D. Dunbar

MRS. GASKELL, 1829

settled in the town, probably as a hair-dresser, he got into a bog while searching for a very rare plant. The dancing-master pirouetted lightly over the quaking quagmire, while the future king sank deep in the slough, and was only with difficulty pulled out alive, to make trouble later for France.

"How could we have been so deceived by mere chimneys," Polly constantly repeated, when in the soft twilight we again tramped about the little town; "there is n't a commonplace corner in Knutsford!" The town is filled with queer little old inns, which seem to exist as much for decorative purposes as for liquid refreshment. The Three Feathers is my favorite, with its great gilt emblem in high relief nearly covering the whole of the low pink stucco front and

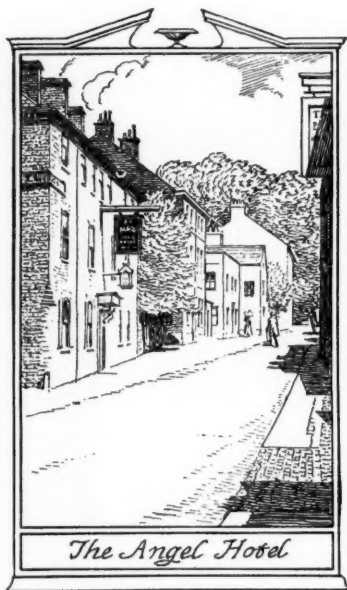


*On the
London Road*

curling the tips of giant plumes over the thatch of the long low roof. The sign of 'Lord Eldon One Cheer More' is such a remarkable painting that it may possibly some day wander into a transatlantic antiquity shop, and from there be converted into many dollars and the great-grandfather of some relic-hunting ancestor-seeking American."

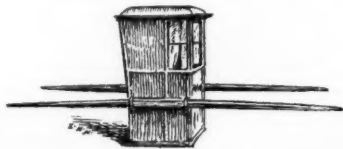
Beginning with the fine old house overlooking the churchyard, which still bears the sign of a physician, and in Mrs. Gaskell's day was the residence of her dear old friend Dr. Peter Holland, whose grandson is the present Lord Knutsford, we explored every court and lane, choosing houses for our old friends of "Cranford" and bitterly resenting the modern light which illuminated every step of the way from Mrs. Forester's in the upper town to the cavernous entrance to the George. We wanted a lantern and pattens! but had to be contented with the bed and an old-time candlestick which had once served the Princess Victoria.

Knutsford has in no way lost the flavor of earlier days. The Manchester tripper and the motorist have not yet materially damaged the charm and repose which inspired "Cranford." When a chance automobile invades the quiet street, the wild machine seems to fall under the gentle spell of the Amazons; and the watchful mothers still dart out of the doors of the low thatched cottages hemmed in between the more pretentious brick houses of King Street to snatch an incautious child from danger if a well ordered English horse appears at either end. In the many queer courts and quaint



passages uniting the upper and the lower street are houses which have completely escaped both the ravages and the improvements of Time.

Our last moments in Knutsford were, like our first, spent near the grave where the birds were singing so happily, and as we leaned from the window of the railway carriage which bore us on toward Manchester we actually failed to frown at the offending chimneypots, so busy was our fancy with the quaint dwellings they crowned and so full of delight were our hearts that we, too, had walked the twisting streets hallowed by the footsteps of the ladies of Cranford and their immortal historian, Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell.



Sedan Chair

THE "KESSELSTADT DEATH-MASK" OF SHAKESPEARE



INTEREST in this famous relic, which led to much discussion by critics and artists about sixty years ago, has been lately revived by the newspaper statement that Professor Lewisohn, said to be "a noted German Shakespearian scholar," after years of study, has become convinced of the authenticity of the mask. The main facts about it, briefly stated, are as follows:

Count and Canon Francis von Kesselstadt died at Mainz, Nov. 18, 1841, the sole survivor and heir of an old and noble family. He had inherited and collected many pictures, among which was a small one representing the corpse of a man, crowned with a wreath, lying in state on a bed. It bears the date in gilt, "A^o 1637," with the added inscription, "Traditionem nach Shakespeare," and is said to have been in the Kesselstadt family at Cologne for more than a century. In 1842 the Count's pictures were sold at auction in Mainz, and this one was bought by an antiquary named Jourdan, who in 1845 or 1846 sold it to Ludwig Becker, an artist who later became "Court Painter" in the duchy of Hesse.

It occurred to Becker that the painting might have been copied from an earlier one or from a cast or bust of Shakespeare; and later he learned that an old cast of a face had been in the Count's gallery, but no one remembered who had bought it. Becker, however, kept it in mind and in 1849 found it in Mainz, "in a broker's shop among rags and junk." He at once recognized the likeness to

the picture and got possession of it. Careful examination proved that it was certainly a cast taken from a man's face, as was partly proved by hairs from the head, mustache, and beard (shown by expert scrutiny to be human hair) imbedded in the plaster. The color of these corresponds with that on the poet's bust in the Stratford church.

In 1849 Becker took the painting and mask to England, where they were examined by the authorities of the British Museum and others. He left them there in the care of Professor Owen, and in 1864 they were exhibited in Stratford, at the Tercentenary celebration of the poet's birthday. Becker died in Australia in April, 1861, and Owen returned the relics to his family. He said that if the supposed history of the mask could be established, the Museum would hardly hesitate to pay the price asked for it—reported to have been £50,000.

The cast has the inscription on the back "† A^o D^m 1616," evidently made with a blunt stick when the plaster was soft. William Page, the artist, who went to Darmstadt (where it had been deposited in the Ducal Museum) to examine it, made careful measurements of it which he afterward compared with the Stratford bust. He says: "Of these twenty-six measures, at least ten or twelve fit exactly corresponding points in the Stratford bust. To a working artist's mind, the agreement of these measures is either a miracle or a demonstration that they are from the same face." He adds that those that do *not* agree are confined to parts of the face "where there is acknowledged error on the part of the sculptor of the bust."

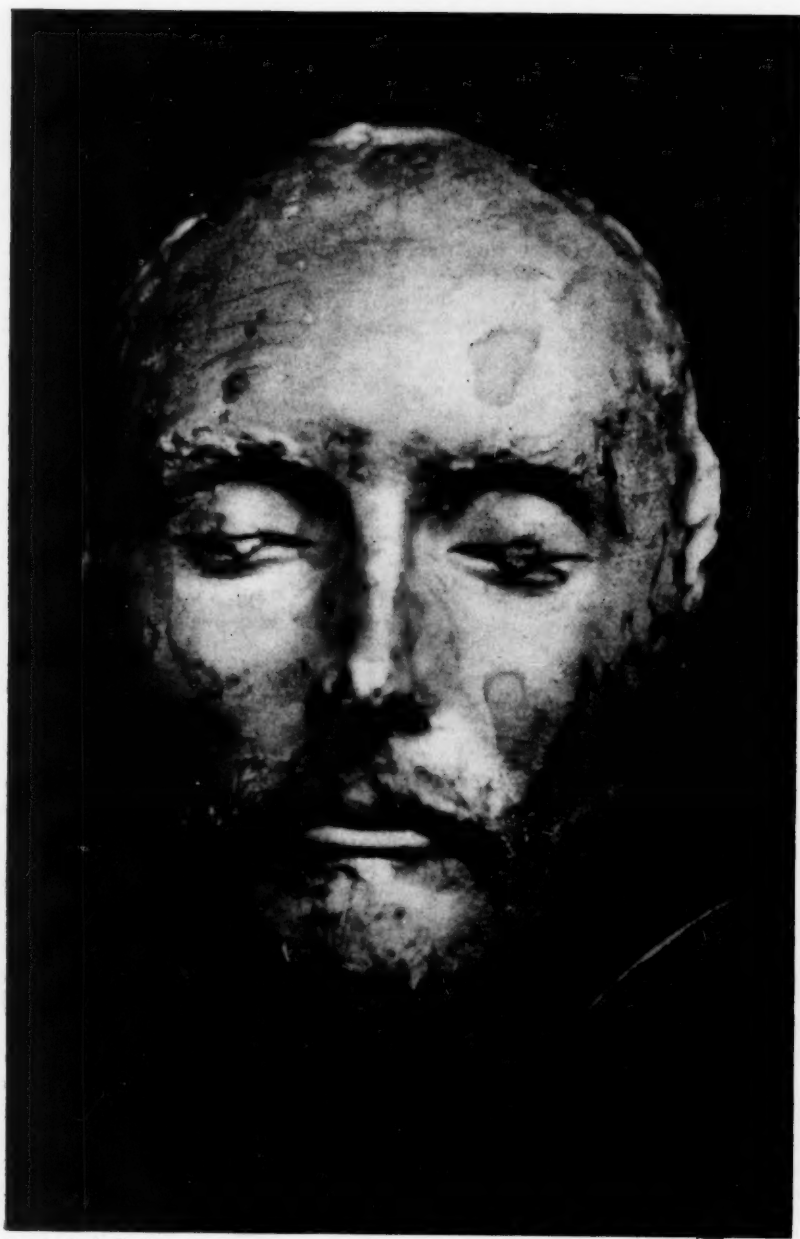


Photo by Vander Weyde

THE "KESSELSTADT DEATH-MASK" OF SHAKESPEARE

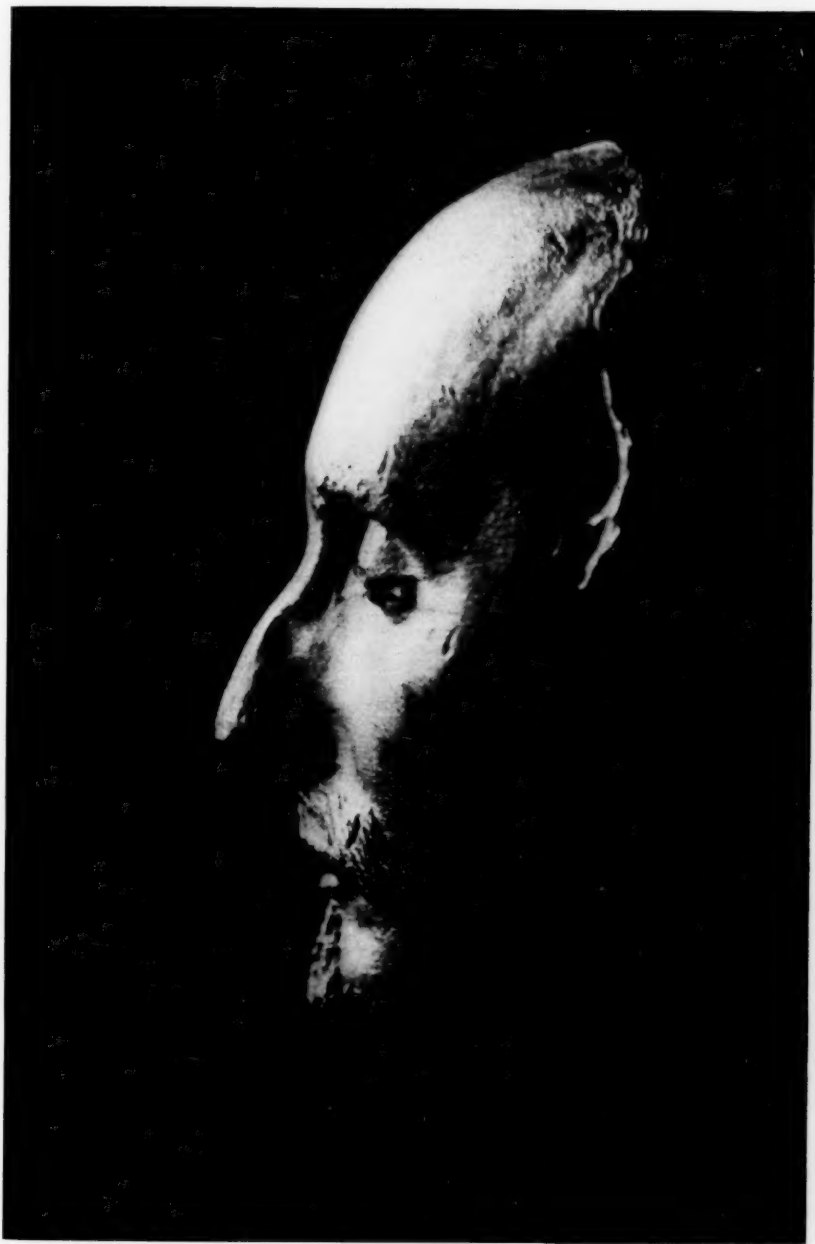


Photo by Vander Weyde

THE "KESSELSTADT DEATH-MASK" OF SHAKESPEARE

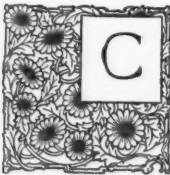
In 1873 and subsequently the authenticity of the cast was again widely discussed; and Prof. Dowden caused a portrait based upon it to be etched for his smaller edition of the *Sonnets* (1881). For fuller information about it, see *Scribner's Magazine* (J. S. Hart), vol. viii., 304,

and vol. x., 558 (W. Page); the *Antiquary* (Lord Ronald Gower), vol. ii.; Dr. C. M. Ingleby's "Shakespeare: the Man and the Book," Part I., p. 84; Friswell's "Portraits of Shakespeare" (1864), pp. 16-28; and J. P. Norris's "Portraits of Shakespeare" (1885), pp. 93-121, etc.

AN ARTIST OF THE PAST

WILLIAM EDWARD WEST
AND HIS FRIENDS AT HOME AND ABROAD

By N. P. DUNN



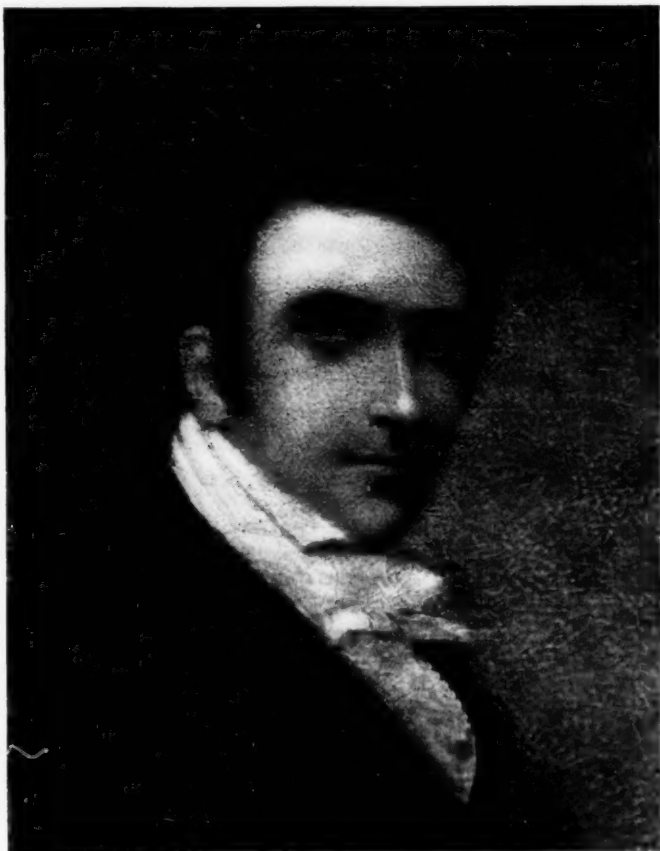
CARELESS of fame a man must be who, while doing his life-work in his best possible manner, does not take the precaution, in a long career as painter, to sign a single canvas. Thus it was with William Edward West. Certainly, however, he was not without ambition; for, overcoming one obstacle after another, he worked out his artistic salvation and achieved at last a place of no mean importance in his world. But it was a place so quietly filled, and so modestly, that few to-day know anything of his life or his works. The Wests were of Culpeper County, Virginia, of English origin, and related, it is said, to the Pennsylvania family of that name from which Benjamin West was descended. In 1785 Edward West, a watchmaker by profession, and a man of great inventive talent, moved from Virginia to Lexington, Ky., where, on December 10, 1788, his son, William Edward, was born. In this boy the genius of the father was transmuted—recalling the goldsmith of Florence and Ghirlandaio, his artist son. He showed early promise and attracted the attention of Dr. Samuel Brown, a man of broad interests and culture who was a graduate of Aberdeen

and had studied at the University of Edinburgh.

He could appreciate the artistic starvation to which the lad must succumb if left in an inland country town of that day, and it was due to his influence that West soon became a pupil of Thomas Sully, in Philadelphia. In 1807, Washington Irving gave to Sully a letter of introduction to Miss Gratz, which led to his painting her portrait. It is quite conceivable that she sat to the younger artist at the same time. The picture reproduced in this article was sold at Mr. West's death, and it is remembered by those who saw it then, that it was confidently said to be Rebecca Gratz. The present owners, never having heard of this attribution, have considered it an Unknown, but comparison with the Sully portrait and the Malbone miniature leaves no reasonable doubt that the West picture represents the same woman. This was ten years before Washington Irving's praise of his young Jewish friend kindled a glow of admiration in Sir Walter which gave us the tender picture in "Ivanhoe" of which she was the prototype. The grave and sweet young woman of West's portrait we can believe has already made her great renunciation. For her faith's sake she has parted from her Christian lover. Henceforth life is to be filled with all good deeds,

and she is to live to a great age, admired and beloved; but the artist has read the story of those eyes and has written it for us in imperishable fashion—the story of an abnegation.

possible for him to set out for Italy and assisted him until he was able to support himself. The autumn of 1819 found him embarked for Havre, and in January, 1820, he was at



WILLIAM EDWARD WEST'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

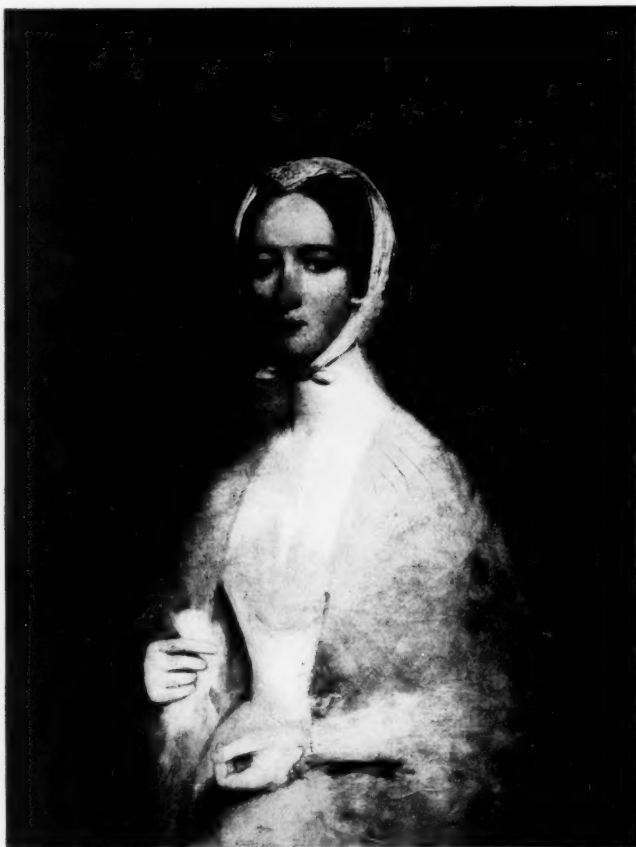
On leaving Philadelphia West went to Natchez, Mississippi, where he used laughingly to say he hung out his sign "as a first-class portrait-painter." As a matter of fact, his name never appeared on a studio door. Here in Natchez he had the good fortune to find out that he could not draw, and he was soon planning a course of study abroad. His patron and friend, Dr. Brown, made it

work in Florence. In a letter to his father, written on February 4th, he says:

I arrived in this place the 13th of January, and was immediately installed a student of painting in the Academy. An American coming this far to study the fine arts is considered a great compliment by the inhabitants. . . . and of course I meet with every civility I could wish. . . .

Living is very cheap after one gets acquainted with the way to do it. At present I have two elegantly furnished rooms in the centre square of the city, and a servant to wait on me—all for \$8 per month. I get

rooms with north lights exactly adapted for painting in. You may think me extravagant, but I assure you that I give no more than \$6 per month for the whole wing. Give my best love to my dear



From the painting by Wm. Edward West

UNFINISHED PORTRAIT OF REBECCA GRATZ

my breakfast for 12½ cents, and dinner, with a bottle of good wine, for a little more than 25 cents. . . . I employ my time at present in drawing from the statues and learning Italian, but shall not paint much until I get into my new quarters, about the 1st of May. In a pleasant, quiet part of town I have rented the wing of one of the most beautiful palaces in Florence, consisting of twenty or thirty apartments, not furnished. It contains several superb

Mother and the family. I feel an interest in my brothers and sisters upon which much of my own happiness depends, and I am always anxious to hear of their prosperity. Believe me, my dear father,

Your affectionate son,

WILLIAM E. WEST.

P.S. How happy I would be to see any one from Kentucky! Give my best respects to Dr. Brown. . . . I will not fail to write to him. I have been here so short

a time that I have little interesting to say at present. I would not pretend yet to express an opinion of the paintings I have seen.

The letter, folded and sealed with a wafer, is postmarked "Gibraltar" and "Boston." Sent home from the threshold of the new life, and with its tender, backward look at the old, which he was never to know again, it is the last we hear of the American, till in the summer of 1822 we find him in Leghorn, painting a portrait of Lord Byron. The Gambas and Byron were making their *villeggiatura* at Montenero, where they had taken the Villa Rossa for a few weeks. A letter to Byron from G. H. Bruen, dated May 25th, contained the request that he would sit to West for his portrait for the Academy of Fine Arts in New York. He seems to have consented very graciously, and West in a letter to his father, written after his return to Florence in July, describes the pleasant experiences connected with this episode in his life.* He remained in Leghorn and drove daily to the villa. Byron in his "sky-blue bombasine or camlet frock-coat," and the Countess Guiccioli with "her romantic appearance" and "hair of deep auburn color flowing upon her shoulders in the thickest profusion of ringlets" move easily through this letter; and his pleasure in painting them as they sat to him alternately is shown in every line. Byron, writing to him in the following September, asks what he owes for the portrait of the Countess, but it appears that West kept the picture, which is said to be now owned in England. Diligent search has failed to locate it, but a copy in pastel is owned by Sir J. G. Tollemache Sinclair. During these weeks of intercourse with the villa, Shelley was sometimes a visitor there, and the pencil sketch† made of him at their first meeting remained a valued possession of the artist's till the last.

* A detailed account by West of his meeting with Byron was published in the *New Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal*, vol. xvi, 1826, and is largely quoted by Moore in his "Life and Letters."

† Reproduced in the *Century* for October, 1905.

The pleasant days among the hills were rudely ended. The Gambas were ordered to leave Tuscany at once, and Byron accompanied them back to Pisa just as Leigh Hunt arrived to take up his quarters on the ground floor of Byron's palace there. West remained at Pisa for some days as Byron's guest. Shelley had come from Lerici to help establish the Hunts in their new abode, and so we find him and the artist again together, this time under the historic roof of Michael Angelo's Casa Lanfranchi. The Kentucky youth had indeed travelled far! West, not finding the time auspicious for improving Byron's or the Guiccioli's portrait, left suddenly for Florence; but we must believe that he carried with him strong impressions of the group of men and women amongst whom he had so lately moved, and no better proof of this is needed than his matchless portrait of Shelley, probably completed immediately on his return. In a few days Shelley was dead. The chapter was closed. Tuckerman tells us that in speaking of the poet long afterwards, he was still strongly under the spell of his wonderful personality.

The Byron portrait* Mr. West copied many times, sometimes well but in later days rather weakly. Several replicas in this country are interesting. One well known in England was owned by Percy Kent, Esq., but is now the property of Lord Glenesk. It is probably the original. One was painted for Van Buren, who died before it was finished. West retained the picture; at his death it passed to his niece, who recently sold it in Philadelphia. It is now owned by Mrs. Joseph Drexel and is preserved in her collection at Pen Ryn. His own Byron, the one he always kept and repeatedly copied, was sold at auction after his death and cannot now be traced.

West's stay in Italy came to an end in 1824, and at the close of that year we find him established in Paris. Washington Irving, whose friendship

* Reproduced in the *Century* for October, 1905.

was to enrich his life to its end, is already his good comrade, and a coterie of pleasant people are gathered in his studio. From December, 1824, through the early months of the following year, Irving's *Diary* abounds with references to him: "Dec. 28th. Called at Mr. West's—Mrs. Patterson sitting for her picture—Lynch there—stayed there till half past three. FEB. 5th, 1825. Called at West's, Mr. Lynch and Miss Caton sitting. FEB. 10th. Called at West's—found the daughter-in-law and granddaughters of La Fayette there—accompanied the Storrows to see West's pictures. FEB. 16th. Called on West—had much conversation about Lord Byron," etc. Pleasant glimpses these of busy, happy days.

Mrs. Patterson (*née* Caton) and her sisters, the famous granddaughters of Charles Carroll, known as the "three American Graces," became at this time Mr. West's warm friends, and these hours in his Paris studio

were the prelude to many happy days together in England, where the three beauties, Mary, Louisa and Elizabeth, were to become respectively the Marchioness of Wellesley, the Duchess of Leeds and Lady Stafford. The move to London was made in the spring of 1825. Irving writes to Leslie.

PARIS, May 7, 1825.

MY DEAR LESLIE,

I wish you joy of your marriage, which has my full consent (though never asked) and my hearty approbation. This will be handed you by Mr. West—a brother of the brush. Of his merits as an artist you will judge for yourself. I recommend him to your friendship as a man for whom I feel a particular regard, and whom I am sure you will like. With my kind remembrances to Mrs. Leslie and your sister,

I am as ever

Yours truly

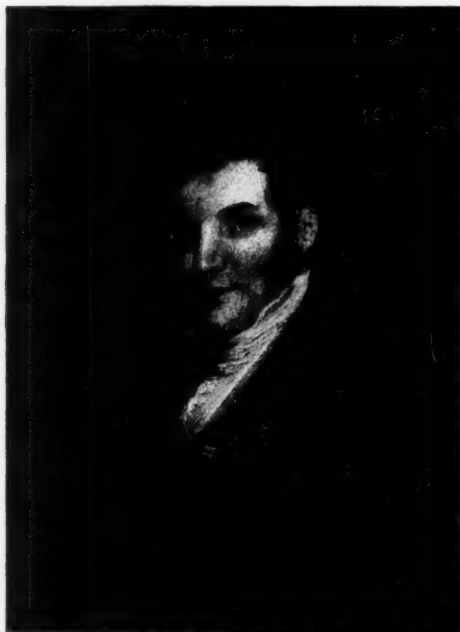
WASHINGTON IRVING.

Later he writes to West himself:

I would give all the money in my pocket to have your painting room and all its frequenters back again. . . . I am glad you are so well pleased with London. . . . In the mean while I will endeavor to reconcile myself to my lot in this artificial metropolis.

For the next fourteen years West was to make his home in England. He worked hard and obtained prompt recognition; success and happiness seemed secure in surroundings so congenial. That autumn Mrs. Patterson married the Marquis of Wellesley, at that time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. A letter from Elizabeth Caton to West announces the engagement. It is postmarked "Dublin Oct. 20th, 1825." She says of her sister:

She will be one of the loveliest Vice-Queens the Irish ever had, and I have no doubt she will be extremely popular. The King has expressed the highest ap-



From the painting by Wm. Edward West

WASHINGTON IRVING

probation of his choice as well as all the Lord Lieutenant's family, and I confidently anticipate a great deal of happiness for her. . . . My sister desires me to ask you, if she wishes to have her portrait and Lord Wellesley's taken, whether you would come to Ireland to do it in the course of the winter.

This letter directs that the writer's own portrait be sent to America as soon as finished. No portraits of the Catons can with certainty be assigned to West. It is hoped they may yet be found.

In the autumn of 1827 Mr. West was chosen to paint Mrs. Hemans's picture. He went down to Rhyl-lon where he remained a month or more and "finished three several portraits" of his hostess. One of these remained in the family, one was sent to her friend, Prof. Charles E. Norton, and is here reproduced by the kind permission of his daughter, the present owner. The third passed into the hands of a man named Fisher. Mr. West doubtless painted for himself a fourth picture, for this hung in his own room at the time of his death, veiled from curious eyes and guarded with jealous care. It was sold with the rest of his works and has vanished.

These weeks in Wales were to set their seal upon West's life. A friendship sprang up between him and Mrs. Hemans which was doubtless the strongest tie he formed. Her letters are largely undated, but the correspondence—extending over several years—perhaps ended only with her death in 1835. She writes:



From an oil portrait by Wm. Edward West, owned by Mrs. Bullard, for whose father, Charles E. Norton, it was painted at Rhyl-lon, Wales, in 1827.

MRS. HEMANS

I send you the lines on the picture which I have made an effort to write. . . . Had the portrait represented any one else, I could have spoken of the beauty which your exquisite coloring has bestowed, but in the present instance I could not do so without an appearance of vanity.

In 1829 she says:

Tell me whether you would like to have my lines on the picture published in the volume I am now preparing. You know I only desire to do with them what you desire most.

Ever faithfully yours,

F. H.

Again she writes:

I believe I told you that I was completing my "Records of Woman" for publication; I think they bear more the impress of my heart and mind—particularly one lately composed—than anything else I have written; but there is always

an *ideal* of beauty and passion and music within me, which I never can embody in language—it is as if a sweet song went floating past me, the expression of which I could not catch or repeat. If I were happier, perhaps I could attain far higher excellence. . . . I am going from home on the 27th . . . will you, for once, try to remember a *date* and write to me before this day week? [Again:] I have suffered a good deal from illness since I last wrote to you, and have received my usual *douceur* of being told to consider it as "the penalty of genius"—a fearful prelude to I know not how many leeches and other atrocities—poor genius! . . . I hear much of the beauty of your paintings at Kimmel; do you please and satisfy yourself?

The remaining letters are the pathetic outpourings of an unhappy woman's heart to a friend who would never have allowed her confidence to be betrayed. From the packet there falls a yellowing paper whose ink is faint. It is a copy in her own handwriting of her poem called "Haunted Ground." Haunted ground indeed! I tie up the letters, repentant that I read them. Let them find sanctuary in the little, old portfolio where he placed them long ago.

Miss Browne, Mrs. Hemans's sister, wrote to West: "Your third picture of my sister is thought a very striking likeness and is much admired. . . ." One of her sons comparing the portrait to a bust by Angus Fletcher said: "The bust is the poetess, but the picture is *all Mother*." W. M. Rossetti has written that it

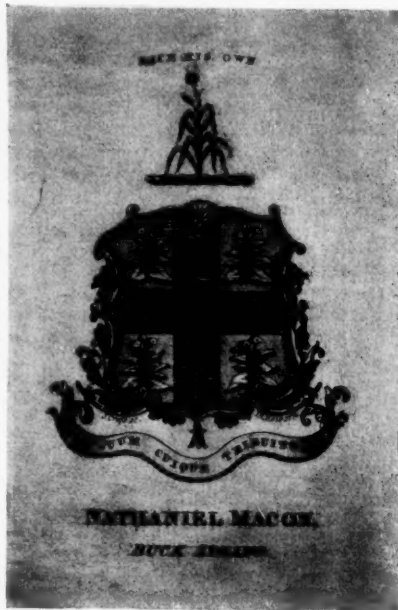
"shows us that Mrs. Hemans at the age of thirty-four was eminently pleasing and good-looking, with an air of amiability and sprightly gentleness and of confiding candor which, while none the less womanly, might almost be termed childlike in its limpid depth."

Surely a rare charm and distinction pervade the picture, and its haunting eyes alone might make an artist's reputation.

In 1828 the Marquis and Marchioness of Wellesley returned to England where West was often at their home. Irving was soon after established in London and wrote to his brother, on Dec. 7, 1829: "Little West, the painter, is at the country seat of Francis Baring. . . . He

has been in town but once in two or three days since I have been here, when we had a merry dinner, he, Newton and myself, at Mills' lodgings. I expect him shortly in town to remain." Probably to this time we should refer his portrait of Irving now owned by his niece, Mrs. Bryant. Mr. West used to say that Irving had an odd obliquity of eye which no one but himself had dared to paint. The friends were now constantly together. Their tastes and ideas had much in common, and two of Mr. West's best-known figure pieces were suggested by stories of Irving's. These were "The Pride of the Village," owned by Miss Norton, in Cambridge, and "Annette de l'Arbre."

His portrait of Byron "had made him famous," to quote Peter Irving,



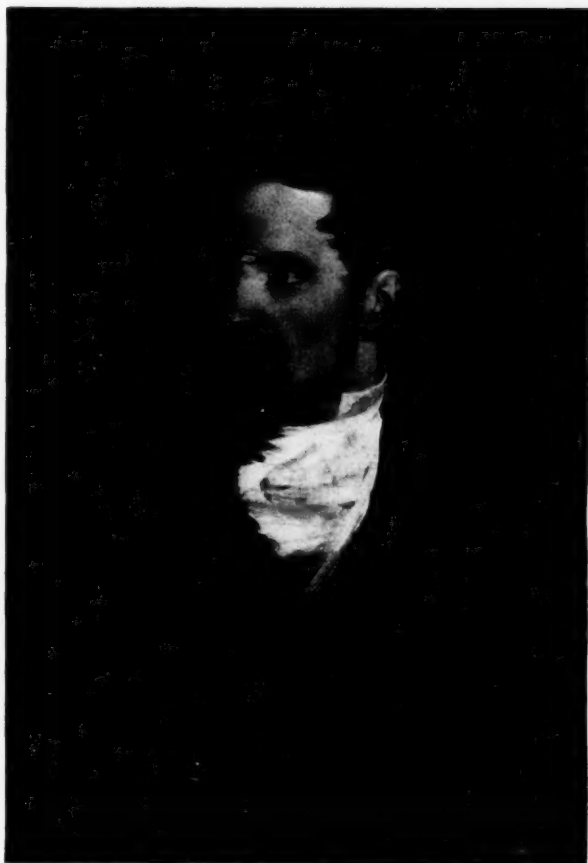
BOOK-PLATE MADE FOR NATHANIEL MACCON AS A PRESENT FROM JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

but it was his "Annette de l'Arbre," when exhibited at the Royal Academy of which he afterwards said, "That picture procured me my introduction to the English nobility." It attracted the notice of Samuel Rogers. Tuckerman says, rather quaintly: "The appreciation of the bard of Memory drew general attention to the picture, his ever-ready sympathy with talent secured the artist his friendship, and this was the auspicious commencement of a long and prosperous residence in London, cheered by the richest companionship." "Annette de l'Arbre" is among the pictures by West which are still eluding systematic search. Rogers sought out Mr. West and, extending to him the famous hospitality

of his home, launched him in a society he was well able to appreciate and enjoy. He was now established at 15 Wigmore Street, where many notes of invitation to St. James's Place found their way. It would be interesting to know if West ever had the desire or the temerity to ask permission to paint the skull-like features of his friend.

John Randolph of Roanoke was at this time in London. He writes to West:

I have not yet thanked you for your most acceptable and valuable present of



From the painting by Wm. Edward West

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT

an engraved portrait from your unrivalled picture of Lord Byron. I am about to ask at your hands another favor. The name of Nathaniel Macon can not be unknown to any citizen or native of the United States. I am desirous to present this Fabricius of our country with a seal and a book-plate for which the following is my device: A cross, argent, four plants of tobacco of eight leaves each, or; crest, a stalk of Indian corn in full bearing; motto, *Suum cuique*. Now I cannot find an artist who has any conception of the likeness of a tobacco plant or a stalk of Indian corn; and I venture to ask of you the favor to sketch with a

black-lead pencil (or as you please) one of each. . . .

The book-plate here reproduced, engraved by J. Cross, 18 Holborn,

wrinkles in my face." The capacity to make this fatuous boast seems to explain the man. I find among West's papers several notes which show that



From the painting by Wm. Edward West

JUDITH

bears its own credentials, as being the outcome of Randolph's request.

Another friend of these days was Joseph Bonaparte, whose portrait West now painted. Born in 1768, the wearer of two misfit crowns, an exile in America and now in England, the Comte de Survilliers, as he chose to call himself, was hardly at sixty-four in the first flush of youth, but while sitting for his portrait he said: "Formerly, Mr. West, I had not these

the intercourse of painter and sitter extended beyond the studio walls, but of the portrait no trace has as yet been found. In 1832 recognition came from home. Mr. West was made an honorary member of the National Academy of Design. Fifteen Wigmore Street continues to be a popular place; notes of invitation and appointments for sittings pour in; but this prosperous career was now checked by two causes which

eventually led to his return to America. His health failed, and he had become the victim of an inventive countryman of his, whose "pneumatic railway" wrecked Mr. West's fortune and that of several of his friends.

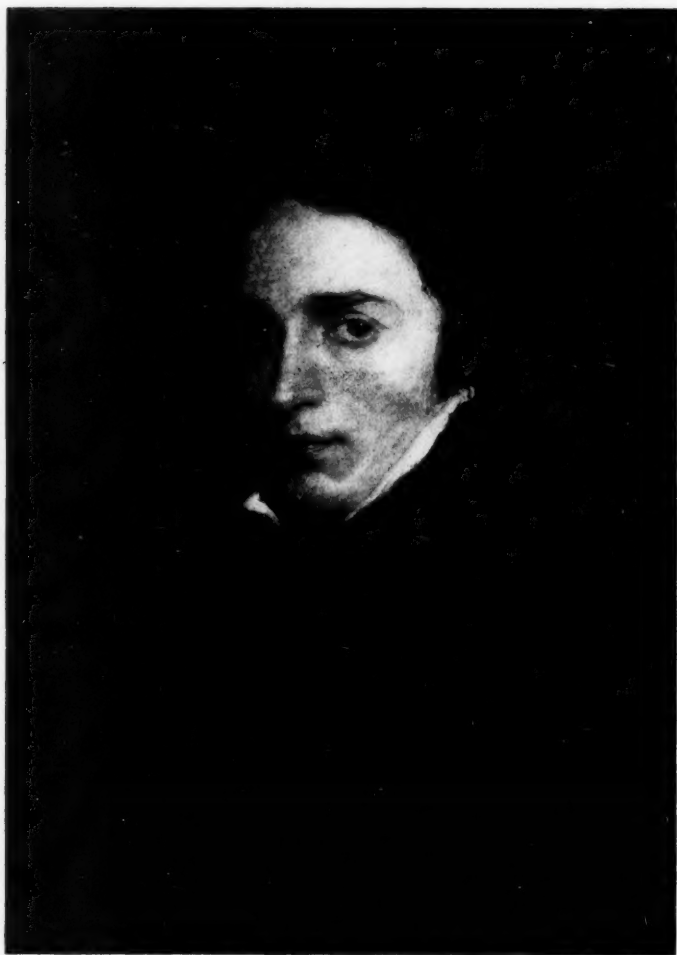
On leaving England West went first to Baltimore, where he must have made good use of his time and opportunities. Col. Aspinwall, our consul in London, had been left in charge of his affairs. He writes from London, 19 April, 1838: "I am really delighted to have so exhilarating a letter from you as yours of the 13th of last month. I felt that you ought to succeed to your utmost wishes in the United States, but I feared the times; and your very long silence strengthened my fears." West replies, Jan., 1839: "I have deferred writing you till now, that I might speak with the more certainty of my affairs and prospects. At present I think I may venture to say that they are flattering beyond what I could have hoped, and

My dear Sir
If you have nothing
better to do, pray come & dine
with me tomorrow at 6 o'clock
Yours very truly
Saml Rogers
St James's Place
Saturday. Nov 22.

before one year passes over my head I shall have paid every cent I owe and have a considerable surplus in the bargain." In one of Col. Aspinwall's letters he writes: "I see Washington Irving is talked of as Mayor of New York. . He is not fit for it; he goes to sleep when he ought to be alive to the solemn duty of eating and drinking. Half an alderman's ration of green turtle would send him to Sleepy Hollow for the rest of his Mayoralty."

In 1840 West settled in New York. Here he lived quietly, mingling little with the younger artists, known and valued by a few friends and dwelling much in the past. Irving and he were again together. In 1841 they made a visit to Gouverneur Kemble in New Jersey. Much later they were in Boston together, and Irving, enclosing an invitation to the Assemblies ball, writes:

My dear West.
I wish to accompany to go in
costume. Some bad managers are
admitted in plain clothes. I go in
my old diplomatic coat.
Yours truly
W Irving
Feb 17.



From the painting by Wm. Edward West

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

MY DEAR WEST:

It will be necessary to go in *costume*. None but managers are admitted in plain clothes. I go in my old diplomatic coat.

Yours truly,

W. IRVING.

Feb. 17th.

One likes the mention of the "old diplomatic coat." It recalls those days in Spain which gave us "The Alhambra," and brings back grateful memories of childhood hours

spent with Irving in that palace of enchantment.

To this period we should doubtless refer the Prescott, a picture which bears the stamp of great ability. It hangs in the rooms of the Tennessee Historical Society. Prescott was in New York, in April, 1844, and had known Irving for several years. He and Mr. West had another common friend in Dr. Cogswell, the head of the Astor Library, and they may

well have met there or in Boston. The portrait, compared with the Ames picture, painted in 1844, and with Richmond's picture, for which Prescott sat in London in 1850, is strikingly like. It represents a younger man than the portrait of 1850, and gives a pathetic hint of that blindness which is said to have so slightly marked the historian's appearance.

Increasing illness in 1855 caused Mr. West to seek out his own people with a desire to see again the family circle from which he had been so long absent. His father had died in 1827, his sisters had married and removed to Tennessee, so it was to Nashville that he turned his steps. There in his sister's household he spent his last years. He was soon at work in his indefatigable fashion, and is still remembered as he daily walked to his studio, which soon became a popular place. The alert little old gentleman, quiet, well-bred and full of anecdote, was kept busy with portrait-painting till within a few days of his death, which occurred on the 2d of November, 1857. A sale took place in his studio, after the artist's death, and a portfolio of

three hundred portrait heads was sold to a drawing-master for \$50. What a biography they would have furnished!

The most important work sold out of his studio was his "Judith." This picture he had brought back with him from abroad. The two Judiths of the world are, one would say, Botticelli's joyous heroine, wondrous, baffling, and Allori's stolid beauty, standing before the curtain "to receive the approval of the audience." West's interesting conception deserves to be better known. In it "the drama is still going on and all is activity and movement." S. P. Long, in "Art: Its Laws and the Reasons for Them," has compared it with Allori's picture to illustrate the fitting moment for representation in art—"the middle moment that . . . looks back to the past and points forward to the future." He adds: "Mr. West in point of time has done better than Allori."

Much more might be told of West, his friends and his work, but we must here leave the task of recalling his life to the present generation of art-lovers in America.

TO THE NEW-FOUND PICTURE OF SHELLEY

PAINTED BY WM. EDWARD WEST

ACROSS the years you come, from out the past,
Fulfilling all our dreams of how he bore
Himself while briefly here he dwelt. At last
Almost we see him live and breathe once more.
Frail tabernacle, beauteous though of dust,
Fit censer swung to hold his soul-flame rare,
Looking on thy presentment we must trust
That all, at last, is well with one so fair.

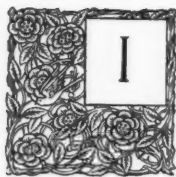
Oh, mind that touched his mind to comprehend,
Oh, spirit with his soul for commune meet,
Oh, hand that met his hand as friend meets friend,
We marvel at the painter's art, and greet
With wondering gaze the poet's pictured face
Which spirit, mind and hand knew how to trace.

N. P. D.

RODIN'S "BRAZEN AGE"

A REPLICA OF THE FAMOUS STATUE GIVEN TO
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

By ANNIE NATHAN MEYER



IN Rodin's beautiful statue, "L'Âge d'Airain," recently presented by Mrs. John W. Simpson of New York, the Metropolitan Museum of Art has acquired a masterpiece of unusual significance and interest. It was this statue, when shown in the Salon of 1877, that created the controversy which made the artist the subject of a bitter discussion. It was charged that the modelling was too perfect to have been attained without a cast from the model. Among those who believed Rodin's indignant denial was Turquet, then Secretary of the Fine Arts, who purchased the statue for the Government only to have his act disowned by the Inspectors, on the ground that the work must have been cast from life. Not long afterwards, Boucher the sculptor, chancing to see Rodin actually at work on a group, was so astounded at the facility displayed, that he unhesitatingly declared to his friends that Rodin was easily capable of modelling the wonderful figure of the "Âge d'Airain." Then came some of the greatest sculptors to Rodin's aid, men like Chapu, Falguière and Dubois using their influence so effectively that Turquet was not only justified as to his former act, but was also permitted to purchase Rodin's "St. John the Baptist."

It is difficult to-day to realize the sensation created by Rodin's work thirty years ago, unless we recall,

as Mauclair says in his volume on this artist,

the graceful, effeminate and conventional statuary of the generation from 1865 to 1875. . . . The rough truth, a sense of movement, an intense realism, an absolute scorn of the pleasing or lofty style, a deep feeling of organic life, . . . all these things inevitably shocked the gentle sculptors who were enamored of the academic style.

It is usual to describe the statue as "Primitive Man Awakening from Rude Barbarism." I have even seen the title loosely translated as "Primeval Man"; but, so far as I have been able to discover, no one has shown the close identification of the figure with that part of Hesiod's "Works and Days" which tells of the peopling of the earth by the five distinct races of man. Here is done into verse the account of the third race which lived during the Brazen Age (L'Âge d'Airain). There can be no question of the completeness with which the sculptor has seized upon the poetic inspiration of the conception, thus making of the statue far more than a mere vague embodiment of Primeval Man.

The Sire of Earth and Heaven created then
A race, the third of many-languaged men:
Unlike the silver they; of brazen mould,
Strong with the ashen spear, and fiercely
bold:

Their thoughts were bent on violence alone,
The deeds of battle and the dying groan:
Bloody their feasts, by wheaten food un-
blest;

Of adamant was each unyielding breast,

Huge, nerv'd with strength, each giant
body stands,
And mocks approach with unresisted
hands.

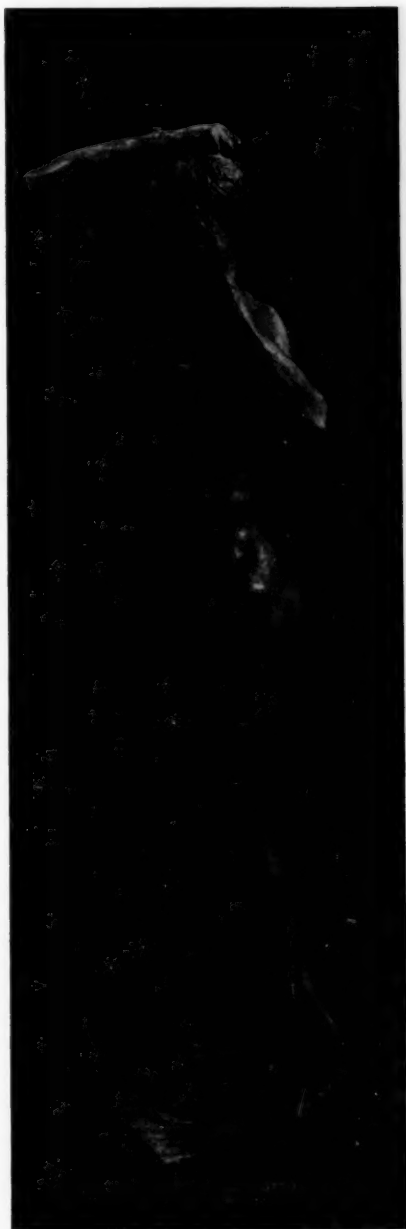
Then follows the explanation of
what apparently no critic has noticed,
and yet which is of supreme significance—the deep spear-wound in the
youth's left temple:

They by each other's hands inglorious fell,
In horrid darkness plung'd, the house of
hell:

Pierce though they were, their mortal
course was run,
Death gloomy seized, and snatched them
from the sun.

Not only does the wound account
for the closed eyes, the painful expression of the mouth, the throwing
back of the head with the clenched
hand pressed tightly to it—in fact,
the whole pose is meaningless without
it—but it has its symbolic significance
as well, for the entire race of the
Brazen Age was swept from the face
of the earth by internal warfare.

The bronze of the Metropolitan
Museum is an exact replica of that of
the Luxembourg, having been cast
under the personal supervision of
the sculptor and having received its
patina at his hands; but in one respect
it differs from the original plaster
model which thirty years ago created
such a furore, there being no longer
a spear in the left hand. I was surprised to note that in his recently published book on Rodin, this weapon is called by Mr. Lawton a staff. Fortified by the poet's lines, "formidable and mighty by reason of their ashen spears," I ventured the guess that it must have been a spear. Imagine my delight, then, on discovering in Mailard's volume on Rodin a reproduction of a drawing of the original model, in which is distinctly to be seen the roughly hewn wooden spear, with the head tied on with the thong of a deer in the fashion of those days! According to Mr. Lawton, the use of this "staff" was to symbolize this young man's escape from the soil out of which he had sprung, as he presses



"L'ÂGE D'AIRAIN," BY RODIN

it firmly downwards. I can see no justification for this interpretation, first because there is nothing in the muscular action to suggest it, and second because, according to the drawing, the spear point is held loosely in the hand, apparently quite ready to drop, giving to my mind the far more poetic meaning that already there is some dim foretaste of the knowledge of its impotence.

Though the presence of the spear in the original model is interesting, in order—if any further proof were needed—to identify the statue with Hesiod's poem, yet I cannot feel with Mr. Lawton that it is necessary "to mentally restore the staff in order to understand the present pose"; for as it stands to-day, it seems to me the bent arm, with its empty, clenched hand, is immensely effective in heightening the expression of the sudden bewilderment of the youth under the strong recoil of the body from the shock of pain.

The statue takes tremendous hold on the imagination. Beyond and above the sense of physical pain that grips at one's heart, the man of rudimentary instincts, of heart of ada-

mant, unapproachable, staggering under what is clearly his death-blow, there is the mystic, elusive appeal that is so often the note of Rodin's genius. We become aware of the slowly awakening intelligence, the embryonic struggle of a soul toward the light. Painfully, gradually, through the mystery of Suffering and Death, to this powerful creature "of sturdy limbs," "of vast force and hands hitherto unvanquished," has been vouchsafed a vision, however dim, however groping, of the passing away of wrath and violence, the hope of the Brotherhood of Man. In sheer loveliness, "The Brazen Age" stands high among modern masterpieces. In pathos—the pathos of the Greek tragedy, severe, serene, without moan or whine, with a certain aloofness and indomitable pride—it stands alone.

I wonder that no one has suggested that still another replica be placed before the great doors of the Palace of Peace at The Hague. For surely no other statue could speak more eloquently of the death of internecine warfare and the dawn of an age of reason.

A PLEA FOR JOY

We are the heirs of progress, ours is the pride of place,
We who have conquered nature, we who have conquered space!
Ours is the victor's pean, triumph without alloy;
But, sated with gold and glory, we hunger, we thirst for joy!

Back in the dusky ages men struggled and fought and fell,
Found all life's tale worth telling, enjoyed it passing well,
Knew not the varied splendors that our sad hearts employ,
Lacked, it may be, for comfort, but never they lacked for joy!

We who have tamed life's lions, have all but vanquished fate,
Find never life's wine enchanting, or taste it soon or late;
Does victory undiluted the soul's fresh youth destroy?
Powers of the bygone gladness, give us to taste of joy!

ETHEL COLSON.

AT LARGE*

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

III

FRIENDSHIP



O make oneself beloved, says an old French proverb, *this is, after all, the best way to be useful*. That is one of the deep sayings which children think flat, and which young men, and even young women, despise; and which a middle-aged man hears with a certain troubled surprise, and wonders if there is not something in it after all; and which old people discover to be true, and think with a sad regret of opportunities missed, and of years devoted, how unprofitably, to other kinds of usefulness! The truth is that most of us who have any ambitions at all, do not start in life with a hope of being useful, but rather with an intention of being ornamental. We think, like Joseph in his childish dreams, that the sun and moon and the eleven stars, to say nothing of the sheaves, are going to make obeisance to us. We want to be impressive, rich, beautiful, influential, admired, envied; and then, as we move forward, the visions fade. We have to be content if, in a quiet corner, a single sheaf gives us a nod of recognition; and as for the eleven stars, they seem unaware of our very existence! And then we make further discoveries: that when we have seemed to ourselves most impressive, we have only been pretentious; that riches are only a talisman against poverty, and even make suffering, and pain, and grief, more unendurable; that beauty fades

into stolidity or weariness; that influence comes mostly to people who do not pursue it, and that the best kind of influence belongs to those who do not even know that they possess it; that admiration is but a brilliant husk, which may or may not contain a wholesome kernel; and as for envy, there is poison in that cup! And then we become aware that the best crowns have fallen to those who have not sought them, and that simple-minded and unselfish people have won the prize which has been denied to brilliance and ambition.

That is the process which is often called disillusionment; and it is a sad enough business for people who only look at one side of the medal, and who brood over the fact that they have been disappointed and have failed. For such as these, there follow the faded years of cynicism and dreariness. But that disillusionment, that humiliation, is the freshest and most beautiful thing in the world for people who have real generosity of spirit, and whose vanity has been of a superficial kind, because they thus realize that these great gifts are real and true things, but that they must be deserved and not captured; and then perhaps such people begin their life-work afresh, in a humble and hopeful spirit; and if it be too late for them to do what they might have once done, they do not waste time in futile regret, but are grateful for ever so little love and tenderness. After all, they have lived, they have learnt by experience; and it does not yet

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appear what we shall be. Somewhere, far hence—who knows?—we shall make a better start.

Some philosophers have devoted time and thought to tracing backwards all our emotions to their primal origin; and it is undoubtedly true that in the intensest and most passionate relationships of life—the love of a man for a woman, or a mother for a child—there is a large admixture of something physical, instinctive, and primal. But the fact also remains that there are unnumbered relationships between all sorts of apparently incongruous persons, of which the basis is not physical desire, or the protective instinct, and is not built up upon any hope of gain or profit whatsoever. All sorts of qualities may lend a hand to strengthen and increase and confirm these bonds; but what lies at the base of all is simply a sort of vital congeniality. The friend is the person whom one is in need of, and by whom one is needed. Life is a sweeter, stronger, fuller, more gracious thing for the friend's existence, whether he be near or far; if the friend is close at hand, that is best; but if he is far away he is still there, to think of, to wonder about, to hear from, to write to, to share life and experience with, to serve, to honor, to admire, to love. But again it is a mistake to think that one makes a friend because of his or her qualities; it has nothing to do with qualities at all. If the friend has noble qualities, we admire them because they are his; if he has obviously bad and even noxious faults, how readily we condone them or overlook them! It is the person that we want, not what he does or says, or does not do or say, but what he is! that is eternally enough.

Of course, it does sometimes happen that we think we have made a friend, and on closer acquaintance we find things in him that are alien to our very being; but even so, such a friendship often survives, if we have given our heart, or if affection has been bestowed upon us—affection which we cannot doubt. Some of

the richest friendships of all are friendships between people whose whole view of life is sharply contrasted; and then what blessed energy can be employed in defending one's friend, in explaining him to other people, in minimizing faults, in emphasizing virtues! "While the thunder lasted," says the old Indian proverb, "two bad men were friends." That means that a common danger will sometimes draw even malevolent people together. But, for most of us, the only essential thing to friendship is a kind of mutual trust and confidence. It does not even shake our faith to know that our friend may play other people false: we feel by a kind of secret instinct that he will not play us false; and even if it be proved uncontestedly that he has played us false, why, we believe that he will not do so again, and we have all the pleasure of forgiveness.

Who shall explain the extraordinary instinct that tells us, perhaps after a single meeting, that this or that particular person in some mysterious way matters to us. The person in question may have no attractive gifts of intellect or manner or personal appearance; but there is some strange bond between us; we seem to have shared experience together, somehow and somewhere; he is interesting, whether he speaks or is silent, whether he agrees or disagrees. We feel that in some secret region he is congenial. *Est mihi nescio quid quod me tibi temperat astrum*, says the old Latin poet—"There is something, I know not what, which yokes our fortunes, yours and mine." Sometimes indeed we are mistaken, and the momentary nearness fades and grows cold. But it is not often so. That peculiar motion of the heart, that secret joining of hands, is based upon something deep and vital, some spiritual kinship, some subtle likeness.

Of course, we differ vastly in our power of attracting and feeling attraction. I confess that, for myself, I never enter a new company without the hope that I may discover a friend, perhaps *the* friend, sitting there with

an expectant smile. That hope survives a thousand disappointments; yet most of us tend to make fewer friends as time goes on, partly because we have not so much emotional activity to spare, partly because we become more cautious and discreet, and partly, too, because we become more aware of the responsibilities which lie in the background of a friendship, and because we tend to be more shy of responsibility. Some of us become less romantic and more comfortable; some of us become more diffident about what we have to give in return; some of us begin to feel that we cannot take up new ideas—none of them very good reasons perhaps; but still, for whatever reason, we make friends less easily. The main reason probably is that we acquire a point of view, and it is easier to keep to that, and fit people in who accommodate themselves to it, than to modify the point of view with reference to the new personalities. People who deal with life generously and large-heartedly go on multiplying relationships to the end.

Of course, as I have said, there are infinite grades of friendship, beginning with the friendship which is a mere *camaraderie* arising out of habit and proximity; and every one ought to be capable of forming this last relationship. The modest man, said Stevenson, finds his friendships ready-made; by which he meant that if one is generous, tolerant and ungrudging, then, instead of thinking the circle in which one lives inadequate, confined, and unsympathetic, one gets the best out of it, and sees the lovable side of ordinary human beings. Such friendships as these can evoke perhaps the best and simplest kind of loyalty. It is said that in countries where oxen are used for ploughing in double harness, there are touching instances of an ox pining away, and even dying, if he loses his accustomed yoke-fellow. There are such human friendships, sometimes formed on a blood relationship, such as the friendship of a brother and a sister; and sometimes a marriage transforms itself into this

kind of *camaraderie*, and is a very blessed, quiet, beautiful thing.

And then there are infinite gradations, such as the friendships of old and young, pupils and masters, parents and children, nurses and nurslings, employers and servants, all of them in a way unequal friendships, but capable of evoking the deepest and purest kinds of devotion: such famous friendships have been Carlyle's devotion to his parents, Boswell's to Johnson, Stanley's to Arnold; till at last one comes to the typical and essential thing known specially as friendship—the passionate, devoted, equal bond which exists between two people of the same age and sex; many of which friendships are formed at school and college, and which often fade away into a sort of cordial glow, implying no particular communion of life and thought. Marriage is often the great divorcer of such friendships, and circumstances generally, which suspend intercourse; because, unless there is a constant interchange of thought and ideas, increasing age tends to emphasize differences. But there are instances of men like Newman and Fitzgerald, who kept up a sort of romantic quality of friendship to the end.

I remember the daughter of an old clergyman of my acquaintance telling me a pathetic and yet typical story of the end of one of these friendships. Her father and another elderly clergyman had been devoted friends in boyhood and youth. Circumstances led to a suspension of intercourse, but at last, after a gap of nearly thirty years, during which the friends had not met, it was arranged that the old comrade should come and stay at the vicarage. As the time approached, her father grew visibly anxious, and coupled his frequent expression of the exquisite pleasure which the visit was going to bring him with elaborate arrangements as to which of his family should be responsible for the entertainment of the old comrade at every hour of the day: the daughters were to lead him out walking in the morning, his wife was to take him out to drives in

the afternoon, and he was to share the smoking-room with a son, who was at home, in the evenings—the one object being that the old gentleman should not have to interrupt his own routine, or bear the burden of entertaining a guest; and he eventually contrived only to meet him at meals, when the two old friends did not appear to have anything particular to say to each other. When the visit was over, her father used to allude to his guest with a half-compassionate air:—"Poor Harry, he has aged terribly—I never saw a man so changed, with such a limited range of interests; dear fellow, he has quite lost his old humor. Well, well! it was a great pleasure to see him here. Hewas very anxious that we should go to stay with him, but I am afraid that will be rather difficult to manage; one is so muchata looseend in a strange house, and then one's correspondence gets into arrears. Poor old Harry! What a lively creature he was up at Trinity to be sure!" Thus with a sigh dust is committed to dust.

"What passions our friendships were!" said Thackeray to FitzGerald, speaking of University days. There is a shadow of melancholy in the saying, because it implies that for Thackeray at all events that kind of glow had faded out of life. Perhaps—who knows?—he had accustomed himself, with those luminous, observant, humorous eyes to look too deep into the heart of man, to study too closely and too laughingly the seamy side, the strange contrast between man's hopes and his performances, his dreams and his deeds. Ought one to be ashamed if that kind of generous enthusiasm, that intensity of admiration, that vividness of sympathy die out of one's heart? Is it possible to keep alive the warmth, the color of youth, suffusing all the objects near it with a lively and rosy glow? Some few people seem to find it possible, and even add to it a kind of rich tolerance, a lavish affectionateness, which pierces even deeper, and sees even more clearly, than the old partial idealization. Such a large-hearted

affection is found as a rule most often in people whose lives have brought them into intimate connection with their fellow-creatures—in priests, doctors, teachers, who see others not in their guarded and superficial moments, but in hours of sharp and poignant emotion. In many cases the bounds of sympathy narrow themselves into the family and the home—because there only are men brought into an intimate connection with human emotion; because to many people, and to the Anglo-Saxon race in particular, emotional situations are a strain, and only professional duty, which is a strongly rooted instinct in the Anglo-Saxon temperament, keeps the emotional muscles agile and responsive.

Another thing which tends to extinguish friendships is that many of the people who desire to form them, and who do form them, wish to have the pleasures of friendship without the responsibilities. In the self-abandonment of friendship we become aware of qualities and strains in the friend which we do not wholly like. One of the most difficult things to tolerate in a friend are faults which are similar without being quite the same. A common quality, for instance, in the Anglo-Saxon race, is a touch of vulgarity, which is indeed the quality that makes them practically successful. A great many Anglo-Saxon people have a certain snobbishness, to give it a hard name; it is probably the poison of the feudal system lurking in our veins. We admire success unduly; we like to be respected, to have a definite label, to know the right people.

I remember once seeing a friendship of a rather promising kind forming between two people, one of whom had a touch of what I may call "county" vulgarity, by which I mean an undue recognition of "the glories of our birth and state." This was a deep-seated fault, and emerged in a form which is not uncommon among people of that type—namely, a tendency to make friends with people of rank, coupled with a constant desire

to detect snobbishness in other people. There is no surer sign of innate vulgarity than that; it proceeds, as a rule, from a dim consciousness of the fault, combined with the natural shame of a high-mined nature for being subject to it. In this particular case the man in question sincerely desired to resist the fault, but he could not avoid making himself slightly more deferential, and consequently slightly more agreeable, to persons of consequence. If he had not suffered from the fault, he would never have given the matter a thought at all.

The other partner in the friendly enterprise had a touch of a different kind of snobbishness—the middle-class professional snobbishness, which pays an undue regard to success, and gravitates to effective and distinguished people. As the friendship matured, each became unpleasantly conscious of the other's defect, while remaining unconscious of his own. The result was a perpetual little friction on the point. If both could have been perfectly sincere, and could have confessed their weakness frankly, no harm would have been done. But each was so sincerely anxious to present an unblemished soul to the other's view, that they could not arrive at an understanding on the point; each desired to appear more disinterested than he was, and so, after coming together to a certain extent—both were fine natures—the presence of grit in the machinery made itself gradually felt, and the friendship melted away. It was a case of each desiring the unalloyed pleasure of an admiring friendship, without accepting the responsibility of discovering that the other was not perfection, and bearing that discovery loyally and generously. For this is the worst of a friendship that begins in idealization rather than in comradeship; and this is the danger of all people who idealize. When two such come together and feel a mutual attraction, they display instinctively and unconsciously the best of themselves; but melancholy discoveries supervene; and then what generally

happens is that the idealizing friend is angry with the other for disappointing his hopes, not with himself for drawing an extravagant picture.

Such friendships have a sort of emotional sensuality about them; and to be dismayed by later discoveries is to decline upon Rousseau's vice of handing in his babies to the foundling hospital, instead of trying to bring them up honestly; what lies at the base of it is the indolent shirking of the responsibilities for the natural consequences of friendship. The mistake arises from a kind of selfishness that thinks more of what it wants and desires to get, than of taking what there is soberly and gratefully.

It is often said that it is the duty and privilege of a friend to warn his friend faithfully against his faults. I believe that this is a wholly mistaken principle. The essence of the situation is rather a cordial partnership, of which the basis is liberty. What I mean by liberty is not a freedom from responsibility, but an absence of obligation. I do not, of course, mean that one is to take all one can get and give as little as one likes, but rather that one must respect one's friend enough—and that is implied in the establishment of the relation—to abstain from directing him, unless he desires and asks for direction. The telling of faults may be safely left to hostile critics, and to what Sheridan calls "d—d good-natured" acquaintances. But the friend must take for granted that his friend desires, in a general way, what is good and true, even though he may pursue it on different lines. One's duty is to encourage and believe in one's friend, not to disapprove of and to censure him. One loves him for what he is, not for what he might be if he would only take one's advice. The point is that it must be all a free gift, not a mutual improvement society,—unless, indeed, that is the basis of the compact. After all, a man can only feel responsible to God. One goes astray, no doubt, like a sheep that is lost; but it is not the duty of another sheep to butt one

back into the right way, unless indeed one appeals for help. One may have pastors and directors, but they can never be equal friends. If there is to be superiority in friendship, the lesser must willingly crown the greater; the greater must not ask to be crowned. The secure friendship is that which begins in comradeship, and moves into a more generous and emotional region. Then there is no need to demand or to question loyalty, because the tie has been welded by many a simple deed, many a frank word. The ideal is a perfect frankness and sincerity, which lays bare the soul as it is, without any false shame or any fear of misunderstanding. A friendship of this kind can be one of the purest, brightest, and strongest things in the world. Yet how rare it is! What far oftener happens is that two people, in a sensitive and emotional mood, are brought together. They begin by comparing experiences, they search their memories for beautiful and suggestive things, and each feels, "This nature is the true complement of my own; what light it seems to shed on my own problems; how subtle, how appreciative it is!" Then the process of discovery begins. Instead of the fair distant city, all spires and towers, which we discerned in the distance in a sort of glory, we find that there are crooked lanes, muddy crossings, dull market-places, tiresome houses. Odd misshapen figures, fretful and wearied, plod through the streets or look out at windows; here is a ruin, with doleful creatures moping in the shade; we overturn a stone, and blind uncanny things writhe away from the light. We begin to reflect that it is after all much like other places, and that our fine romantic view of it was due to some accident of light and color, some transfiguring mood of our own mind; and then we set out in search of another city which we see crowning a hill on the horizon, and leave the dull place to its own commonplace life. But to begin with comradeship is to explore the streets and lanes first; and then day by day, as we go up and down in the town, we become aware

of its picturesqueness and charm; we realize that it has an intense and eager life of its own, which we can share as a dweller, though we cannot touch it as a visitor; and so the wonder grows, and the patient love of home. And we have surprises, too: we enter a door in a wall that we have not seen before, and we are in a shrine full of fragrant incense-smoke; the fallen day comes richly through stained windows; figures move at the altar, where some holy rite is being celebrated. The truth is that a friendship cannot be formed in the spirit of a tourist, who is above all in search of the romantic and the picturesque. Sometimes indeed the wandering traveller may become the patient and contented inhabitant; but it is generally the other way, and the best friendships are most often those that seem at first sight dully made for us by habit and proximity, and which reveal to us by slow degrees their beauty and their worth.

Thus far had I written, when it came into my mind that I should like to see the reflection of my beliefs in some other mind, to submit them to the test of what I may perhaps be forgiven for calling a spirit-level! And so I read my essay to two wise, kindly, and gracious ladies, who have themselves often indeed graduated in friendship, and taken the highest honors. I will say nothing of the tender courtesy with which they made their head-breaking balms precious; I told them that I had not finished my essay, and that before I launched upon my last antistrophe, I wanted inspiration. I cannot here put down the phrases they used, but I felt that they spoke in symbols, like two initiated persons, for whom the corn and the wine and the oil of the sacrifice stand for very secret and beautiful mysteries; but they said in effect that I had been depicting, and not untruly, the outer courts and corridors of friendship. What they told me of the inner shrine I shall presently describe; but when I asked them to say whether they could tell me instances of the best and highest

kind of friendship existing and increasing and perfecting itself between two men, or between a man and a woman, not lovers or wedded, they found a great difficulty in doing so. We sifted our common experiences of friendships, and we could find but one or two such, and these had somewhat lost their bloom. It came then to this: that in the emotional region, many women, but very few men, can form the highest kind of tie; and we agreed that men tended to find what they needed in marriage, because they were rather interested in than dependent upon personal emotion, and because practical life, as the years went on—the life of causes and movements and organizations and ideas and investigations—tended to absorb the energies of men; and that they found their emotional life in home ties; and that the man who lived for emotional relations would tend to be thought, if not to be, a sentimentalist; but that the real secret lay with women, and with men of perhaps a feminine fibre. And all this was transfused by a kind of tender pity, without any touch of complacency or superiority, such as a mother might have for the whispered hopes of a child who is lost in tiny material dreams. But I gathered that there was a region in which the heart could be entirely absorbed in a deep and beautiful admiration for some other soul, and rejoice whole-heartedly in its nobleness and greatness; so that no question of gaining anything, or even of being helped to anything, came in, any more than one who has long been pent in shadow and gloom and illness, and comes out for the first time into the sun, thinks of any benefits that he may receive from the caressing sunlight; he merely knows that it is joy and happiness and life to be there, and to feel the warm light comfort him and make him glad; and all this I had no difficulty in understanding, for I knew the emotion that they spoke of, though I called it by a different name. I saw that it was love indeed, but love infinitely purified, and with all the sense of possession

that mingles with masculine love subtracted from it; and how such a relation might grow and increase, until there arose a sort of secret and vital union of spirit, more real indeed than time and space, so that, even if this were divorced and sundered by absence, or the clouded mind, or death itself, there could be no shadow of doubt as to the permanence of the tie; and a glance passed between the two as they spoke, which made me feel like one who hears the organ rolling and voices rising in sweet harmonies inside some building, locked and barred, which he may not enter. I could not doubt that the music was there, while I knew that for some dulness or belatedness I was myself shut out; not, indeed, that I doubted of the truth of what was said, but I was in the position of an old saint who said that he believed, and prayed to One to help his unbelief. For I saw that though I projected the lines of my own experience infinitely, adding loyalty to loyalty, and admiration to admiration, it was all on a different plane. This interfusion of personality, this vital union of soul, I could not doubt it; but it made me feel my own essential isolation still more deeply, as when the streaming sunlight strikes warmth and glow out of the fire, revealing crumbling ashes where a moment before had been a heart of flame.

*Ah te meæ si partem animæ rapit
Maturior vis, quid moror altera?—*

"Ah, if the violence of fate snatch thee from me, thou half of my soul, how can I, the other half, still linger here?" So wrote the old cynical, worldly, Latin poet of his friend—that poet whom, for all his deftness and grace, we are apt to accuse of a certain mundane heartlessness, though once or twice there flickers up a sharp flame from the comfortable warmth of the pile. Had he the secret hidden in his heart all the time? If one could dream of a nearness like that, which doubts nothing, and questions nothing, but which teaches the soul to move in as unconscious a unison with

another soul as one's two eyes move, so that the brain cannot distinguish between the impressions of each, would not that be worth the loss of all that we hold most sweet? We pay a price for our qualities; the thistle cannot become the vine, or the oak the rose, by admiration or desire. But we need not doubt of the divine alchemy that gives good gifts to others, and denies them to ourselves. And thus I can gratefully own that there are indeed these high mysteries of friend-

ship, and I can be glad to discern them afar off, as the dweller on the high moorland, in the wind-swept farm, can see, far away in the woodland valley, the smoke go up from happy cottage-chimneys, nestled in leaves, and the spire point a hopeful finger up to heaven. Life would be a poorer thing if we had all that we desired, and it is permitted to hope that if we are faithful with our few things, we may be made rulers over many things!

THE BARGE

By ARTHUR COLTON



VERY evening between five and six Dorcas went downhill from the Leavitt farmhouse to the Flats in order to drive home the cows. Sometimes they were far to seek—the farther the better was her dim, unworded feeling, except that Cecilia usually slapped her if they were very late.

She was not a daughter of the Leavitt house, but an Avery. Cecilia Leavitt had been her playmate in childhood, but Dorcas's parents were long dead, and herself without worldly substance or other home than the Leavitts', whither Cecilia's early friendship had brought her. She was rather more than good looking, large and gray eyed. Cecilia was rather less than good looking. Mrs. Leavitt's growing infirmities had set Cecilia in command of the house, and if Cecilia's privilege of slapping her at pleasure could be called a mark remaining of their early friendship, something distinguishing Dorcas from a servant, that distinction was still often and sharply made. Cecilia had always been aggressive if not tyrannical, Dorcas always submissive, tending to follow or go wherever ordered, contented to use

in the Leavitt service her imperturbable health, her peaceful spirit, her slow, placid strength, her stature which lay just within reach of Cecilia's slaps. Rebellion never rose in her, nor discontent. Only, as every evening between five and six she went down to the Flats after the cows, she was vaguely aware of a certain harmony there. Roaming and calling in the early twilight—"Coboss, coboss!"—she felt a certain agreement between herself and things, more complete there than at the house on the hill—"Coboss, coboss!"

The "Flats" of the lower Connecticut are not swamps, until one comes to the salt marshes of the Sound, but only miles of lonely plain, annually flooded by the river. Their long level distances are empty of houses or any building. Clumps of reedy bush and solitary trees stand about sunken creeks and stagnant pools. In winter they are icy and desolate, in summer scanty of flowers but rich in grass. Over them broods a spirit of space and patience. They accept all things and remain. Spring floods, summer grass and winter snow, seasons, accidents and fate, whatever occurs and however caused, the massive imperturbable Flats endure.

Dorcas walked there of a summer evening and called, "Coboss, coboss!" Her voice was deep and mel-

low. The sun was setting beyond the river—"Coboss, coboss!"

Suddenly she paused and listened.

"Plinkety plank, plinkety plank."

An odd, thin sound came over the Flats from the direction of the river. She walked nearer and listened.

"Plinkety plank, plinkety plank."

She came to the edge of the bank.

A great black barge lay within a hundred feet of her, the water swirling over its anchor chain. At one end of the barge was a neat white-washed cabin. In the middle of the barge was a broad trap door or hatch. On the hatch sat a man with his sleeves rolled, playing a banjo, a huge man with brown arms, and a vast, smooth, rosy face. He laid down his banjo, and the two looked at each other, placid, unembarrassed, an interchange of contemplation, long and level, across the sunken current between them.

It was not the rosy giant, however, who spoke, saying: "Was you wishing to go aboard, Miss?" The voice came up from under her feet, deprecating, apologetic. A second man sat in a boat at the bottom of the bank, large, high-shouldered, bony and yellow-cheeked. She interchanged contemplation with him. The paper-covered bundles in the boat argued that he had been over the Flats to the village grocery.

"If so be, you'd better come down there, Miss."

He pointed to where his feet had made a slanting path up the steep bank. She walked down and made no comment, until seated in the boat. Then she said:

"It isn't slippery when it's dry."

"You're right, Miss."

He rowed across the short space to the barge, heading his boat upstream against the current.

"You're right, Miss," he said when they had reached the ladder, which was nailed to the side. "Wet things is slippery, 'specially clay."

The banjo-player looked upon their coming unmoved.

"Make you acquainted with him,"

said the bony bargeman. "Lemuel Browse is his name, and Joe Stock's mine. They call me Joe S. on the river, in a friendly way."

The two men sat on each side of Dorcas on the hatch.

"The tug broke a shaft, and went back," Joe S. said after a pause. "Maybe she'll come up day after to-morrow, maybe she won't."

And all were silent, as if the remark filled their minds with the warm substance of meditation on the dim possibilities of time, which moves by like a river, gliding and yet remaining; on oneself, anchored and afloat in this gliding yet remaining element. Not that they shaped their ruminations into thought, but they had a sense of vague meditation like the mists breathed up by the Flats.

"What's your name?" asked Lemuel.

"It aint a way to ask a young woman, Lemuel," said Joe S. reproachfully. "It aint right to her sex. But if there was no offence, we'd ask it in a proper way."

"It's Dorcas Avery," she said.

"That's a pleasing name to my ear," said Joe S. Lemuel added after a long pause:

"Is that a maid name or a married name?"

"He means Miss or Missus," said Joe S., "and it's a question to be put from man to woman, for who knows what's up and coming? Misfortune is liable. But Lemuel's a bumble-tumble man, whereas the knowledge of things right and proper comes to me by nature, so I hope you'll excuse him."

"It's Miss," said Dorcas placidly. "I live up there on the hill with the Leavitts, Grandfather Leavitt, and Mrs. Leavitt, and Cecilia Leavitt. I came down after the cows."

"To be sure," said Joe S. and the silence fell again.

"Joe S. and me've been five years on barges," said Lemuel slowly. "Before that I drove a truck, but he was a farmer. What'd you think we're loaded with now. Well, it's baled hay!"

After a moment or two, he took up his banjo.

"If you was to sing her Juanita she ought to be pleased, Joe S."

"It'd be showing her attention, Lemuel."

"Maybe she's a pleasant singer, too, Joe S."

"I can sing Juanita," said Dorcas.

"Ah!" said Joe S. "There aint a more pleasing song anywhere, Miss, than Juanita."

"Plinkety plank, plinkety plank."

"Nita!" sang Dorcas and Joe S. "Juanita!" and so on, in regard to "mountains," "fountains," "looks yet tender which breathe a fond farewell."

"It's a song very softening to the feelings," said Joe S., "when a man aint in a state of conversation."

"I must go after the cows," said Dorcas.

"To be sure," said Joe S. "You might be coming again, Miss, and very welcome as a singer and an agreeable young woman."

"And handsome in looks, Joe S.," said Lemuel. "It ought to be said."

"You're wrong, Lemuel. No, it aint a delicate thing before her face. But speaking afterwards, it'd be proper between you and me."

"I'll have to come for the cows tomorrow," said Dorcas.

"And very welcome, Miss, you're very welcome."

Joe S. rowed her to the bank. She climbed and moved away across the twilighted Flats.

"Plinkety plank, plinkety plank."

"Coboss, coboss!"

II

When she came to the river the next night both Joe S. and Lemuel were standing on the bank waiting for her, though it was early. They crossed over in the rowboat to the barge. On the hatch, after a few moments, Dorcas said:

"Cecilia slapped me for being down here so long. I did n't tell her why I was so long. She did n't ask."

"Plinkety plinkety—"

Lemuel stopped plinking and looked bewildered—

"I'll be gormed!"

"Speaking to correction," said Joe S., "that's a curious coming on, aint it, Miss?"

"She does it a lot," said Dorcas calmly. "More than she used to."

"Habit!" said Joe S. "It grows on you same as drinks and backgammon."

"I don't think much of *her*," said Lemuel heavily.

"Cecilia?"

"I'd say, if I was asked, I'd say she was a vermint."

"Oh, not Cecilia!"

"He's a bumble-tumble man," murmured Joe S. "It's habit and nature with Lemuel, a butting into families with remarks."

Lemuel played leisurely his banjo. The elms on the western bank stretched their shadows across the river. Then red reflections of the sunset gleamed in the rumpled water, and they heard far away the lowing of a cow. Lemuel's eyes wandered back to Dorcas.

The plinking of the banjo grew fitful, intermittent—"plinkety plinkety," and ceased. His round astonished eyes looked sideways and downward, fascinated. An arm was stealing around Dorcas's waist slowly, jerkily, a forward movement, a pause, another advance. At last it was firmly planted. Joe S. looked away and Dorcas straight ahead.

"I'll be gormed!" said Lemuel.

"It's an attention to the young woman," argued Joe S., deprecatingly. "It aint right for us two to be setting here, and neither paying attention as man to woman."

"Do I say no to that?" said Lemuel, after a pause. "But here was me playing this banjo, and could n't be paying attentions while playing this banjo."

He reflected a moment, then he laid down his banjo and placed his arm above Joe S.'s. Dorcas sighed.

"Was you letting out breath with a meaning, Miss?" said Joe S. timidly.

"I was wishing Cecilia was here."

"Was you, now?"

"I don't need but one."

"Oh!" said Joe S.

After a while Lemuel said, thoughtfully:

"I'd say something, Joe S., if I was asked. Here's a point I'd make, if it was proper to your thinking. I'd say attentions lead on, as you might say, by degrees, don't they?"

"You're right, Lemuel. Attentions lead on."

"Then she speaks up and she says she don't need both of us, and there she's right, to my mind."

"To be sure, Lemuel, that's a point."

"Now, I make another point, and, if put delicate to your thinking, it'd be: Which?"

Joe S. smote his knee with his unemployed palm.

"I could n't've put it better in my best state of conversation! There aint a bumble-tumble in it, Lemuel. It's argued well, and can't be stopped, Miss. It comes to nothing but: Which?"

"Oh, I could n't say now!" said Dorcas. "There's Cecilia. Perhaps she'd want the same one."

"So she might," said Joe S. thoughtfully.

"Besides, I'd want time to think," said Dorcas.

"The tug comes up to-morrow night," said Lemuel. "That aint a long time."

"But could n't you state maybe," said Joe S., "how Lemuel and me stood in your mind? For instance, as we set here, companionable on each side, and each holding on according to his nature, you could n't say, maybe, from the heft and feeling of the holt, as how you might like one holt better 'n the other holt, and so as how we stood in your mind?"

"Mixed," said Dorcas after some silence.

"Mixed!" said Joe S. "To be sure, mixed. But, maybe if we took holt by turns, maybe, you might say."

Dorcas rose.

"I'll come back to-morrow."

Joe S. rowed her ashore. She moved

away over the darkening Flats. The sound of Lemuel's banjo floated after her, plaintive, despondent, uncertain.

"Plinkety, plinkety, plinkety."

"Coboss, coboss!"

III

It was mid-afternoon. The sunlight was brilliant, the air hot and still. The elms on the western bank leaned, as if longingly, over their shadows in the cool current. Lemuel and Joe S. sat on opposite sides of the hatch with their backs to each other, their chins on their hands, their elbows on their knees, and each gazed despondently at the space of deck between his feet.

"I say what I said before," said Joe S., "cards aint any better 'n pulling straws or flipping coins, in the nature of 'em. It's a light-minded way to treat a young woman."

"What I said before, I say now," retorted Lemuel, heavily. "It's got to be someway, aint it? Do I say, shuffle and cut careless? No! I say sing a hymn fore and aft. I say, set it between a 'Now I lay me,' and 'Coronation.' I don't stand for light-mindedness, do I?"

"It's only disguising light-mindedness," said Joe S. severely. "I don't stand for it."

"Then there aint but one way left," said Lemuel, after a long silence, "as I said before."

Joe S. sniffed scornfully.

"And you sixty pounds heavier'n me!"

"I'll give you the underholt."

"It aint the equal of sixty pound, Lemuel, and you know it."

"I'll give you what you like," said Lemuel desperately. "Come, you're a warier man than me. You aint denying your brains is more gifted?"

Joe S. paused and weighed the point.

"Why you're right there, Lemuel. You're right there. I'm a warier and cleverer man."

"You are!" said Lemuel triumphantly. "And I says if being warier and cleverer and having the

underholt do n't equal sixty pound, I says, what 'll you have, for the tug's due at seven o'clock."

Joe S. considered warily.

"Sixty pound is a solid thing, and cleverness and underholts are maybe, and maybe not, for they're open to opinions and happenings. And yet, reason is reason. I aint clear in my mind but wrestling is light-minded too."

"I ask, what 'll you have?"

"You when you're shoulders and hip down, me when I say enough," said Joe S. quickly, as if half ashamed.

Lemuel looked about over his shoulder at Joe S., then along the deck to the rail, at the dark gliding water between barge and shore, at the steep clay bank and up to the grassy fringe overhanging it. He gazed there for some time, and then back, cautiously, at Joe S.

"It's a hard bargain, Joe S. It's an odd one, and a wary one. Yet I don't stand for bangs and bruises to a friend. It'd be softer up there on the bank."

They went down the ladder to the boat, rowed ashore and climbed the slanting path. The great Flats lay empty and quiet in the hot sun. From the top of the bank stretched a level grassy space. Joe S. looked at it cheerfully.

"He that's beat will have to leave the barge, Lemuel. It would n't do to be hanging around mournful, provoking the temper of parties."

Lemuel nodded, raised his arms, and Joe S. took the underhold.

In the battle of heroes and knights for the favor of an anxious damsel, or in whatever form the lusty collision of the males still occurs, there is a certain consideration and forbearance, commonly, either on both sides, or to mark the nobler of the two. It has gathered and holds its codes and lists of proprieties.

Lemuel and Joe S. wrestled at first according to bargemen's customs. But as the heat of the fight increased and old instincts woke, they primitively tugged, rolled and gasped on the torn turf. The back muscles of

Lemuel, the lean sinews of Joe S., each shone out wet and unobscured save by the tattered ribbons of a shirt. No ripping heave could unlock the deadly underhold of Joe S., no wary plot put Lemuel's hip and shoulders to the ground. Writhing, panting, jerking, they rolled in dust and wrath. For a moment they lay still, not far from the edge of the bank, Joe S. beneath, his underhold unbroken.

"Look out, or we'll go over," he groaned.

"Look out yourself," growled Lemuel and shoved with his feet.

"We're going over!" cried Joe S. angrily.

"Being as you say so," said Lemuel.

"Stop it," roared Joe S.

Tumble, thud, slip, slide and splash. The astonished water closed over them.

Lemuel rose and stood waist deep. He gripped by the back of the neck and held submerged the distressed head of Joe S., him wary yet unwary, forehanded and yet entrapped, whose agitated feet, sole means of expression, played wildly over bewildered waters. Lemuel raised the distressed head cautiously.

"Say 'nough?"

Joe S. gulped, struck out with his fists and went under again. His feet, indicative, kicked gradually less.

"Say 'nough?" said Lemuel, letting him up.

Joe S. nodded.

"'Nough."

They waded ashore and Joe S. clambered weakly into the boat. Lemuel pushed off.

"I've won, I have."

"I aint denying it, Lemuel, though drowning aint using the natural gifts of man to that end."

"There aint a more harmless way of making a man say 'nough' when he don't want to," said Lemuel indignantly, "and if I knowed a better I'd say so."

"I aint denying it, Lemuel, though how far three quarts of water on the stomach is harmless I could n't say before supper time. Seems as if it we' n't right to have wariness hid,

and set off wariness against sixty pounds. I aint complaining, though complaining comforts the feelings. It's hard to be drowned and no matrimony neither."

They put on dry clothes and seated themselves on the hatch. Lemuel played on the banjo. At last they heard Dorcas in the distance.

"Plinkety plank, plinkety plank."

"Coboss, coboss!"

IV

Lemuel alone was waiting for her on the bank. His garments had a certain newness and festivity about them.

He said. "We wrestled and I won, but we were n't light-minded. Don't you think it."

"What did you wrestle for?"

"You. But we were n't light-minded."

When they joined Joe S. on the hatch he said:

"It was the water getting on my stomach did it, Miss, and I hope you'll excuse me. I'd best be going, for courting free on your part 'd be mournful to my feelings."

"The tug comes at seven," said Lemuel. "It'll be an hour to the city. Allowing an hour for matrimony aint too much."

"But I'll have to go home with the cows!" said Dorcas. "There's Cecilia!"

"He'll take 'em," said Lemuel. "Joe S. 'll take the cows to her."

"To be sure I could drive the cows, and will to oblige you, Miss," said Joe S. "She would n't be likely to deliver them slaps to me, maybe—Her on the hill?"

"No," said Dorcas. "She wants a beau awfully."

"Ah!"

Joe S. reflected.

He saw Lemuel's arm steal about Dorcas's waist, and made no mournful comment. Rather, it seemed a thing awakening, suggestive, turning the mind to rumination. He looked over the Flats to the white house poised on the hilltop among its barns and cornfields.

"You're thinking maybe she'd take it cordial, Miss? my coming with the cows? or stopping to supper, maybe, pleasant like? and knowing by nature what's right and proper to say to a young woman?"

"She would n't mind my going then," said Dorcas decidedly. "She'd rather have a beau."

"It's warming to a man's feelings, so it is, to think that—when he's been drowned out of matrimony, and has three quarts of water on the stomach. I thank you kindly, Miss, hoping your courting will be free and peaceable, which aint troublesome with Lemuel. He's a quiet man, that keeps wariness hid, and bumble-tumbles as being heavy, meaning no harm. I'll be going. Maybe you're pretty sure about Her on the hill?"

"She wants a beau awfully," Dorcas repeated.

"Comforting, to be sure, so it is."

Joe S. went to the whitewashed cabin and came back with his bundle. Lemuel rowed him ashore, and returned to the hatch. Joe S. moved away in the faint coming on of the dusk, calling "Coboss, coboss." Lemuel played his banjo, by turns triumphantly, "Plank, plank," and sentimentally, "Plinkety, plinkety, plinkety." The great Flats stretched away before them in their warm breadth, their silent security and patience, their massive calm, their long level harmonies.

"Would you rather 've had him?" said Lemuel placidly.

"No," said Dorcas. "I'd have gone back with the cows."

"Why," said Lemuel doubtfully, "you might have said it before. Then I would n' have drowned Joe S."

Dorcas paused.

"It seems as if I did n't know it—somehow—till now."

They leaned closer together.

"Nice evening," murmured Lemuel, playing on the banjo,

"Plinkety, plinkety, plinkety."

Joe S., in the distance, called, "Coboss, coboss!"

THE EVOLUTION OF THE SALON

By HELEN CLERGUE

I



HE salon, in the historical sense of the term, was neither a house which was always open to the world at large, nor did it at all resemble the modern-day reception in English-speaking countries, with its jumble of heterogeneous elements. It was a carefully selected and assorted company, its numbers regulated, and so skilfully arranged and directed as to form a homogeneous unity.

The salons are sometimes dwelt upon as a light and loose society, whose leaders and frequenters, freeing themselves not only from the restraints of conventionality, but from any standard of morality as well, carried freedom of speech to the extreme of license; where an assemblage of dissipated, if brilliant, men were often gathered together by a frivolous and unconventional, probably equally censurable, though gifted, woman. Such was not the case. Great changes in morals and in public sentiment generally, have occurred since their time, with the gradual progress of civilization and ideas, and the world of to-day would be offended at much which at that period was overlooked or condoned; but the salon, far from being an aid or abettor to a scandalous life, was, rather, society's adjuster,—the court of public opinion whence there was no appeal—as to behavior and manners, while it inspired and directed the intelligence. A high ideal of truth and beauty was its constant aim; a perfect proportion, an exquisite har-

mony, which tended to unity and temperance, was the rule, and less freedom in the sense of license was to be found there than in any society in the great capitals of the world before or after; therein lay its power and its success, stimulating and enlarging, as it did, the life of the intellect. The private life of the individual, past or present, might be as corrupt as his code allowed, but when he entered the society of the salon, he must satisfy the requirements of his environment if he would remain. Here that which was best in thought and expression flourished, here all that was exalted in sentiment was applauded; and here, if an original idea were introduced, the divine spark was not permitted to expire for want of fanning. It is thus evident that the leader of a salon had no light task to perform; he or she was an arbiter accepted by society in the interest of good manners and high thinking, and any one who violated a law was peremptorily banished, for the ruler was autocratic and all-powerful.

The important salons were generally directed by women who were either unmarried, or widows, or women who did not live with their husbands; to prove, however, that it was possible for a husband to enter into their construction, there are the examples of the salons of Madame d'Holbach and Madame Helvétius, where husband and wife were both prominent. But women were not only the skilful hostesses, they were also—though men predominated—to be seen mingled in various types of elegance and eloquence among the guests, and again, absolute as was the rule of the mistress of a salon, not one but had

its male presiding genius. Madame Du Deffand and President Hénault; Grimm and Madame d'Epinay; these names cannot be disassociated. The figure of d'Alembert is always to be seen by the side of Julie de Lespinasse, and Fontenelle was the chief support and the leading *bel esprit* in three successive salons.

The philosophy of the eighteenth century has been called the intellectual form of the French Revolution. It should have a special definition, for it possessed a special and a new significance. The principle of the sovereignty of reason dominated this philosophy and was the bond of union uniting a multitudinous and confused mass of theories accepted by men of otherwise contrary beliefs, and it was the authority of the Church rather than that of the monarchy against which this principle was directed. The salon of the seventeenth century reformed manners, raised the status of men of letters and gave its precise and lucid style to French literature. In the eighteenth it converted society to the new ideas which had been there evolved. The names of those who subscribed to the "Encyclopédie" were the great names of France, and beside the nobles there are those of abbés, magistrates, stewards, governors and financiers.* Many of them, after the example of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, joyfully despoiled themselves for these ideas, in the first epoch of the Revolution, and some, like his cousin, the Duc de Liancourt, remained faithful to them even throughout the excesses of the Revolution and, in assisting to raise a new social structure on its ruins, were still true to the new philosophy. It is one of the ironies of history that the Revolution, which the intellectual activity of the salon so greatly assisted, should be the cause of its downfall, for the salon reached the highest point of its development immediately prior to the Revolution;

the last half of the century saw its apogee and its decline. There have been salons since; Madame de Staël's disconnected life, driven though she was from pillar to post by Napoleon, could not debar a career which was, with her, an inheritance; and Madame Récamier, her contemporary and friend, though so inferior from an intellectual standpoint, had one of the most renowned and successful social careers in history; the salon of the Princesse Mathilde, surviving dynastic changes, extended into our own time. But these were exotic growths, anomalous to their generation. There have been imitations in later times; one is reminded of them to-day both in aristocratic quarters and amid the literary groups. The Lycée, where a good education is received at the public expense, is responsible for many changes in society, women of no social position, by its means, obtaining a unique prominence and power. But the historical salon, which was the instigator of original thought and the arbiter of taste and manners, was sacrificed by its own creation; it evoked a destroying spirit by whose agency, nevertheless, the position of women, as a whole, was incalculably raised. The salon came to an end with that society in which alone it could reach pre-eminence, and it can be rehabilitated no more than can the structure with which it fell.

It is difficult to realize the changes which have come over the daily life of women, and especially among the bourgeoisie, within the comparatively short time which has elapsed since the Revolution. The walks and drives, the multifarious shopping, the exchange of visits, the lectures, the concerts and plays, with which a woman may now fill her day, outside her four walls, were then unknown. It was not easy or safe to get about, the roads were dirty, uncomfortable, and even dangerous in Paris as in London. To conduct a salon it was obligatory for the hostess to be much at home, prepared to receive and

* "Les Philosophes et la Société Française en XVIII^eme Siècle," par Marius Roustan. Lyons et Paris, 1906, pp. 2 and 250.

to talk. The *Princesse de Conti* offered some form of entertainment every day; the *Duchesse de Choiseul*, while her husband was in power, gave a supper nearly every evening; the *Princesse Mathildes* seldom stirred from home; and the salons, shrunken, changed, but still influential, of later years, were generally held by women who were incapacitated by delicate health from leaving their own firesides, and who were, therefore, always to be found ready for conversation. This was the case with the *Comtesse d'Haussonville*, the granddaughter of *Madame de Staël* and the wife and mother of Academicians, and also with the *Marquise de Blacqueville*; both wrote, as did the beautiful and beloved *Comtesse de Boulaincourt*, who was an admirable talker, and whose varied gifts were much admired in the diplomatic circle. Mention of these salons of modern times would not be complete without the name of *Madame Aubernon de Nerville*, who belonged also to this later period.

II

It must be remembered that, before the Revolution, there were no journals to propagate ideas and spread the news, at least none worthy the name, for the timid government organs, such as the official gazettes, were instituted for the purpose of denying rather than of revealing or disseminating the facts of the day, and the salon, assisted by the literary café, was the principal means by which opinion on current events was circulated.

But in the universal political awakening a curiosity before unknown sprang up in regard to the social systems of other lands. Frenchmen began to travel. Throughout the proud reign of *Louis XIV.*, the French had never looked beyond their own borders, their own country containing, in their view, all that there was of civilization. It was not until the eighteenth century that they awoke to the knowledge that there might be ideas worthy of attention else-

where. England, by her form of government, had the greatest attraction for inquiring minds, whilst cultivated Englishmen flocked to Paris, drawn thither by the unparalleled society to be found in the brilliant salons. A social rapprochement between France and England was the result, unique in the history of nations.

It was the heyday of Platonic friendship. Purely intellectual friendships between men and women, and their value, are seen, in the greatest degree, in the salons of the last half of the eighteenth century. To realize this one has only to examine the ties which existed between the *Marquise Du Deffand* and *Horace Walpole*, twenty years her junior; between her friends the exquisite *Duchesse de Choiseul* and the wise *Abbé Barthélemy*; or, to pass to her rival, unhappy *Julie de Lespinasse*, do we not always think of her in juxtaposition with *d'Alembert*? And *Madame Geoffrin's* devotion to the young King of Poland, which caused such a flutter throughout Europe in 1766; her friendship with *Fontenelle* who, on the other hand, was forty-two years her senior; the connection—sentimental it is true—between *Rousseau* and *Madame d'Houdetot*; these and others no less interesting emphasize the nature of the remarkable friendships which flourished in this period, many of which added to the well-being, no less than to the mere enjoyment, of society.

It will be observed that these were, as a rule, friendships which were begun in maturity. Youth, the time of life when friendships are most easily and naturally formed, entered not at all into the scheme of intellectual eighteenth-century society, which was marked by the absolute and undisputed reign of maturity and even age. The friendship which united *Madame Du Deffand* and *Horace Walpole*, *Madame Geoffrin* and *Fontenelle*, each begun when one was in middle life and the other old, was not an idiosyncrasy but was representative of the times.

The influence of women in France by the middle of the eighteenth century had become so powerful that a man could hardly rise without the co-operation of some one of them or, if he should succeed, he still remained obscure, unheeded; and if, for instance, an Englishman living in Paris should attempt, as did Bolingbroke, to form a men's club, in imitation of those so popular in England, it would have met with the same fate—ignored by the women, and watched by the authorities, it quickly died a natural death.

In France—and in France alone—men and women followed the same pursuits and met continually. It was a natural result, therefore, that women should borrow mental strength and independence from men, and men gentleness and refinement from women. "In each society," writes Saint Preux to Julie,* "the mistress of the house is almost always alone in the midst of a circle of men. . . . It is there that she learns to speak, act and think like them, and they like her." Yet the idea that women should assume any of the attributes of men was repugnant to Rousseau and was contrary to his scheme of society. He admitted, indeed, that women were frivolous, deceitful and inconstant:

Speaking much but thinking little, feeling still less, and wasting the best of themselves in vain chatter.

But he added:

All this appears to me to be their exterior, like their paniers and rouge. These are showy vices which it is necessary to have in Paris, and which in reality cover sense, kindness, natural goodness. They are less indiscreet, less busy-bodies than . . . elsewhere. They are more solidly educated, and they profit better from their instruction.

He could not therefore but admire women who had attained intellectual eminence, but at the same time he feared that they were going outside

their proper sphere. "In a word, if they displease me by all that characterize their sex which they have disfigured, I esteem them by their conformity to ours which do us honor; and I find that they would a hundred times rather be great men than amiable women."* Of this particular condition of society, the salon of the later eighteenth century was a representative product which could only have existed in Paris, which, if it were the centre of the worst follies, still remained the intellectual capital of Europe, and the intellectual quality constantly predominated. "When a man of weight introduces serious conversation . . . common attention is at once fixed on this new subject; men, women, the old, the young, all are ready to consider it in all its parts, and one is astonished at the sense and reason which is brought forth at will from all these giddy heads."† It was in this brilliant company that the mistress of a salon achieved her fame, impressing all those with whom she came in contact with her power. "Everything," Rousseau remarks, apropos of the influence which women possessed in Paris, "depends on her; nothing is done but by her or for her; Olympus and Parnassus, glory and fortune, are equally under their laws. Books have a price, authors esteem, only so far as it pleases women to accord it."‡

III

"Julie," wherein Rousseau thus describes the worth, the weaknesses, and the power of the Frenchwoman, appeared in 1760, when the salon was approaching the culminating point in its history. At this moment four particular salons were either fully developed or in process of formation, each of which represented a different stratum of society and which, if not equally powerful, were each representative of an influential circle.

* "Julie," J.-J. Rousseau. Paris: Garnier Frères, p. 222.

† *Ibid.*, p. 296.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 221.

* "Julie ou la Nouvelle Héloïse," J.-J. Rousseau. Paris: Garnier Frères, p. 215.

Precedence among these must be given the salon of Madame Du Deffand. Herself socially and intellectually superior, her salon was distinguished by its select quality. The critical notes in her "Letters," indicate her intellectual fastidiousness, and in her salon the conversation was the wittiest, the brightest and lightest, and the society the most exclusive. Difficult to please, she inflexibly denied admittance to any who did not fulfil her exacting requirements. But, from this very circumstance, in variety and in numbers and so in the extent of her influence, Madame Geoffrin, who did not even pretend to know how to spell, excelled her.

The salon of Julie de Lespinasse rivalled both that of Madame Du Deffand and that of Madame Geoffrin, containing the critical and aristocratic features of the one and the philosophical element for which the other was celebrated, but in her own pre-eminently feminine fashion Julie de Lespinasse undoubtedly stood alone. Her spontaneous and enthusiastic temperament, added to the genuine quality of her character, made her beloved above any other of those who aspired to a salon. "Madame Geoffrin was feared; Madame Du Deffand admired; Madame Necker respected; Julie de Lespinasse loved."* In the field of the emotions lay her peculiar claim to fame, and in this region of alternate storm and sunshine she was without parallel. As in the case of Madame Du Deffand, it was the posthumous publication of her letters which brought Julie de Lespinasse into literary prominence, letters written, with the exception of a few phrases which reflect the influence of Rousseau, without affectation and in the purest style.

Madame d'Épinay belonged by birth to the old noblesse; her marriage to a bourgeois financier illustrates the modern rise and growth of wealth as a power in society, and the com-

bination of family and money in this marriage throws into relief the constructive phase amid the contradictory elements which were at work in France. She wrote on education, and her "Mémoires," which are an invaluable key to the epoch, show her philosophical order of mind.

How then is it possible that Madame Geoffrin, of common origin, moderate means, and with no intellectual pretensions, should have aspired to, and have obtained a place among, the leaders of the most cultivated and intellectual society, and the most lavish in expenditure, that the world had to offer? And not alone have gained a foothold but, in power and in influence, have surpassed them all? For that this did happen is indisputably true.

In her native character in part, at least, may be found the answer. She was ambitious; she possessed a strong will; she was persistent. And she was blest with the solid virtue of common sense. It was her predominant quality. The success of Madame Geoffrin may also be laid to the times in which she lived. Louis XV was forced to pay a heavy price for the withdrawal of the court from Paris. The King's absence, from a monarchical point of view, had a disastrous effect on his capital. It laid the foundation of its independence. The court no longer led the ideas and taste any more than it did the fashion of the ancient city. The court met at Versailles, and Paris went its own way, establishing, to the undoing of the court, an alliance between its intelligence and its wealth; and it was now the genius of Paris, its pride, its grace, its learning, its laughter, which dominated Europe.*

It can easily be seen, therefore, that the times were propitious for the furtherance of personal ambition among the bourgeoisie. In the previous century, Madame Geoffrin could not have hoped to succeed in the plan

* "Julie de Lespinasse," par le Marquis de Ségur. Paris: Garnier Frères, p.190.

* "Portraits Intimes du Dix-Huitième Siècle," E. and J. de Goncourt. Paris: Bibliothèque-Charpentier, 1837, p.197.

of life which, with consummate method, energy and skill, she systematically followed throughout her long career; she was now assisted by the forces of destiny itself.

IV

Great forces were indeed, as we now perceive, at work amid this brilliant society. The phrase *Liberté, Fraternité, Égalité*, born of the Revolution, has become so well known as almost, by popular repetition, to have lost its immense significance. Now the watchwords of a peaceful Republic, they are the negation of everything political in France before the Revolution, but at that very time the ideas on which these words are founded were put in practice in the salon.

From the inception of the salon perfect intellectual liberty, liberty of thought and liberty of discussion, was the very basis of the intercourse of which it was the centre, whether in the grand apartments of Madame de Rambouillet and Madame de Lambert or, later, in the modest rooms of Madame de Tencin and of Julie de Lespinasse.

The sense of fraternity, of good comradeship, of sympathy, was a paramount feature of the gatherings in the convent of Saint Joseph as in the rue Saint Honoré, though, as in every civilized society, be it small or great, rules of conduct were necessary, and rulers to enforce them. The mistress of a salon proved herself adequate both to formulate the laws which governed and to undertake the duties of the lawgiver.

Equality of sex, of mind, and of person was never more conspicuous than in the salon of the eighteenth century. There the brilliant woman was listened to as attentively as the most erudite philosopher, and the words of Madame Du Deffand were as acceptable as the propositions of d' Alembert. Rank did not make a man welcome unless with it were combined engaging qualities of mind and manner and, by reason of common intellectual interests, the barriers of condition and of creed were, for the time, equally put aside.

In the salon, therefore, we find in active movement the ideas which were, when applied to existing political and social facts, to overthrow the old régime.

HIS SUBMISSION

You will betray me—Oh, deny it not!
 What right have I alas, to say you nay?
 I, traitor of ten loves, what shall I say
 To plead with you that I be not forgot?
 My love has not been squandered jot by jot
 In little loves that perish with the day.
 My treason has been ever to the sway
 Of Queens—my faith has known no petty blot.
 You will betray me as I have betrayed
 And I shall kiss the hand that does me wrong,
 And oh, not pardon—I need pardon more,
 But in proud torment, dumb and unafraid,
 Burn in my hell nor cease the bitter song
 Your beauty triumphs in for evermore.

RICHARD HOVEY.

BACK TO THE OLD WAYS!

By DR. GEORGE M. GOULD



WHILE God was still alive and Love was Life, it was not so. In those dear far-off days the young, entering on their work learned to say:

My duty towards my neighbor is to love him as myself, to honor and obey the civil authority, to submit myself to all my governors and teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters; to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters; to hurt nobody by word or deed; to be true and just in all my dealings; to bear no malice nor hatred in my heart; to keep my hands from picking and stealing, and my tongue from evil-speaking, and lying, and slandering; to keep my body in temperance, soberness and chastity; not to covet or desire other men's goods; but to learn and labor truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.

An echo from some lost Arcadia, that—a sigh of banished ones, as they see the gates of Paradise closing behind them! Do the young at present, do the older ones, indeed, see any meaning in the words, *Duty towards my neighbor*? Does one even love himself nowadays? May it not almost be asked, has one really any self? Is not personality itself forgotten or annihilated in the mad intensity of the rage for doing and getting? Being is lost in doing. What youth—boy or maid—submits to governors or teachers, desires to do so, or admits that for him pastors and masters exist? Do the young have “manners,” and are lowliness and reverence to be found in colleges, in preparatory schools

or even in common schools? Do not these boys and girls deny by word and deed that their betters exist? In dealings do they seek to be truthful and just? Is there any aim to keep malice and hatred out of their hearts? “Picking and stealing, evil-speaking, lying and slandering,”—what crowd of loafing boys or girls, men or women, in any village or city of all our United States, does not illustrate rather than disprove? Is it the aim of many of us to keep our bodies in temperance, soberness and chastity? It is the age of commercialism; does not the business youth or the “successful boss” he emulates covet and desire other men's goods? Who labors truly to get his own living instead of the living of his neighbor? Who feels that God calls him to a state in life, and desires to be satisfied in it?

Financially it is the stockbroker's age—the village and the small city are held as subordinates of the larger capitalistic centres, which again are simply cunningly woven spider-webs for catching the unwary smaller gamblers. The word, “graft,” characteristic if any is of our time, expresses the malevolence of its coiners and illustrators. Into a healthy stock, well-rooted and of pristine virtue, the farmer inserts a later cultivated stem, which transforms the sterling parent sap to liberal fruitage and more generous yielding. But all for the good of the farmer and cultivator! Capitalistic cunning caught the hint, and wherever there is an honest producer there are innumerable grafters, in graded series, seeking to steal and wholly take away from him, rooted there in the soil, all his life and sap, and squander the fruit-

tage of his virtue upon the iniquities of distant luxury and vice. Government, an amazing democracy (falsely named), strikes hands and by means of a so-called protective tariff makes the producer buy at artificially inflated prices and sell in the competitive market. Thus a nation of deserted farms, of exhausting natural soils, forests and resources, and of systematically embruted farmers. The living, growing thing, the produce of the cultivated land, as we all know and all strive to forget, is the condition not only of a healthy and virtuous people, but of social living itself. To cheat the farmer is poor policy, either nationally or personally, and the appeal to the physicist and chemist, in "the struggle for nitrogen," will be of no avail. No more than children, will families and farmers, wheat and corn and animals, grow without love. God cannot be cheated even by a Wall-street expert. Farming, either of the capitalistic or the small-farm variety, has become like all other trickinesses, a game of exhausting the soil, which profits for only a little while and in the long run ruins the short-sighted plunderer. When the game is systematized and governmentalized, it is only another case of "after us, the deluge!" *Ex Oriente Lux!* As in so much else Japan shows the prodigal Occident the way. With a few thousand square miles of arable land—a mere fraction of that which we wastefully misuse,—she supports, by scientific and prudent cultivation, a population one half as great as our own. Back to the Land! must be our insistent and continuous cry.

Because economics (household government) is the foundation of all prudence, it is also the foundation of morality; and the cheating and enslaving and brutalizing of the farmer are the greatest and most needlessly stupid of all national sins. The road, *Back to the Old Ways* leads first *Back to the Old Farm*, for it is there one best and most thoroughly "learns and labors truly to get his own living." We should even reverse

the whole proceeding of the "protective tariff." The manufacturer can surely look out for himself—he needs no artificial stimulus. But the profits of the small-farmer, the tiller of the ground, are hardly gained and doubtfully harvested; all manufactured and all foreign-made things should be cheapened and brought to his door by every help of legislation and device of mechanics. That government should plot a game of "graft" upon the 85 per cent. of its citizens for the benefit of 15 per cent., is an astonishing evidence of the infamy of the New Ways. To "turn the rascals out," and not put new rascals in, seems therefore the simplest and first duty of farmers and of all who labor truly to get their own living.

But to do this they must first go back to another of the old ways, the town-meeting—that is, they must first demand back from their political bosses a representative government, a true democracy, or a genuine republicanism—for both are the same thing. Democracy must become democratic, and republicanism must re-establish the republic. The old Declaration of Independence must be redeclared, and its modern substitute abrogated; but very actual dependence must be utterly abolished. It will not be necessary to fight plutocracy if we gain the easy victory over graftocracy and bossocracy.

My friend the tinsmith was yesterday repairing the eaves-troughs about my house and I invited him in to lunch with me. I never sat at table with a better-bred gentleman. He taught me more about labor, trades-unionism, etc., than I had learned in all my reading. His father was one of half a dozen brothers, all good workmen at the tinsmith trade, and one after another he taught his ten sons the same expertness and morality, and these ten men are now at work tinsmithing in two States, all successful, healthy and happy. This brother of ten could make more money, at least for a time, in the city, but has no mind to move from

the village, and for the best of reasons. "There are no apprentices now," he says, and dozens of his schoolmates who sought careers, foolishly supposed more aristocratic, are sorry failures in life and character. So far as occupation goes the advice to hitch one's wagon to a star is to tumble wagon, horses and driver into the gutter of deserved failure. In grinding his lenses Spinoza made a poor attempt to "think God," but it was better than to think un gods and no-gods.

The present-day lens-grinders behind your optician's shop also think some kind of a God—but what kind? They have as good opportunity and as much time for the thinking as had Spinoza. They probably waste both in cursing the "fate" that ties them to their tasks. They are free, however, to break their fate, and their fatalism. If socialistically inclined, they are certain to bemoan civilization's "differentiation of function," which they think compels them to kill mind and ingenuity by day-long, life-long, redoing of the little, humdrum thing. Is not that a confession of inability or disinclination to be like Spinoza, and pass to a freedom of mental action which rests the fingers, the eyes and the attention, drops the lowly stint, and walks among the gods, and with God? Disgust with the calling is not the way to progress. We must all work, and it is a crude observer who has not seen that they who do not work, if such there are, are not so happy as the workers. The squanderers and idlers are far more unfortunate than the farmers, the housekeepers or the "servants of machines" in our multiplying factories. Is the capitalist more fortunate or more enviable than his workman? Surely not, unless he has mentality and unselfishness which outrun "capital" and "labor"; and such altruism is as entirely in the laborer's reach as in that of his "master." To do well and to have pride in the doing and the condition of well-being and satisfaction, rather than to do greater things and wield

larger power. For the least bolt of the machine of civilization is of as distinct a value as the "governor," and, egotism apart, the governor itself is a small part of the whole mechanism of modern life. What nonsense it is to be cast down because one is only a cog, or to be puffed up because one is a throttle-valve! The greatest financier is, in the end, as much a "slave and tool" of the vast social mechanism as the dime-savings-bank depositor. Envy or disdain on the part of either bears equal witness to his pitiful limitations. Each prefers his slavery to an easily acquired manumission. It is as monotonously wearying, it is as hard labor, to lend, spend, or even to give away an income of millions, as one of a thousand. And the hardest and most pitiable toiler is he who with an income of a few thousands tries to ape the millionaire. In a different sense from this, too, a man may be a millionaire on a thousand-dollar income. Should one wish to do veritable good in a charitable way, it is literally true that he may be as helpful to others by a dollar indiscriminately given as by thousands given without discrimination. One who personalizes charity will accomplish more uplifting by giving himself than by giving money. The poorest benefit is the financial one, of course. The greater part of bequests and endowments work evil in the long run, as all students of economics well understand. The giver of self, moreover, benefits himself the most,—for the miracle of love is the increase that comes by giving, the breaking up of one's own limitations and bonds by giving freedom to others. As with light, so with true wealth, sharing with others does not lessen one's own store. And the hidden and denied God knows that labor alone creates character. Character is the reaction of will against circumstance. In all things psychic and moral the popular evolution doctrine is false. The environment is not the maker of the spirit; unless fought against, it is the spirit's degrader.

Science, however, has not yet learned that man has a spirit. The nearest it has come to that knowledge is what Bagehot called "the cake of custom"; but even this labor only can make; this labor is the guarantee of that settledness of social life, without which all is chaos. *Back to Labor!* then, is the command, renouncing the fashionable pleasure and leisure, if we would have true pleasure and leisure. Remember, said a wise, good teacher, remember that Happiness is an angel ever at your side if you do not turn your eyes to look upon her. If you turn, she disappears! All are turning now to woo her—and they are most miserable, for Happiness has left us!

The most fundamental and far-reaching of all the distinctions among mankind are those of sex, and how one solves the eternal sex question, in thought, feeling or practical living, will dictate or indicate his solution of most other questions. Because, whom does not Love rule, and where is He not Lord? He most enslaves his ascetics, deniers and traitors, and least the fool. Love is in truth the riddle of the sphinx, and, as Weininger found, she ruthlessly devours those who do not solve it. Too many have forgotten that love is as much subject to the law of evolution or progressive development as any other biologic thing. It is the most typically "henid" product of life. How could it be otherwise, when it is not only product but also spring and mechanism of life? God never ceases to teach that there is something better for us than individuality, and that personal immortality is not His chief aim with us. Woman, as most of us admit, is far more obedient morally and religiously than man, is in truth the ethical agent of the biologic continuance of the race. Beyond question, Teutonic love needs development out of its homogeneity, or its "henidism." For what biologic or psychologic attribute is of greater complexity, and usually of less differentiation, than love? Since we have left the monkey-type, there have been

added, how many phases, often as yet interfused and awaiting unfolding. Finck has found thirteen more varieties of love than Weininger, and Finck's fellow countrywomen could each have added another. "But all depend upon and lead to one thing?" Yes, and so does all life—to that, and to the education of the begotten. What else but that is there to it all? Go to! In the last thirty years we Americans have gone too far back, even to the Roman "simplicity." But since we left Rome the idea of love, the practice of it, by enduring families, has become rapidly more complex. To the *unum necessarium*, never omitted, have been added permanency, monogamy, home-keeping virtues, pedagogy, public health, civic and political honor, democracy, and a thousand such components. Our riotous modern divorce practices and statistics are the sole proof needed that our forgetfulness of the hundred associate parts of love and returning to Rome were a going too far back to the old ways. For, as in all things else, it is only the more recent old ways to which the return is urged. There is an end of the matter with the statement that that sort of love will not suffice for building the future which is based solely upon sensualism. Henceforth there is no advisable love unless it is as reverent as it is romantic, as permanent as it is passionate. The foundation has indeed been built since karyokinesis began, and verily let us have no fool's nonsense that ignores clean, pure, strong, animalian sensualism. But just as little, from now, may its consequences be ignored or refused—the mother, and the child which insures all future motherhood. The hideous divorce statistics point to far more unspeakable things in our large cities denied by none and lately much in evidence.

Note, now, what all admit—that women are what men have made them; always less bad, however, than men, for the women of any Babylon are more ethical than the Babylonian

men. Otherwise, of course, propagation would stop and that Babylon would end. Kant's great rule was that we must never use humanity as a means to our individual ends. That marriage and that divorce are immoral which break Kant's immutable law. *Back to the Old Ways!* Back to the older woman, indeed, for the "New Woman" is already entirely too old—hoary with the vices of antiquity, and the woman of a hundred years ago is timeless and will always be young and lovely! She found us young and she will always keep us so.

And it was woman who made the Home,—the home we are so fast disusing and forgetting. There will be no abiding and true civilization, no enduring happiness except in and through homes. Flats, hotels, palaces and watering-place "villas," rented walls, yardless and landless buildings, rows of thousands all alike—these are not homes, and they can never breed the virtues that rise in the simplest houses built for one's children, and in which the grandchildren will live. Urbanization is the lure of Mephisto whereby the indiscriminating sell their souls for a sorry and fitting gain. What a commentary it is that the lovely and virtue-expressing word, *homelike*, should have degenerated by our unvirtue into *homely*, the unlovely and unseemly! *Back to the Home* is again the command, if we wish our name and hope to relive in the valor and virtue of our children, and of their children.

As to the priest and the preacher: In ancient times the greatest criminal masquerading as king chose to commission some sycophantic parasite to flatter him before as many of his dupes as could be drilled into the cathedral. They were allowed to worship God theoretically and a little, on condition of worshipping the king practically and a good deal. The modern king, Pluto, has not forgot the trick, and an amazing spectacle it is to see millionaires support the religion of the carpenter-preacher

who once delivered a famous Sermon on the Mount. If the Catholic could be catholicized, if the Protestant could be protestantized! If all could be humanized and religionized! Certainly it may not be except through teaching the old catechism, by practising,—“Duty toward my neighbor is to love him as myself, etc.”

As to the lawyer: A great one lately died; he was not a promoter, nor “a corporation lawyer”; his aim in life was not to do illegal things by means of legal acumen and diabolism. He was never a politician, nor a partisan, nor a hunter after the modern trinity of Gods, Success, Finance and Fame. This is what he wrote, reviewing his life:

I have indeed much to be thankful for. I have received numberless kindnesses from judges, counsel and solicitors, as well as from clients. I have never had a serious personal difference with anyone, and have never been a party to a lawsuit. I may be said to have been fortunate, but I believe that the road to such success as I have had is open to any young man entering the profession who may choose to follow it, and devote himself to legitimate professional work, and abstain from money-lending, company promoting, financing builders, and speculative business, and give constant, careful and anxious thought and attention to the professional business from time to time entrusted to him.

As to the physician: It is much the same story, but, as the rule is, with a difference. A few country practitioners are left who practise medicine with the single desire to cure their patients. The bedside, clinical, empiric wisdom and duty have been deserted for the “scientific” professional and laboratory unwise and non-duties. In practice, more than in theory, of all these great diseases that afflict humanity—headache, “migraine,” dyspepsia, nervous and mental diseases, epilepsy, crime, insanity and a hundred kinds of functional and nutritional disorders—there is almost no curiosity as to cause, and there is less inability to cure. Every lecture of every Pro-

fessor in all the morbidly large medical colleges of the land should begin with: *Gentlemen, Back to the Bedside!* and should end with: *Seek to learn the causes of Functional Diseases! When you have learned these causes, and when you have cured your individual patient, then you will have heard the divine command to commit professional suicide by preventing disease!*

Every physician, indeed, knows in his heart that we have eaten of the tree of knowledge more than we can digest, and that if the known laws of public and private hygiene were put into execution the death-rate would instantly drop fifty per cent. Moreover, the modern serpent in the tree is atheistic, monistic, deterministic, and therefore hopelessly loveless. There can be no cure, nor is there any prevention, of disease unless the little physician is the child of the Great Physician, and learns of Him how wounds heal, how sleep restores, how wise "Nature" persists for years, for a life time, through all lives, to outwit, heal and undo the injuries of disease. Aping an unenviable and blind science, medicine has been too prone to materialism, although before the physician's eyes, as before those of no other man, have been the amazing miracles of sexual and mother love, of the healing of wounds, of the giving of the body to be normalized in sleep to something infinitely wiser than we, and of the ceaseless struggle of the hidden physiologic God of Health against the hurts of disease. All these, in addition to the absolute non-existence of spontaneous generation, would convince men with logical and open minds that materialism, atheism and determinism are the shallow delusions of fools.

And as to Science itself: Every scientist self-supposed or real knows and admits that its only legitimate method is and must be induction, but every one is ruled by prepossession, theory and deduction, to the infinite loss of science. We are not a step nearer explaining the origin

of life than we were fifty years ago. None has ever produced organic or living substance from the inorganic or non-living, and yet biologists deny life, and living beings say they came from lifeless sources. Even so great a man as Huxley set the fashion, but Huxley was too great to live in such a state of muddle-headedness. He repented of his silly "Bathybias," but no modern imitators who discover Bathybiases every day imitate Huxley in his repentance. They dominate facts with theory, and unblushingly invent new gods every other day,—Protoplasm, Chemism, Chemotaxis, Electricity, Radium, Heredity, Law, Ions, *tout ce que vous voulez*. They are constant only in scorn of "vitalism" and the "vitalists," they who are vitality, and of superstition, they who are most superstitious. They hate Lamarck because he allows the existence and play of spirit in the biologic process, and they worship Darwin and Spencer who counsel monism and materialism. Oh, let us go back to pure induction!

In pedagogy where are we? The competition for endowments, the rivalry for success, the greed for hugeness, the sale of honorary degrees to kings and famous men, the cultivation of "athletics," which means mostly the purchase of football fighters and the limitlessness of rowdyism, "Dutch Kitchens" and young men old in clubdom and vice. It were best to return to the old love of scholarship and gentlemanliness.

Do we entertain any hope of present-day literature? They who read it of course deserve their fate. But the future will forget and bury in fitting Carnegie mausoleums most that our scribblers now grind out. The apotheosis of the craze is the modern newspaper. Even the least yellow of the sell-souls do not preserve a copy beyond a day—so cheaply and properly do they and the public value all the enormously expensive product. The old books of more than a generation ago, a score or so of them, suffice for intelligent and discriminating tastes.

Philosophy, Metaphysics, Psychology? Did they not begin and end with Kant? After him has metaphysics done more than deny metaphysic, the very existence of that which is beyond the physical? Do the aftercoming philosophers love wisdom? And the up-to-date psychologist says there is no psyche, and sets up laboratories to measure the reaction-time of nerve-currents. Post-Kantian philosophy, that which has had vigor and vogue, is summarized in the perverse pessimism of Schopenhauer, the insane individualism of Nietzsche, the scintillating impudence of Weininger, all sick and sickening men, all brilliant, pessimistic, untrue and untrustworthy; the logic of their labor, deny it as they will, ends in suicide. Back to Kant!

The cynic may interject that the advice, *Back to the Old Ways* has been the cry of every age and of the dissatisfied of all times. Wherefore now repeat it again from the very heart of a civilization avid with desire, feverish with activity, and sated with unparalleled comforts and satisfactions? And yet it was not always a meaningless or inappropriate crying. Our most popular philosopher has taught eloquently and rightly that all movement is rhythmical, rushing advances alternating with back-currents, ebb following flow, crest and then trough of wave, eternally. These sallies and surges, some of them at least, must sometimes have been abnormal, even morbid. Experiments in Life they may be called, and we are well aware that many have been sorry failures. Going back and experimenting again may be the only method of going forward. Paleontology is a record of more failures than successes. Why not, then, Sociology?

The great modern multiform failure is easily explained. In the last one hundred years, for all modern nations, but especially for our country, has come what may be called, *The Great Awakening*. The elements or causes of this awakening have been:

1. *Democracy*. The realization of the power and value of the individual, or, what amounts to the same thing, the belief in the value and the power, whether justified or not, whether simply morbid egotism or proper self-appreciation. It would be super-erogation to point out the proofs, most manifest and sometimes appalling, of this swift extension of personal claim in all that governmental and social life we call civilized.

2. *Territorial Expansion*. Every nation having the power (and all have had or have claimed to have it) has acquired vast areas of land in every part of the globe.

3. *Wealth*. Not only have the rich become richer, fortunes which kings never had being now too common to attract attention, but millions now live in a state of luxury hitherto unknown.

4. *Material Invention and Discovery* have placed power and opportunities hitherto undreamed of at the disposal even of the poorest.

5. *Science and Knowledge* have been offered to all.

6. *The Printing Press* has almost forced the unwilling, if such there are, to supplement personal experience by that of all others.

7. *Relief from the Error and Wrong of Religion* has brought over-reaction and landed us in Atheism and Materialism, theoretical or practical.

The first fact to be held in fixed attention is that in all other countries except ours these seven factors of the Great Awakening have not come suddenly or synchronously, so that the universal arousing has been more slow and conservative than with us. Indeed, in only one country, France, did one or two of these calls to action come explosively and overpoweringly. But in the United States all seven have acted at once, with enormous and cumulative power.

The second fact to remember is that those called to exercise these amazingly vast freedoms, opportunities, and energies, had no training, experience, or expertness for the unwonted responsibilities. There

could be but one result—national, social and individual intoxication, and an extremism which, if it were not humorous as well as tragic, if it were not drunkenness instead of insanity, if we were not at bottom Teutonic, would have consumed the last man in chaotic revolution, and ended in a militarism madder than that of Napoleon. As it is we survive, so far at least, for the danger is not past, but at what an awful expense! We are still drunk with absurd individualism, with unutilizable expansion, with diabolic luxury, with the pandemonium of machinery, with undigested and untruthful knowledge, with yellow journalism and magazinism, and more than all, with practical and blatant materialism and determinism. Such appears the full and fitting explanation of our unfortunate, preposterous predicament, our national tragicomedy. This is the warrant for *Back to the Old Ways*.

Every one will return when and how he pleases, in his own individual fashion, because we are all over-individualized, and one must travel anywhither from the place where the present finds him, and in accord with the personal character, good or bad, he has acquired. Among the many there are three chief routes, however, which finally lead to old-time certainties and satisfactions: that of induction, knowledge or true Science; that of kindness, duty or Ethics; and that of feeling, esthetics or Art. Genuine knowledge, the knowing by observation and induction, can alone tell us what the world truly is, and what we ourselves are. We must ignore the deductive, the pseudo-science, and practically also the ultra, the overtechnical and theoretic varieties, which are of no use certainly to common folk and amateurs. We already have more of the undoubted true than we can bring into blessed practice for a generation or two.

Despite themselves all have some of the seeds of sympathy and duty in their hearts, so that by means of love we may be aroused and led

back to a purer and sweeter family and social life. All need love and each needs to give it as much as to receive it. Since the world began it is the savior and the perpetuator of the race.

Beauty invites through the half-opened door of art. Whence the beautiful? It is wholly miraculous, most illogical and incongruous in a world of matter, fate or law. It may not be defined except in metaphor and symbol—that it is, for instance, God's smile of joy at the perfection and success of His work. Art, then, is the answering smile of man, music the singing of the soft, low laughter, poetry the chant of those who cannot sing, sculpture the memory of a passing smile fixed in form, and painting the glimpse put in light and color. Ethics thus grows clear as the way we may help our Biologos, and our success, the fact of our helping, our happiness, His *I Thank You!*

With these as our companions on our return journey, there will come to all glimpses of the eternal wonder, thrills of recognition, which more and more bring an end of care, strain or doubt, of scepticism and of wrong. Atonements are not sudden and dramatic, we know, but are made up day by day of a thousand little feelings, willings and doings:—some fair sweet afternoon, for instance, of sunshine and breeze, some deepening twilight sleeping into starlight silence; some landscape witchery, or vision of unsuspected beauty; a sudden offering of gratitude, or a service needlessly done; the reach of a noble truth finally grasped; the perception of the cruelty of greed, the vanity and worthlessness of luxury; the forgiving of sin, and the forgetting of injury; the slipping of the bands of fate, and the coming of divine freedom; the pleasure and delight of the growing corn; the nestling of a child's hand in yours; the pathos of your dog's glance of dumb desire for humanization; the miracle of a flower, a strain of music, the meaning of a bird's song; the solemnity of great forest trees, the silence of attentive

mountain heights; the brooding of the sky over his beloved earth, your sweetheart's kiss, and the whole wide world's wonder of love; the sudden sight of God's eyes looking steadily into yours—the revelation of the

infinite—the Infinite Presence Himself, always there! Ah! such things come to them alone who seek the old ways, and wish to do their duty in the state of life unto which it shall please God to call them.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

APROPOS OF THE UNVEILING OF A STATUE OF HAMILTON AT
PATERSON, N. J., MEMORIAL DAY, 1907

By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER



THE large cities of the world are to be found where they are for good and sufficient reasons. We learn from historians and geographers what those reasons are. They tell us that in the ancient world and in the modern world alike, men first gathered themselves together in communities at points where protection and self-defence were easy, or where commerce and industry were likely to develop with least obstacle or interference. A high hill or rock surmounted by a castle, about the walls of which the dependents of the feudal lord might gather, explains the existence of many a European town to-day. The mouths of navigable rivers, the proximity of sources of natural wealth, or convenient centres for distribution of supplies to more sparsely settled sections of the land, account for still other cities and towns. Occasionally we find that the site of a city has been deliberately chosen in order that a definite public policy may be carried out thereby. Such a city, the manner of the choosing of its site, and the

purposes of those who were chiefly concerned in the choosing, become matters of unusual interest to the reader of history.

In the United States there are at least two city sites which were deliberately chosen in pursuance of certain public ends. Both were chosen, or their choosing was made possible, by one and the same man. Both were chosen as part of one and the same policy—the building of the American people into a strong nation which should be both politically and industrially independent. These two city sites are that of Washington, selected to be the political capital of the new nation, and that of Paterson, selected to be its industrial capital. The man behind the choice in each case was he whose name and fame we are gathered to honor—Alexander Hamilton. It is worth while to dwell for a few moments upon the man and the policies which called Paterson into existence.

It was a part of Alexander Hamilton's statesmanship that the capital city of the new nation was Washington on the banks of the Potomac. To secure the assumption by the national government of the war debt

of the separate states, and so to hold the infant commonwealths together in a new and stout bond, he allowed the capital city to be fixed at the spot where the local pride of some of his chief opponents desired it to be. It was equally a part of Hamilton's statesmanship that the city of Paterson was called into being on the banks of the Passaic. The same engineer who laid out the political capital drew the original plans for the industrial capital. Those plans, unfortunately, demanded the resources of a principality for their execution, and they came to naught. Had they been carried out, Colt's Hill yonder, now levelled to the ground, would have been, as Capitol Hill is in Washington, the centre from which great avenues radiated through the industrial city of L'Enfant's imagination. Six miles square the city was to be, and the new world was to assert itself in industry, as in politics, from a capital seat. The plan was as striking as it was novel, and worthy of the political genius who conceived it.

Why was Alexander Hamilton interested in building an industrial capital for the new nation, and in selecting its site?

The answer is to be found in the encyclopedic character of Hamilton's interests and in the broad sweep of his statesmanship. In the eighteenth century the outlying parts of the world were looked upon by the older and controlling nations not only as political dependencies, but as industrial annexes. They were to grow and provide the raw materials of commerce and industry, which raw materials, whether dug from the ground or grown in the earth, were to be shipped to the motherland for manufacture, and shipped back again to the dependencies for purchase and consumption as finished products. Hamilton knew perfectly well that the independence of the United States was only partially achieved when the political shackles which bound the colonists to King George were broken. He knew that the people must be industrially indepen-

dent as well, if their nation was to endure. He believed that the factory and the farm, the mine and the workshop, should be brought side by side, that through a diversity of employment and an economy of transportation charge, the economic prosperity of the people might be assured and advanced.

As soon as Hamilton had secured the adoption of the Constitution, and even before he had, under the Constitution, riveted the bonds which held the States together by having the nation assume the separate State debts, he set about the task of building up diversified domestic industries.

On January 15, 1790, the House of Representatives called upon Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, for a report upon the subject of manufactures, to deal particularly with the means of promoting those manufactures that would tend to render the United States independent of foreign nations for military and other essential supplies. On December 5, 1791, at the age of thirty-four, Hamilton responded to this request with a report which is both an economic and a political classic. Not only does he consider and pass in review the arguments advanced for and against the policy of building up domestic manufactures, if necessary by government aid, but he tells the House of Representatives precisely what manufactures had already been undertaken in the United States and what measure of success might be expected to attend them. In the course of this remarkable report, Hamilton announced that a society was forming, with a sufficient capital, which was to prosecute, on a large scale, the making and printing of cotton goods. The society to which Hamilton referred was the Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures, which Society had been already constituted a body politic and corporate by the Legislature of the State of New Jersey in an Act passed November 22, 1791, or only a few days earlier than the date of Hamilton's report on manufactures. The Act relating

to this Society provided in its twenty-sixth section that, since it was deemed important to the success of the undertaking, provision should be made for incorporating, with the consent of the inhabitants, such district, not exceeding six miles square, as might become the principal city of the intended establishment, which district should, when certain conditions were complied with, be the town of Paterson.

Therefore, it may with justice be said that the town of Paterson was called into existence by Alexander Hamilton in pursuance of his policy of securing industrial independence for the people of the United States. Though his immediate plans were never carried out, yet cotton, flax and silk, iron and steel, copper and brass, have since his day given employment here to tens of thousands of intelligent workmen. Hamilton's policy succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of his imagination. Not one industrial capital, but hundreds, have sprung into existence to demonstrate its wisdom and effectiveness. From the looms of the Merrimac to those of the Piedmont, from the forges and furnaces of Pittsburgh to those of Colorado and beyond, scores of busy hives of industry bear tribute to the greatness of the man whose conscious purpose it was to make our nation strong enough to rule itself and strong enough to face the world with honest pride in its own strength.

When, because of the water power afforded by the great falls of the Passaic, the Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures chose this spot as its site, it was a part of the township of Acquackanonk, and but an insignificant handful of people were living here. The records say that the total number of houses was not over ten. Out of these small beginnings the present busy city has grown. Hamilton's interest in it was personal and very strong. The records of the Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures show plainly enough that he attended the early meetings of the Directors, and make it highly probable that not only did he draw the act of

incorporation itself, but guided the Society in its early policies as well. So we commemorate to-day not only a far-seeing statesman, who has forever associated his name with this spot, but a purpose which has long since become part of the accepted policy of the people of the United States. Because of Hamilton's conspicuous public service, it would be becoming for his statue to stand in every city in the land; but if there is one city more than another in which it must stand, that city is Paterson.

It is not easy for us to picture accurately the political and social conditions which prevailed when the government of the United States was created. Looking back as we do upon the achievement as one of epoch-marking significance in the world's history, and seeing as we do the outlines of the great figures who participated in the work silhouetted against the background of the past, it is difficult to appreciate against what tremendous obstacles they labored and with what bitter antagonisms they were forced to fight. If the history of the American Revolution and that of the building of the nation show human nature at its best, they also show it at its worst. Over against a Franklin, a Washington, and a Hamilton we must set the scurrilous pamphleteers, the selfish particularists, and the narrow-minded politicians whose joint machinations it required almost infinite patience, infinite tact and infinite wisdom to overcome. The greatness of Washington himself, marvellous as his achievements are now seen to be, rests in no small part upon what he put up with. A nature less great than his, a temper less serene, could not have failed to show resentment and anger at a time when either passion would have been dangerous to the cause in whose service his whole nature was enlisted.

We are accustomed to think of the political controversies of our own day as bitter, and of the political methods which accompany them as

base and dishonorable. The bitterness, the baseness and the dishonor of to-day are as nothing in comparison with the bitterness, the baseness and the dishonor with which the great fathers of the nation were compelled to deal. Upon the devoted head of Washington himself was heaped every sort and kind of obloquy. Hamilton was called alternately a monarchist and a thief, a liar and a traitor. Men stopped at nothing to gain their political ends, and the writings of not a few of our country's great men abound in passages and records which bring the blush of shame to the cheek.

This nation of ours was not built easily or in a day. The materials used in the structure were themselves refractory, and the arduous task of putting them together was time-consuming. The Constitutional Convention itself was in a sense a subterfuge of Hamilton's and the outgrowth of a purely commercial conference, at which the representatives of but five States were gathered, so difficult was it to unite the States for any purpose. The maxims of the French Revolution were in the air, and Jefferson was playing with them, now as idols, now as weapons. Men were swept off their feet by the power of formulas and phrases, and hard, clear thinking on the fundamental principles of politics and government was by no means so common as we are in the habit of supposing it was.

To understand the history of the United States, we must realize that the nation has had two births; the first, its birth to union under Washington and Hamilton; the second, its birth to liberty under Lincoln. Our nation was not really made until the second birth was an accomplished fact. It is as absurd to speak of the United States as being the creation of the year 1776 or 1789 as it would be to speak of England as the creation of the year in which Hengist and Horsa first landed on its eastern coast. The birth throes of the United States of America began on the day when

The embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

They ended only when two brave Americans, whose consciences had brought them to place different and antagonistic meanings upon the structure of the government, met face to face at Appomattox to "beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks."

In the long and difficult process of nation-building, five great builders stand out above all others by reason of the supreme service that they rendered. Their places in the American pantheon are secure. Two were from Virginia, one from New York, one from New England, and one from the West. The five are Washington, Hamilton, Marshall, Webster, and Lincoln. The placid and almost superhuman genius of Washington, exhibited alike in war and in peace, made the beginnings possible. The constructive statesmanship, the tireless energy and the persuasive eloquence of Hamilton laid the foundations and pointed the way. The judicial expositions of Marshall erected the legal superstructure. The powerful and illuminating arguments of Webster instructed public opinion and prepared it to stand the terrible strain soon to be put upon it in the struggle for the maintenance of the union. The human insight, the skill and the infinite, sad patience of Lincoln carried the work to its end.

Others have served the people of the United States, and served them well. Others have been great party leaders, admirable judges, far-sighted statesmen; but to these five—Washington, Hamilton, Marshall, Webster, and Lincoln—must be accorded the first and foremost place. To them, more than to any others, we owe the United States as we know it.

Of these five nation-builders, Hamilton was in some respects the most remarkable. Talleyrand, no mean judge, placed him on a par with the greatest European statesmen of his time, including even Pitt and Fox—a judgment more obviously moderate now than when it was made. Hamilton's genius was not only amazingly precocious, but it was

really genius. His first report on the public credit and his report on manufactures, two of the greatest state papers in the English language, were the work of a young man of but thirty-three or thirty-four. The political pamphlets of his boyhood, the military papers and reports of his youth, would do credit to experienced age. In his forty-seven years, Hamilton lived the life of generations of ordinary men. From the restless boyhood years on the distant island in the Caribbean Sea, through the stirring scenes of his student days in Columbia College; from the worried camp of Washington where, the merest stripling, he was clothed with heavy military responsibility, to his years of active practice in the courts, instructing the judges and illuminating the law; from the arduous work in the Constitutional Convention, a statesman trying to piece a nation together out of fragments, to his ceaseless labors with voice and pen to persuade a reluctant people to accept the new government as their own; into the Cabinet as its presiding genius, and to the busy Treasury where everything had to be created from an audit system and a mint to a nation's income; back into private life in name but in fact to the exercise of new power; all the way on to the fatal field at Weehawken, where, in obedience to a false and futile sense of honor, he gave up his life to the bullet of a political adversary, the story of Hamilton's life is full of dramatic interest and intensity. He represented the highest type of human product, a great intellect driven for high purposes by an imperious will. Facts, not phrases, were his counters; principle, not expediency, was his guide.

In all his career, Hamilton seems to have yielded but once to the temptation to use a local or a party interest, and then he made use of the local or party interest of his opponents. That was when he yielded to the sentiment to place the capital on the banks of the Potomac, in order to gain the votes needed to pass

his Assumption bill. On no other occasion, whether when exerting his powers of persuasion to the utmost in the face of an adverse majority in the New York Convention called to consider the ratification of the Constitution, or in his extraordinary appeals through the *Federalist*, or in the letters of Camillus written in defence of the Jay treaty, did he ever descend from the lofty heights of political principle. That is the reason why Hamilton's reports, his letters, and his speeches belong to the permanent literature of political science. The occasion for which he wrote was of the moment, but the mood in which he wrote and his method belong to the ages.

Hamilton's policy had three ends in view. He wished to develop a financial policy that would bind the Union hard and fast; an industrial policy that would make it rich and, within the bounds of possibility, self-sufficient; and a foreign policy that would strengthen the political and economic independence already provided for. He accomplished them all, and all three are securely part of the permanent policy of the nation. Hamilton's statesmanship could have no higher tribute than this. He built not for the day, but for the nation's history.

It would have been easy for Hamilton with his personal charm, his alertness of mind and his geniality of temper to have been the idol of the populace of his time. But he was wise enough to know how cheap and tawdry a thing popularity is when principle and lasting usefulness have to be surrendered in return for it. To-day Hamilton has his reward. By common consent he is now recognized not only as one of the very greatest of all Americans, but as a statesman whom the whole world is glad to honor for the political insight and sagacity that he displayed, for the marvellous range of his intellectual interests, for the philosophic structure of his mind and for the imperishable service that he rendered to the cause of popular government everywhere.



A Hamilton

To an old and valued friend, Edward Carrington of Virginia, Hamilton wrote an important letter in 1792. That letter states two essential points of his political creed to be: "first, the necessity of Union to the respectability and happiness of this country; and second, the necessity of an efficient general government to maintain the Union." He adds: "I am affectionately attached to the republican theory. I desire above all things to see the equality of political rights, exclusive of all hereditary distinction, firmly established by a practical demonstration of its being consistent with the order and happiness of society." The enemy which he most feared for his country was the spirit of faction and anarchy. "If this will not permit the ends of government to be attained under it," he adds, "if it engenders disorders in the community, all regular and orderly minds will wish for a change, and the demagogues who have produced the disorder will make it for their own aggrandizement. This is the old story. If I were disposed to promote monarchy and overthrow State governments, I would mount the hobby-horse of popularity; I would cry out 'usurpation,' 'danger to liberty,' etc., etc.; I would endeavor to prostrate the national government, raise a ferment, and then 'ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm.'"

These words are both prophecy and history. They put us on our guard against the worst tendencies in others, as well as against the worst passions in ourselves.

Hamilton's achievements are beyond our reach, but the lessons of his life are not hard for us to learn. The never-absent care for the public interest, the superb energy with which he pressed his policies upon the attention of the people, the unfailing regard for political principle, the grasp of concrete facts of every sort, the undaunted courage of the man, mark Hamilton as an ideal public servant and public official. "He never lost sight of your interests," said Gouverneur Morris in his funeral

oration to the people who thronged about the murdered leader's bier. "Though he was compelled to abandon public life," added Morris, "never, no, never for a moment did he abandon the public service." No higher praise could be given to a public man.

The ebb and flow of the huge human tide which comes and goes at the meeting point of two of the most crowded and busiest streets in the world, surges daily past the tomb in Trinity churchyard where lie the ashes of the statesman, too great to be a successful party leader, to whom the United States of America owe an incalculable debt. Imagination tempts us to wonder how much of this great population and how much of the active business and financial strength that this human tide represents, would be in existence if Hamilton had not lived, or if his policies had not been accepted by the people of the United States. No man, we say, is indispensable. In a certain sense this must be true; for the universe does not hang on a single personality. But is it not equally true, that great personalities do shape the course of events, and that if there had been no Hamilton, no *Federalist* and no reports on the public credit and on manufactures, the history of the people of the United States might have been, indeed would certainly have been, very different? That history might still have been a proud one and the people themselves a great and successful people; but the nation as we know and love it, the nation that stood the strain of the greatest of civil wars, the nation that has stretched across mountains and prairies and plains to the shores of a second ocean, the nation that has resisted every attempt to debase its currency and to impair its credit, the nation that is not afraid of permitting individual citizens to exert their powers to the utmost if only they injure no one of their fellows,—that is the nation which Hamilton's vision foresaw and for which the labor of his life was given.



EL BEDIER ARABS EMPLOYED AT THE EXCAVATION OF BISMYA

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD

UNEARTHED BY AMERICAN SPADES IN THE SANDS
OF MESOPOTAMIA

By DR. EDGAR J. BANKS



IN a sand-swept belt of Central Babylonia, that country of ancient ruins, in a region dangerous and deserted because far from water, and

on the border of the territory of several hostile Arab tribes, lies the low ruin of Bismya. Few explorers have ever visited it, and those few did so at the peril of their lives. Dr. Peters of New York, while excavating at Nippur, discovered at Bismya a clay tablet of an ancient date. German explorers are reported to have said that the ruins originated with the civilization of the Arabs. However, not only the age of the ruins, but the name and history of the ancient city of which they are composed, continued a mystery until recently.

In the autumn of 1900 application for permission to excavate the ancient

Babylonian city of Ur was submitted to the Sublime Porte. A year spent at the Turkish capital in pushing the application from one department to another resulted only in a refusal. Permission to excavate at other points was then requested, with the same result, and it was not until the autumn of 1903 that an American fleet, then in Turkish waters, forced from the Turks an irade, permitting the excavation of Bismya.

A long journey of a month across the Arabian desert to Bagdad, and another week southward into Babylonia, brought me to Bismya in company with an intriguing Turkish commissioner who had been instructed to place every possible obstacle in my way, and with a few hardly less loyal native servants.

With the workmen employed from the nearest tribe at the rate of twelve cents a day, wells were dug through the hard crust of the surface and the loose sand beneath, but with



THE PALACE AT BISMYA

repeated failure. Finally on Christmas day, 1903, water was reached at a depth of thirty-five feet; though bitter, it was drinkable, and one of the difficulties which had kept previous excavators from Bismya was removed. The work of excavation was begun on that Christmas day.

The first view of Bismya was disappointing. The fear that the ruins might not date from a great antiquity was increased by their slight elevation above the surface, for nowhere do they exceed forty feet in height. They consist of a series of parallel ridges, about a mile long and half as wide. Intersecting them near the centre, and dividing the ancient city into two parts, is the bed of a former canal.

An examination of the surface of a Babylonian mound may reveal the nature and the age of what one may expect to find beneath. Most ruins are covered with the fragments of broken pottery, and at Bismya the potsherds were so numerous that the ground beneath was in places invisible. If among the potsherds are glazed fragments, the surface of the ruin at least does not date from Babylonian times, but if fragments of polished stone vases, an occasional

flint implement and small rounded bricks appear, the ruin is of the greatest antiquity. Such were the objects upon the surface of Bismya, and the fear that the ruins were modern was dispelled.

At the excavations the workmen are divided into gangs consisting of the foreman with a pick, two assistants with triangular hoes and several men with baskets to carry the dirt to the dump. The gang begins the work half way up the slope of the mound by digging a trench toward its centre. Whenever a wall is discovered, the trench follows it to a doorway and into the interior of the structure. At Bismya gangs were placed at the four sides of the square mound which rose from the bed of the ancient canal; its shape suggested the ruins of a staged temple tower.

The result was the discovery of the oldest temple in the world. The walls of the tower soon appeared; the summit was cleared, and the first inscription discovered upon the surface was a brick stamped with the name of Dungi of 2750 B.C. Just beneath it were other bricks bearing the name of UrGur of 2800 B.C.; a little lower appeared a crumpled

piece of gold with the name of Naram Sin of 3750 B.C., and just below that level were the large square bricks peculiar to Sargon of 3800 B.C., probably the first of the Semitic kings of Babylonia. Although we had dug but a metre and a half below the bricks of Dungi, we had revealed several strata extending over the period from 2750 B.C. to 3800 B.C., or more than a thousand years, and still eleven metres of earlier ruins lay beneath us. We dug lower; unknown types of bricks appeared, and two and a half metres from the surface we came upon a large platform constructed of the peculiar plano-convex bricks which were the building material of 4500 B.C. Shafts were sunk through this platform and through stratum after stratum of the mud, brick, dirt, ashes and potsherds below. Five and a half metres beneath the surface we discovered a large bronze lion terminating in a spike. At a depth of eight and a half metres were two large urns filled with ashes; two metres below them was a smaller urn, and away down upon the desert level, fourteen metres from the surface, the ground was strewn with fragments of baked, thrown pottery of graceful design. We were then down among the beginnings of things.



TERRA COTTA VASES FROM BISMYA

The few upper strata of the ruins could be dated from the inscriptions which they contained, but below them was nothing to guide us but the depth of the debris in which the various objects were buried. The upper two and a half metres represented the period 2750-4500 B.C. Then how long a time is represented by the remaining eleven metres of the ruins beneath? No one can say. One may only surmise that the early



HUTS OF THE ARAB WORKMEN AT BISMYA

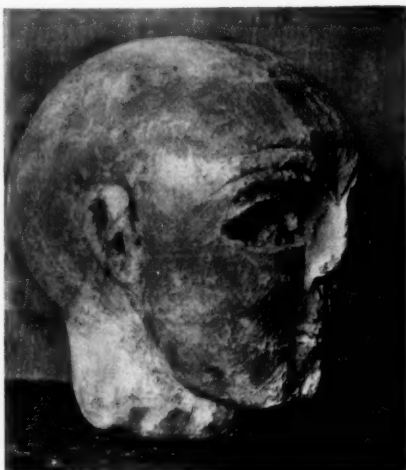
Mesopotamians who first settled in the plain, and who formed upon the wheel the graceful pottery still found there, lived fully ten thousand years ago, and perhaps earlier. So great was the antiquity of the ruin which we had feared might be modern!

It may be supposed that in a ruin so ancient, objects strange to the archaeologist should be revealed, and Bismya, especially the temple hill, was most productive of such treasures of ancient art. As the fallen debris at the sides of the temple tower was cleared away, there appeared upon the surface a small, alabaster head of a statue. The face is long and thin; a pointed beard conceals the chin; the nose is decidedly Semitic; the eyes are hollows in which, when found, ivory eyeballs were held in place with bitumen; the pupils of the eyes, probably of a dark stone, were missing. The head is covered with a closely fitting cap. This type of head is new to the student of Babylonian art. Clearly distinct from the round, beardless head of a Sumerian, it must be regarded as the only head of the statue of a Babylonian Semite ever discovered. Its date cannot be determined, yet it represents a time not far from 3800 B.C., when the Semites first appeared in Mesopotamia. This head—now in Chicago—is one of the rarest objects of ancient art.

A unique, blue-stone vase, three fragments of which appeared in the ruins of the plano-convex brick temple, is of a type equally unknown to the student of ancient art. A procession of grotesque, long-nosed fig-

ures, headed with two musicians playing upon harps, is depicted upon the stone. The garments and jewelry

and even the foliage of the background were once represented by inlaid work, but with the exception of a square piece of ivory, which formed the dress of one figure, and a few bits of lapis lazuli, in a branch of a tree, the inlaid pieces have been lost. The fragments of this beautiful vase present a number of questions for the archaeologist to answer. The procession, the type of the figures and the art of



THE HEAD OF A STATUE OF A SUMERIAN

inlaying are all new.

As the earth was removed from the edge of the platform of plano-convex bricks, there appeared the ancient refuse-heap of the temple. Most of the objects which adorn the archaeological museums of Europe were once discarded by the ancients as worthless, and this old temple dump proved to be a veritable treasure house. Dozens of baskets of marble, alabaster, onyx and porphyry vases, fragmentary and entire, were recovered. Some of the vases bore inscriptions in a most archaic character; others were engraved with strange designs or inlaid with ivory and stone. Representing almost every conceivable shape, they present a valuable contribution to the study of the earliest art.

Among the most interesting objects of a lower stratum at Bismya was a conch shell from which a section had been cut, so that it formed a perfect oil lamp, while the valve of the shell served as a groove for the support of the wick. The sea-shell was the lamp of primitive man. In the tem-

ple dump appeared several alabaster blocks cut into the form suggested by the early shell lamp. Later, the lamps of stone were decorated with reticulated lines; the groove for the wick was ornamented, and in one example it terminates in the head of a ram. Thus the sea-shell is now known to have been

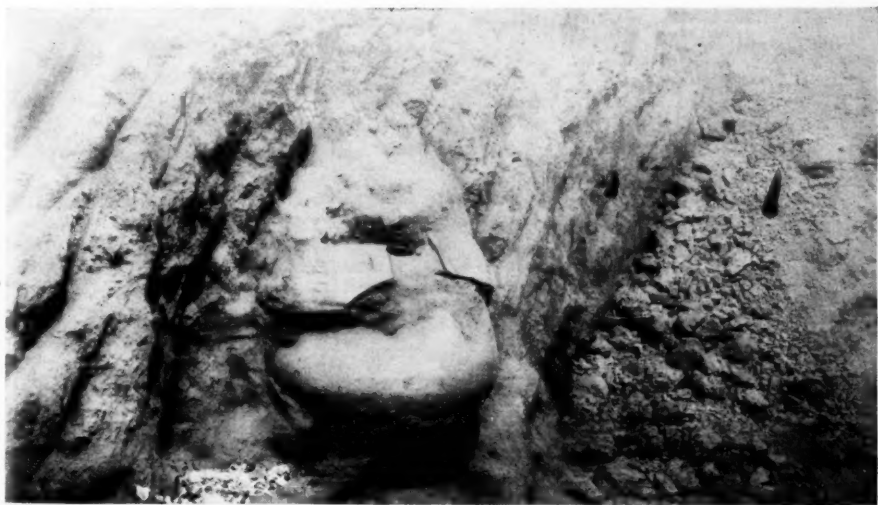
the ancestor of the lamp which later was adopted by the Hebrews and the Greeks, and then by modern nations.

Trenches were dug about the base of the temple tower where there seemed to have been secret passages for the priests. While excavating beneath the west corner of the tower, a bright-eyed Arab excitedly called me to the trench, and pointed to a piece of white marble projecting from the clay. Transferring the agitated Arabs to another part of the ruin, I waited until the work of the day was over, and then, with my own hands, dug out the oldest statue in the world. It was lying upon its back as it had fallen from the platform above. In cutting away the hard clay at its



SEAL IMPRESSION MADE ON PUTTY BY THE AUTHOR

feet, I found that the toes were missing, but they were recovered in fragments at the base. Then I dug toward the head, but at the neck the marble came to an end. The head was gone! We bore the heavy statue upon our shoulders to the camp, and there, placing it in a bathtub, we scrubbed away the earth which clung to it. Upon the right upper shoulder appeared an archaic inscription of three lines. Just a month later, while excavating at the farther end of the trench, a hundred feet away, two marble heads were found lying upon the floor in the corner of the chamber; one of them, when placed upon the headless neck, fitted it, and the statue was complete!



VASE FOUND NEAR THE BOTTOM OF TEMPLE SHAFT



MARBLE STATUE OF DAVID, THE SUMERIAN
KING OF 4500 B. C.

The statue is remarkable. Not only is it the oldest statue in the world, but it is the only perfect Babylonian statue yet discovered. The style of its art, its costume, its arms which at the elbows are free from the body, its location when found and the archaic character of its inscription all point to a date not far from 4500 B.C., and justify the

assertion that at that remote age Babylonian civilization was at its highest point. The brief inscription, containing a mass of the information for which we had been seeking, gave "Emach" as the name of the temple, "Udnun" as the city in which we were excavating, and "Daud" or David as the Sumerian king whom the statue represents. The names of the temple and city had appeared on the recently discovered Hammurabi Code, but the name of the king was unknown excepting as that of the Hebrew David who lived 3500 years later. The statue, although its discovery was a sufficient recompense for the excavations, finally resulted in closing the work at Bismya. During a revolution among the Arabs of the surrounding desert, our camp was raided, and among other things the statue disappeared. Later it appeared in Bagdad, and although it was chiefly through my own efforts that it was restored to the Turkish Government, the excuse for which the authorities had long been searching was at hand, and the excavations were suspended.

Excavations in the upper strata of the temple hill resulted in the unique discovery of the evolution of the brick. The earliest of all bricks found in the lowest strata were merely sun-dried lumps of clay, and it appears that bricks were not burned until about 4500 B.C., the date given to those of a plano-convex shape. Such bricks are flat on the bottom where they were placed upon



EARLY BABYLONIAN TABLETS

the ground to dry, and rounded upon the top, and instead of being laid flat, they were set upon edge, herring-bone fashion, and cemented with clay or bitumen. The inscription which characterized the bricks of a later period had not yet appeared, but the kings who employed the plano-convex bricks conceived the idea of giving them a distinguishing mark by pressing the thumb into the clay before it was baked. That thumb mark was the origin of the brick inscription. The bricks of later rulers were larger and less convex, and lines varying in direction and number were drawn by the fingers to serve as marks. In 3800 B.C., Sargon adopted the large, square brick, the form of which continued to the end of the Babylonian Empire, and he appears to have been the first to employ an inscription. Bismya yielded three brick stamps of Naram Sin, the son of Sargon. Each was inscribed "Naram Sin, the builder of the temple of the goddess Ishtar." This long series of bricks discovered at Bismya, forty-five in number, not only shows the evolution of the brick, but presents the archaeologist with a clue to the chronology of the earliest Babylonian ruins, enabling him to tell at a glance their relative dates.

It has long been a theory that the early dwellers of Mesopotamia burned their dead, for though Babylonian graves have been found in abundance,



THE ALABASTER HEAD OF THE STATUE OF A SEMITE

they date from toward the close of the Empire. At the south corner of the Bismya temple tower we came upon an oval chamber which had originally been covered with a dome. At one of its ends was a circular platform about six feet in diameter, with a pit beneath it four feet deep. As the pit was cleared, it was found to contain two feet of ashes mixed with the sand which had sifted in. The smoke marks upon the adjoining wall, and the terrific heat to which the bricks of the platform had been subjected, marked it as a crematory. The body to be cremated was placed upon a platform; flames from a furnace in an adjoining room, passing through a flue, consumed the bodies, and the smoke passed out through a vent above. The ashes, unmixed with the ashes of the furnace, were either



THE BISMYA TEMPLE HILL DURING THE EXCAVATIONS

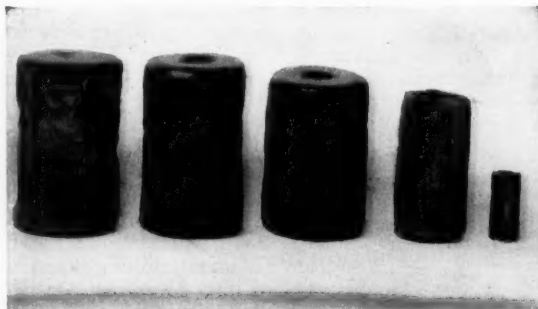
gathered for burial in urns or swept into the pit below. This crematory, which was duplicated in a second chamber near by, explains the absence of early Babylonian graves.

The excavations at Bismya have given us our first picture of the life of the Babylonian of 6000 years ago. The statue of David tells us that his head and face were shaved, that his garment was a skirt hanging to the knees, and that his feet were bare. The temple tells us that his highly ritualistic religion required offerings to the gods and goddesses, that the dead kings were venerated and perhaps deified, and that the cremation of the dead

in the temple was possibly regarded as a religious rite.

In the eastern parts of the ruins, which mark the residential portion of the city, little remained save the foundations of houses, and scattered implements. As in every age in Mesopotamia, few houses possessed more than a single room. The thick walls of mud brick admitted the light only through the doorway. The height did not exceed a single story, and the roof was probably flat. Earth served as flooring, and the

only remaining furniture is an occasional divan of mud bricks built along the wall. In the larger houses a cistern of clay was built into the floor, and then



EARLY BABYLONIAN SEALS

as now it was the duty of the daughters of the family to fill the earthen jars with the water of the canal in the plain below, and bring it to the cistern. Frequently, too, a house was provided with a system of drainage, which speaks well for the sanitary ideas of that age. Although 6000 years old, the city was built upon the ruins of others far older; the sewage was not allowed to run down the sloping sides of the mound, as in modern Oriental towns, but vertical drains constructed of tile rings were sunk through the earlier ruins to the desert sand below—sometimes a distance of thirty feet. As we uncovered the drains, we sometimes found one which was in as good condition as when the city was deserted. Now and then we came upon an old oven in which the housewife of sixty centuries ago baked her bread. It was built up of clay, like a huge jug, with an opening at the top, and a small hole at the bottom for draught. Were these ovens not found among ruins of undoubted antiquity, they might be mistaken for the remains of a modern Bedouin encampment.

Of the household utensils, few remain. Pots were found in abundance; stone saws, axes and mortars were less common; bronze needles and knives came to light, but were so corroded that they were preserved with difficulty. The occasional discovery of small terra-cotta bas-reliefs suggested a desire to beautify the walls of the houses, and small clay images, probably the household gods, spoke of the occupants' piety. More interesting than all else are the toys with which the child of 6000 years ago played. In one house was a baby's rattle of clay; it still produces a noise worthy

of entertaining a modern child. Sheep, horses, elephants and pigs of clay, and of a form unlike anything conceived by the modern child, were the toys of that day.

We do not yet know whether every Babylonian of that age could write, but in many of the houses were found tablets of clay upon which were recorded the private contracts of the owner. In parts of the ruins were clay letters still in the original clay envelopes in which they had been sent.

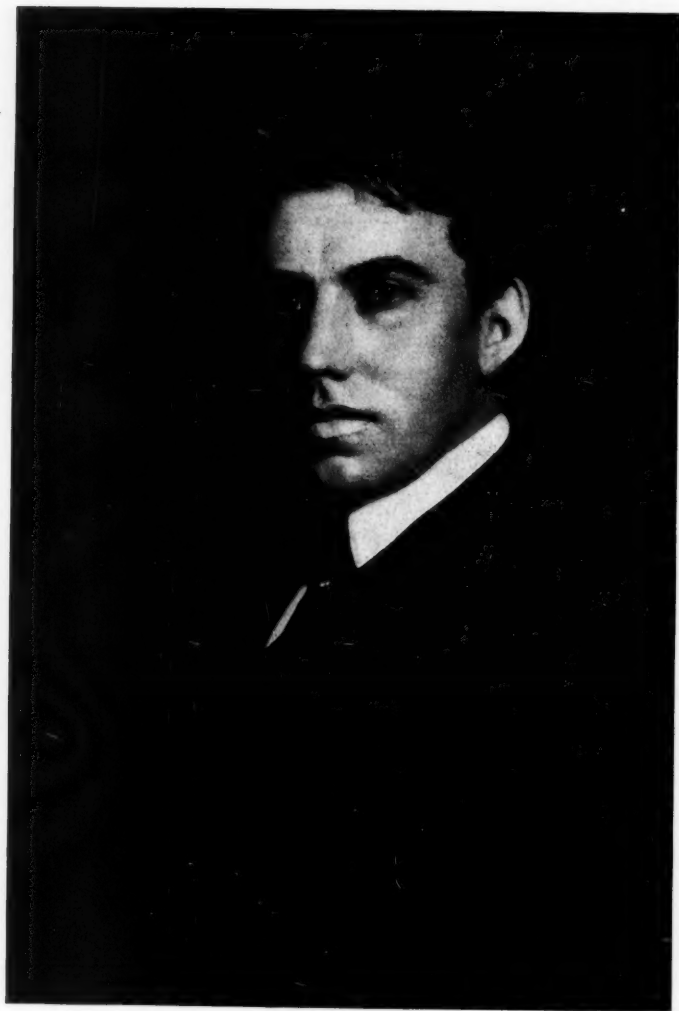
The Babylonian was essentially a warrior, for most of the bronze objects which the ruins of his home have yielded are spear-heads (both flat and round) and arrow-heads. About the thick walls with which he fortified his city were found traces of the fierce battles which he had fought. At its outer edge, just where the moat may have been, were thousands of the sling balls employed in the wars of those days. Their location shows that they were hurled from without the city at the inhabitants upon the wall, but many of them, striking below their mark, fell into the trench. Though the date of this prehistoric battle is uncertain, its result is apparent.

It seems that the city fell into the hands of the besiegers. Its temple was plundered; the statues were beheaded and thrown from their pedestals, and the chambers of the priests were razed. The fate of the people and their homes could not have differed from that which usually befell Oriental cities in time of war. The

prosperity of Udnun departed, its civilization came to an end. It was not until 3800 B.C. that Sargon, perhaps one of the first of the Semitic kings in Mesopotamia, built another city upon its ruins.



IMPRESSION ON PUTTY MADE BY THE AUTHOR WITH
THE LARGEST OF THE SEALS IN THE ILLU-
STRATION ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE



John D. Lindey

President of the College of the City of New York



From the design by the Architect, George B. Post

THE NEW COLLEGE

THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

By A. I. DU P. COLEMAN



IN this month, which sees, all over the land, the reassembling of studious youth, refreshed by the summer rest and ready for new conquests in the domain of knowledge,—when the freshman chrysalis bursts into the resplendent sophomore butterfly, and the junior puts on the grave and reverend habit of the senior,—the eyes of those who are interested in the development of American education will turn towards the heights where at last, after many wearisome delays, will be concentrated in their magnificent new home the manifold activities of the College of the City of New York.

The new college is indeed phenomenal in the way which appeals to most unthinking people. If the details of its size, its cost, its equipment were set forth in the graphic manner with which a newspaper whose appeal is to this class gravely calculates the number of jumps it would require, at

so many feet per jump, to carry a grasshopper from the Cape to Cairo, there would be material for open-mouthed amazement. But were that the end of the matter, it would be no more noteworthy than many another fact in the marvellous growth of the city. The amount of money spent on ground, buildings and equipment, striking as it seems when isolated, is but a bagatelle by the side of the Pennsylvania Railroad's outlay on its titanic undertaking. New conditions call for new methods, and we have enough constructive skill to evolve them for the need. When the narrow surface of Manhattan Island gives no room for expansion, we burrow into the ground for our means of transportation, and mount higher and higher into the air with the amazing structures of the modern city. But all this is only a gradual and logical progress in the employment of mechanical devices; from ten stories to twenty, and again to thirty is merely a question of spending more money to make more money—simple enough when you know how to do it.

And so the philosopher will not tarry long where, on the side of Madison Square, there rise, floor by floor, the gaunt steel ribs of what is destined to swell some hearts with pride as the tallest building in the world; for only two blocks away is to

lesson-books were laid aside. Yes, it is antiquated now, hopelessly inadequate now; but the men who on that chill November day in 1847 gathered to lay the corner-stone were building better than they knew. No one would have been more astonished



Horace W. Hurler

President of the College of the City of New York, 1848-1869

be seen the more interesting foundation on which for the last sixty years has been going up a house not made with hands, of greater import for the future welfare of the city and the nation. He will linger and think as he contemplates the quaint old building in the "early Victorian" Gothic which seemed so impressive an architectural monument to our grandfathers, and probably stood for the ideal of a baronial castle to many a schoolboy who plunged for refreshment into Scott when his

than they, could they have foreseen the future in their serious, sober age, the age of the innumerable libraries of universal knowledge whose Quakerish little volumes now drift neglected from bookstall to bookstall.

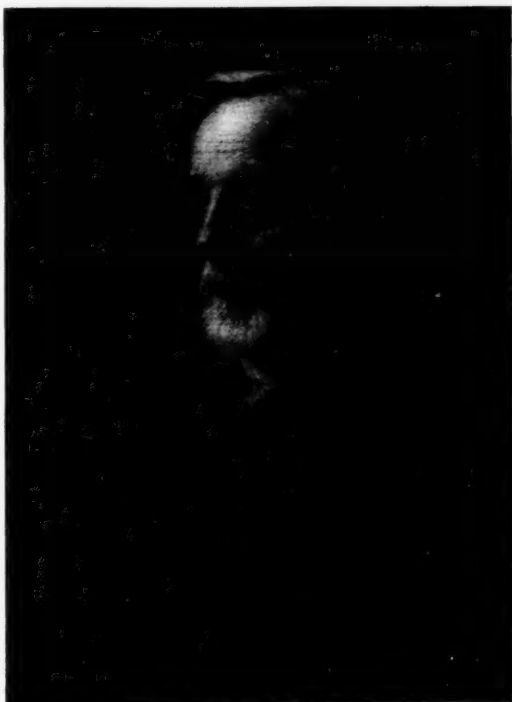
For all they knew, when the first class assembled in the chapel on the fifteenth of January, 1849, their college, standing a mile to the north of the centre of population, within sight of green fields on every side, might suffice for generations to the needs of the small provincial city.

But they were not looking curiously into its horoscope. They went steadily on to do the work which lay nearest to their hands; and they did it well. They put a spirit into the thing, and it grew—not as a skyscraper grows, by the superposition of senseless steel on steel, but with the growth of a living organism. The report of the first Executive Committee shows that they meant to establish an institution which, on the one hand, "in the character, kind and value of the education imparted, should be inferior to none of our colleges," and, on the other, "should be so organized that the course of studies to be pursued would tend to educate the pupils practically, and particularly qualify them to apply their learning to advance and perfect the operations of the various trades and occupations in which they may engage, and to furnish peculiar facilities for instruction of the highest order in the various branches of knowledge omitted altogether, or not practically taught, in our colleges."

Its traditions of strict discipline and the importance of higher mathematics, drawing and thorough English (the last of peculiar importance in these later days) came from West Point, which trained its first two presidents. Their faithful incumbency covered the long span of years from the foundation to 1902. Horace Webster is still remembered by the older alumni "for his distinguished bearing, his high faith in the future of the College and his earnest devotion to its interests, his strict, indeed dogmatic, views of discipline, his wholesome intolerance

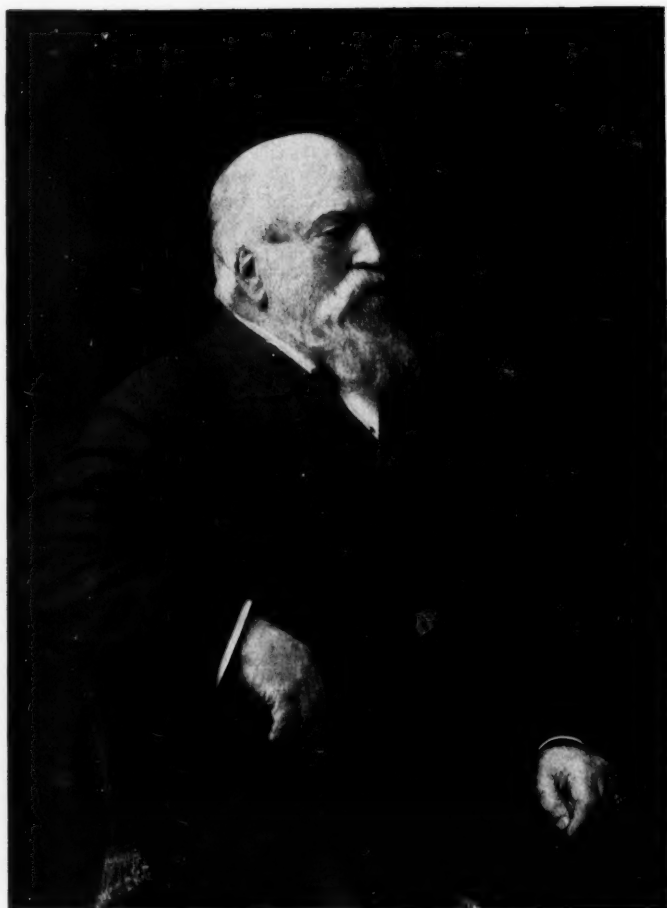
of laziness and carelessness." Yet more freshly rises before the minds of the younger men the dignified figure of Alexander Seward Webb, wearing to their imagination the halo of his brilliant war record, and standing out as a presence by the venerable whiteness of his beard and the impressive orotundity of his voice.

But all these memories, even that of the second president, seem to take us back to a period beyond the transforming changes of the last ten years, more noteworthy and epoch-making than that which in 1866 gave its present collegiate name to the old "New York Free Academy." Although as long ago as 1895 the Legislature authorized the erection of the new buildings which are only this month to be fully used, the delay in



PROF. ALFRED G. COMPTON

Acting President of the College of the City of New York,
1902-1903



Abn. S. Potts, LL.D.

President of the College of the City of New York, 1869-1902

making this provision effective required from 1899 the use of temporary leased quarters in three different buildings for the accommodation of the overflowing students in the preparatory classes. In 1900 the constitution of a separate board of trustees (nine appointed by the Mayor, with the President of the Board of Education) placed the government of the College in the

hands of "a compact body of select men, several of them its own alumni, and all devoted to its welfare." During the same period the gradual extension of the full course from five to seven years not only satisfied the requirements of the Board of Regents but allowed the salutary influences of the College to fashion more thoroughly the raw material which, in swiftly increasing quan-

tity, was brought within their sphere.

The next change came with the retirement of General Webb, who, feeling that more than thirty years of strenuous service entitled him to repose, left the helm in 1902. For a year, while the trustees deliberated on a choice in which no mistake must be made, the great vessel, with its precious freight of human lives, was held steadily on its course under the gentle and equable rule of Professor Compton as acting president. In September, 1903, amidst a brilliant gathering of the heads of great universities, come there to recognize the new position which the College was to take in the educational life of the country, the third president, a young man as most of them, in our modern way, were young men, took up his work in faith and courage. Fresh, vivid enthusiasm, unflagging energy, the stimulus of personal contact with and interest in the fortunes of even the least conspicuous undergraduate, the sense of all working shoulder to shoulder for one high aim which has made the student council (established three years ago) such a useful and effective body—these are some of the things which Dr. Finley has brought to the College. It is too soon to attempt to realize what shall be the full harvest of his sowing; but he is the only one who will be tempted to underestimate it.

At last the day has come for the final breach with the associations of sixty years. That was a touching scene in June, on the evening after Commencement, when graduates of all ages met for the last time in the old chapel. Cynical pessimists had been used to say that there would never be a new college until the old building fell down; and there were some present on this evening who thought the prophecy was about to be verified, and went home early to lessen the strain which the weight of nearly a thousand full-grown men put on the ancient floor of the chapel. But no accident marred the reverent rites with which a last farewell was spoken to the walls that enshrined so

many memories. And when, one class after another having taken its share in the appointed ceremonies, that of '53 was called, and one old man stood alone before the throng to link the present with the distant past; when, slowly and somewhat sadly, all had left the place, and, the lights extinguished, the door was locked as a ritual act by a venerable hand, it must have been felt that even the new America had its sense of tradition, its perspective, far short though it fell of the majestic vista of twelve hundred years through which across the seas, a week later, the sons of Oxford were looking back.

To the historic interest, as to the luxury of personal retrospect for those who received their first tincture of polite learning within these abandoned walls, there is abundant ministry in the large volume which has been edited with such diligence by Messrs. Mosenthal and Horne.* It is a mosaic of admirable arrangement whose separate stones have been polished for the setting by a number of distinguished alumni. The full list would take too much space here; but it contains the names of men who have taken a large share in the public life of the city, like Mr. Everett P. Wheeler and Mr. Edward M. Shepard, the present chairman of the Board of Trustees; of those who have gone out to carry farther the torch of science, like the President of Johns Hopkins and Dr. Robert Abbe of Columbia; and of two men whose life for half a century has been spent within the college walls, Professors Compton and Werner—names which to mention is to evoke a thrill of warm personal affection in any who have ever sat under their teaching. Still more graphic portraiture is accomplished by means of a remarkable series of over a hundred photographs specially made for the record, which seems to have omitted no detail of the old place. Grave and gay are fitly mingled in these pages; and the

* The City College: Memories of Sixty Years. By Philip J. Mosenthal, M.S., and Charles F. Horne, Ph.D. Putnam.

reminiscences which wake a smile on the lips of old C. C. N. Y. boys will provoke the telling of many a humorous legend of the past—like one which I should be tempted to tell here if a prominent actor-manager did not hold the centre of the stage, and a classmate stands looking on from the wings whose voice was long potent in the senate-chamber at Albany.

But the motto of the College, suggested long ago by Professor Anthon, warns me that I must not linger in the past. "Respite—adspice—prospice" runs its admonition; and it is time to look for a few brief moments at the present and at the future. Of the external present too much has been said elsewhere for me to expatiate at length on the glories of the new buildings which rise in towered majesty above the crowded streets of the city. Here again it is not so much the costly modern equipment which I would emphasize; it is not the bald fact that the city is spending seven million dollars, but the generous willingness with which New York, alone among the cities of our land, bears this expense in addition to the immense aggregate which it gives yearly for the salaries of nearly two hundred professors, instructors and tutors and the other costs of daily maintenance. Size has its impressiveness, to be sure; when I was in England last year, and old friends said, in their insular way, "The College of the City of New York—what sort of a place is that?" it was delightful to watch their faces as one answered carelessly "Well—it has rather more students than either Oxford or Cambridge." But the size which is worth talking about here is the size of the need, and the way in which the College is meeting it for the good of our future social life.

Set, as Mr. Bryce said when he visited it, "where Europe is stepping up into America," it has a function of incalculable importance in giving our new citizens the best that we can give them in order that we may receive their best service in return.

The mission of the College is in no sense that of a charitable institution, an asylum for paupers. It is free, indeed, but just as free to the son of the comfortable professional man as to the son of the poor immigrant; and though it is no longer considered (as it was in the sixties, when it rather looked down upon an undeveloped Columbia) a rich man's college, that is only because it answers better than ever to the true spirit of our democracy. There are some who do not, as a matter of personal preference, like the class from which the majority of its students are drawn; but such fastidious distaste will do little for the welfare of a city in which this class already forms such a large proportion and is bound to form a larger. St. Paul knew how to set about a work of wide extent and lasting import when he proclaimed a new commonwealth "where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free"; and if there is any meaning at all in our loud professions, it is precisely that ideal for which our Republic stands. Those alone who are in daily contact with this body of serious young men ("perhaps too serious," says Dr. Finley in a happy aside) know what the seven years' continuous discipline (the preparatory fortunately articulated with the collegiate) has been doing for them, even amid the cramped and inconvenient surroundings of the outgrown buildings; and it will be undoubtedly even more beneficent when to the inspiration of the new palatial seat is added the possibility of cultivating a more distinct community life and a yet more stimulating college spirit.

But the system which thus helps to mutual understanding the different races composing the strange complex society which New York has grown to be is also, in a greater degree than with most colleges, adapted to a similar unifying of social classes. The professional man will not look down on the mechanic, nor the mechanic despise the professional

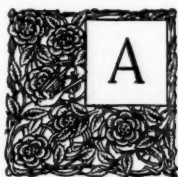
man as an unpractical fine gentleman, when for seven years they have sat side by side in the same class-rooms. And thus, at a time when the extravagances of the unworthy rich on the one hand, and the crafty incitements of the self-seeking demagogue on the other, are doing their best to broaden the cleavage between classes in a country which theoretically knows

no such distinctions, the College of the City of New York is not the least of the forces which make for brotherhood, for intelligent patience in the working out of intricate social problems and for the common performance of that to which George William Curtis has given, for America, almost final expression—the public duty of educated men.



RECENT BOOKS ON SHAKESPEARE

By WILLIAM J. ROLFE



AMONG the hundreds of complete editions of Shakespeare there have been only two one-volume editions in compact and handy form that seem worthy of commendation: the "Globe," edited by Clark and Wright in 1864, following substantially the text of their standard "Cambridge" edition; and the "Oxford" (1894),* edited by W. J. Craig. Neither of these has any illustrative matter except a concise glossary of obsolete and obscure words. Both are furnished with line-numbers; and those of the "Globe" have been generally accepted as the standard for purposes of reference in recent Shakespeare literature.

The new one-volume "Shakespeare" edited by Prof. Neilson for the "Cambridge Poets" series† has certain

marked advantages over these earlier and excellent books. The text, like theirs, is based on a careful critical collation of the early quartos and folios and the best modern editions. All three texts are "conservative," in the best sense, adhering to the original sources except where these are marred or obscured by obvious errors of copyist or printer. In this new edition the particular quarto or folio taken as the basis for each play or poem is distinctly stated; and modern variations from the original stage-directions are indicated by brackets. The old punctuation, or that of the eighteenth century editors—always excessive, and often erratic, but unwisely followed by the great majority of their successors—is judiciously modernized. The orthography of past tenses in *-ed* is particularly to be commended. In the "Cambridge," the "Globe," and other recent editions, such verb-forms are uniformly given in full, regardless of the metre, if the *e* belongs to the present tense of the verb (as in *love, raise, improve*, etc.); but otherwise the *e* retained is only

* The Complete Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by W. J. Craig, M.A. Clarendon Press.

† The Complete Dramatic and Poetic Works of William Shakespeare. Edited by William Allan Neilson. Houghton.

when the *-ed* is metrically a separate syllable. That is, *loved* will be thus printed, whether it is monosyllabic or dissyllabic; but *seem'd* will be printed *seem'd* when it is monosyllabic. Prof. Neilson, like the early editors, prints *lov'd* or *loved*, according to the metre. As the contracted form is used solely to indicate the metrical pronunciation, it would seem that it should be used in all past tenses in *-ed* or not used in any. The omission of the *e* in *loved*, *raised*, etc., can never mislead an intelligent reader in regard to the verb, while its retention may mislead him in regard to the metre. Prof. Neilson makes an exception (as I do) in monosyllables in *-ied*, like *died*, *cried*, etc., which are very rarely dissyllabic; and I see that he also prints *buried*, *pitied*, etc., without regard to the metre; but monosyllables like *eyed*, *owed*, etc., are contracted according to the general rule.

Other important features in this edition are the prefatory Biographical Sketch; the introductions to each play, etc.; and the Textual Notes, recording the chief variations from the early edition taken by the editor as the basis of his own text. His line-numbers follow those of the "Globe" edition. In the typography and mechanical execution in general, the high standard of the other "Cambridge Poets" is fully maintained.

The text of the edition, as already stated, is "conservative," but occasional readings are open to criticism. In "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," iii. 2. 215, for instance: "And will you rent our ancient love asunder?" *rent* is changed to *rend*, as also in "Macbeth," iv. 3. 168; but in "A Lover's Complaint," 55, *rents* is of course retained, as it rhymes with *contents*. The word is a familiar old form of *rend*, occurring often in the literature of the time. There were several instances of it in the 1611 edition of King James's Bible, but the modern reprints have *rend* except in Jeremiah, iv. 30.

On the other hand, in "The Merchant of Venice," iv. 1. 128, the early *inexorable* is retained in the text,

though Furness and many other editors regard it as a misprint of *inexorable*, to which it was changed in the third folio, and which suits the context better. The word occurs only here in Shakespeare (and *execrable* only in "Titus Andronicus," v. 3. 177, which is quite certainly not his); and all the editors and critics, so far as I am aware, say that it is found nowhere else in English literature. There is, however, a single instance of it in Constable's "Diana" (1594), earlier than Shakespeare's play, where, curiously enough, it is obviously a misprint of *inexorable*! The passage reads: "Though shee protests the faithfulest severitie *inexorable* beautie is inflicting," etc.

But these textual variations are the merest trifles after all, and detract nothing from the general merit of the book, which is unquestionably the best one-volume edition of Shakespeare that has appeared—so nearly perfect in its way, indeed, that its supremacy is not likely to be disputed for many a year.

Another book that must take an eminent place among recent contributions to Shakespeare literature—if, indeed, it be not by far the most important and the most interesting in its special field of criticism—is Prof. Lounsbury's "The Text of Shakespeare" *—the third volume in his series entitled "Shakespearian Wars," the earlier ones being "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist" and "Shakespeare and Voltaire." The opening chapters of the new volume are devoted to "the dramatic situation in Shakespeare's time" and "the attitude towards plays of the playwrights." At that time the stage was "almost the only form of intellectual recreation. There were then no newspapers, no magazines, no novels, as we now understand the term." Men spent a part of their time listening to plays as they do now in these kinds of reading. "The same variation in the matter to be

* The Text of Shakespeare: its History from the Publication of the Quartos and Folios down to and including the Publication of the Editions of Pope and Theobald. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. Scribner.

heard was therefore just as important then as is now the variation in the matter to be read." There was no "run" of plays as now. Hence the demand for new plays was inordinately great; and the position of a successful writer for the stage was proportionally important and lucrative. Rival managers contended to secure him, as publishers now do for the "best sellers" among popular authors. A favorite playwright was under as much pressure as a newspaper editor to-day. Each theatre might have several authors writing for it; and two or three, sometimes more, might be at work on one play to expedite its production. The amount of work done by individual authors was enormous. Thomas Heywood in 1633 said that he had then written all, or most, of 220 plays. He was prolific, but his productivity was by no means unexampled, as might be easily shown by citations from the volume before me. Of course, with such rapid production, there was little time or opportunity for revision; and when once paid for, the authors troubled themselves little about the fate of their works. Plays were not regarded as literature, or as possessing more than ephemeral interest. The vast majority of them have perished. Of those by some dramatists then reckoned among the best, whether for comedy or tragedy, not a single specimen is extant. Of other popular authors, one out of ten, twenty, thirty, or more plays mentioned in theatrical records may have survived. Many have been lost through carelessness, but more because the managers who owned them were opposed to their publication. Most of the authors, moreover, were indifferent in their perpetuation; they were written to be acted, not to be printed. If plays got into print, it was often through piratical publishers and in corrupt form, which sometimes led the authors in self-defence to bring out correct editions. But publication in any way was the exception rather than the rule.

For a dramatist to print his col-

lected plays in a single volume was unprecedented until Ben Jonson ventured to do it in 1616. He was ridiculed for it even by men of his own profession, and particularly for calling his plays by the distinguished name of "Works." Our author suggests that his bold defiance of public opinion may have "led, or at least encouraged Heming and Condell to bring out the Shakespeare folio of 1623." The publication of Beaumont and Fletcher's collected plays in 1647 was the only other undertaking of the kind up to the end of the century. The next Elizabethan dramatist to be thus distinguished was Massinger in 1759, and Lyly was the only other one before the 19th century. Piratical editions of sixteen of Shakespeare's plays were issued before his death, but the twenty others he never saw in any printed form; and only one of these ("Othello") was printed before 1623. All of them have come down to us, as our author remarks, "just as have the works written in the age of manuscript, in a condition more or less corrupt;" and "to bring it back to the state in which it came from the writer's hand has been the task of centuries." The undertaking has given rise to "bitter quarrels, in which writers of the greatest eminence and scholars of the profoundest learning have taken part." To trace the origin of these controversies, and, as Prof. Lounsbury tells us at the close of his introductory chapter, "to trace the events which marked the most famous one of them"—that of Theobald and Pope—is the subject of the rest of his book.

Pope's edition of Shakespeare was brought out in 1725, in six elegant volumes and with a loud flourish of trumpets; but never was there "a greater contrast between loftiness of pretension and meagreness of performance." He had given a good deal of attention and labor to the work, but he was wholly unfitted for it, as our author proves and illustrates in two long chapters; but the defects of the edition were not as evident even to critical readers then as they

are now. They were, however, thoroughly exposed by Theobald, who "was of all Englishmen then living the man best equipped for the task." His "Shakespeare Restored" (1726) was in fact what the sub-title described it, "a specimen of the many errors, as well committed as unamended, by Mr. Pope in his late edition of this poet; designed not only to correct the said edition, but to restore the true reading of Shakespeare in all the editions ever published." He both pointed out and exemplified the proper method of correcting the text; it was "the method of a scholar, and wherever he erred it was the error of a scholar, and not of a haphazard guesser," like Pope. His work and his rival's, as our author adds, "represent the two kinds of emendations of Shakespeare's text which have been practised since his day; every commentator belongs to the school of Theobald or of Pope."

Pope resented the attack of Theobald and pilloried him with merciless and malicious derision and abuse in the "Dunciad" (1728), as the most prominent of the victims of that brilliant satire. Meanwhile Theobald was busily occupied on his own edition of Shakespeare, which appeared in January, 1734 (dated 1733). Its success was immediate and marked, and its superiority to its predecessors was so manifest that attempts at hostile criticism could only recoil on the heads of those who made them. But the persistent enmity of Pope and his friends soon made the triumph of Theobald a barren one; and it was a full century before justice was again done him as a critic of Shakespeare. Maginn, one of the first to recognize his merits, said in 1839: "A worse-used man does not exist in our literature than this same poor Theobald."

... It is his commentary that guides all his successors, including those who insult him." Grant White in 1854 and Furness in 1877 called him one of the very best editors of Shakespeare. The Cambridge editors (1863) pronounce him "incomparably superior to his predecessors,"

and enlarge upon his "minute diligence, which even his enemies conceded to him, or rather of which they accused him." The *Quarterly Review* (July, 1892) defends him with great vigor and ability, and styles him the "Porson of Shakespearean criticism." But Professor Lounsbury's vindication is the most complete and conclusive that Theobald has ever received; and I cannot agree with the author in the opinion expressed in his closing pages that "it is doubtful—perhaps it would be better to say, it is much more than doubtful—if his reputation will ever recover from the blow inflicted upon it by his implacable enemy." Every reader of the book will feel that it is the indisputable rehabilitation of Theobald and the irrevocable condemnation of Pope to the infamy he deserves. It is the final word in the most famous of Shakespearean controversies.

Prof. Walter Raleigh's "Shakespeare,"* though not so good a book as we might expect from him, is much better than some of the critics reckon it. The strictly biographical part fills little more than thirty pages out of 227, but in the main it is as accurate as it is concise. Concerning the poet's father we have some of the rash theorizing which the author elsewhere condemns. "The bare facts about him" (which are correctly stated) are thought to suggest "an energetic, pragmatic, sanguine, frothy man, who was always restlessly scheming and could not make good his gains." All that we actually *know* is that for some years he was very successful as a merchant, but he had bad luck later and was obliged to mortgage a small portion of his wife's estate; but this was probably due to a general depression in business, which especially affected the wool trade in which he was largely interested. We are also told that in speech he "may well have been excitable, sententious and dogmatic"; but of this we have not a shred of evidence, and our author bases it on the fact that in some of

* Shakespeare. By Walter Raleigh (English Men of Letters). Macmillan.

his son's earlier plays "the seniors are troublesome stage-fathers, impertinent, dull-witted, talkative, moral and asinine!" He adds the "speculation," though he says it is "impious" (ridiculous, I should say), that "some not unkindly memories of the paternal advices [*sic*] of John Shakespeare may have been preserved for us in the sage maxims of Polonius." More than half a page is wasted on this conjecture, with allusions to the fathers of Dickens, Carlyle and others. Elsewhere the author is often similarly diffuse, forgetting or ignoring the limited space the plan of the series allows him for more important matter.

The poet is rightly assumed to have had no further schooling than he got in the Stratford Grammar school; but we are reminded (what the biographers seldom note) that "much [in fact, all] of his boyhood was spent in that best of schools, a wild and various country," and that "he was delicately sensitive to all the shifting aspects of the pageant of Nature." This is admirably and fully illustrated from the plays and poems. Then we are surprised to be told that "it has been truly said that he was 'curiously unobservant of animated nature,'" because, forsooth, in his references to animal life, he often "makes use of the commodious lies of picturesque tradition"—the jewel in the toad's head, the basilisk that kills at sight, the Arabian phoenix, etc.—"all which he accepts without question." Of course he does, like the scientific men of the time. Poets do it nowadays, regardless of natural history. The swan sings its mythical death-song in modern verse as in Shakespeare. When he deals with creatures nearer home our author says he "follows the same plan, and adopts all the prejudices" familiar in daily speech. "Dog" he commonly uses as a "term of vituperation." In the case of Launce's dog, it is admitted, "these ancient prejudices are discarded." It would be easy to show from other passages that the poet loved dogs, as he did horses, and

that many other animals were inside, not "outside the circle of his sympathetic observation." On the other hand, the notion that he had "a remarkable knowledge of the processes and technicalities of the law" is accepted by our author as "certain." No biographer or critic on the other side of the ocean seems to be aware that Judge Allen of the Massachusetts Supreme Court (in his "Notes on the Bacon-Shakespeare Question," 1900) has shown that such legal allusions are equally common in other Elizabethan dramatists, and that Shakespeare, instead of being uniformly accurate in these matters, as Lord Campbell and others have assumed, is often guilty of mistakes which a lawyer or student of law would never make.

Professor Raleigh, to my thinking, is on the right side of some much-controverted questions. He believes that we can find "the man in the book," the personality of the poet in his works: "No dramatist can create live characters save by bequeathing the best of himself to the children of his art, scattering among them a largess of his own qualities. . . . He has made us acquainted with all that he sees and all that he feels. . . . How dare we complain that he has hidden himself from us?" He is right also in believing that the "Sonnets" are largely autobiographical—that they "express his own feelings in his own person." He agrees with Ruskin (he does not quote him) that the poet's women are superior to his men. With regard to politics and religion his "utter freedom of thought" is to be noted. He was "a whole man," not "a warped and stunted partisan." But that his Biblical knowledge "was probably acquired in casual and desultory fashion" may be questioned; and so, too, the assertion that "there is no moral lesson to be read, except accidentally, in any of Shakespeare's tragedies." We are told also that in his clowns and rustics "he is worlds removed from Chaucer, who understands social differences as Shakespeare never did." "Titus Andronicus" is assumed to be wholly Shakespeare's,

and, more strangely, so is the old play on which "The Taming of the Shrew" is founded. A few critics agree with our author on these points, but he is certainly original in his theory that "Timon of Athens" is a "first sketch of 'Lear,'" and that in "Troilus and Cressida" the dramatist took up Chaucer's story with intent to make it into a tragedy, but, finding it unsuited to the purpose, wrote "Romeo and Juliet" instead, making the Nurse "twin-sister to Pandarus." One might differ with him on sundry minor matters, but space cannot be taken for doing it here.

Mr. Smith's little book,* entitled "The Critics vs. Shakespeare," is devoted mainly to a needless refutation of Barrett Wendell's theory that Shakespeare was from first to last an "imitator"—a habit "which never forsook him,"—and of Professor Thorndike's additions to the same theory, endorsed by Professor Wendell, who says that Thorndike's studies "go far to confirm the unromantic conjecture that to the end Shakespeare remained imitative and little else." Mr. Smith's book shows a good degree of scholarship and wide reading, but he makes some mistakes that a sophomore should be ashamed of—as for instance (p. 87), that "The Two Noble Kinsmen" was printed "with six other doubtful plays in the folios of 1664 and 1685." It was "Pericles" that was so printed. He also (p. 116) cites Dryden's notion that "Pericles" was Shakespeare's first play, adding that "the great weight of opinion is that it was a very early production." The fact is, it was proved, forty or more years ago, that Shakespeare's part of the play (mainly the last three acts) belongs to his very latest period; and this is the view adopted by *all* the recent editors and critics.

Professor Baker's book* reaches

me just as this goes to the printer, and I can give but a few lines to it. Like Prof. Lounsbury's volume, it is to be regarded as an exceptionally interesting and valuable addition to recent Shakespeare literature.

The opening chapter is on "The Public of 1590 and Shakespeare's Inheritance in Dramatic Technique"—an inheritance which uncritical critics too often ignore. Genius though he was, he had to learn his trade, like inferior men, profiting by the work of his predecessors, though soon outdoing them all. To estimate his own work rightly we must understand the public for which he wrote and be able to "visualize his stage." The next chapter (pp. 36-99), the longest and perhaps the best in the book, summarizes the author's scholarly and exhaustive researches on the perplexing and much controverted subject of the Elizabethan stage; and, as elsewhere in the book, the illustrations, many of which are new, are really illustrative of the text.

Succeeding chapters discuss the development of the dramatist as shown in group after group of the plays: "the early experimentation in plotting and adaptation"; the imperfect success in the English historical plays; the "mastery of the art of plotting" in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Merchant of Venice"; the "high comedy" in the brilliant trio of comedies that followed; the change to tragedy; and "the final experimentation" in "Coriolanus" and the "romantic" plays of the poet's last period. Whether the stages in Shakespeare's development in dramatic technique were from first to last exactly as our author assumes, we may not all agree, but his opinions and arguments are none the less worthy of careful and candid consideration; and they cannot fail to receive the thorough discussion which it is impossible to give them here.

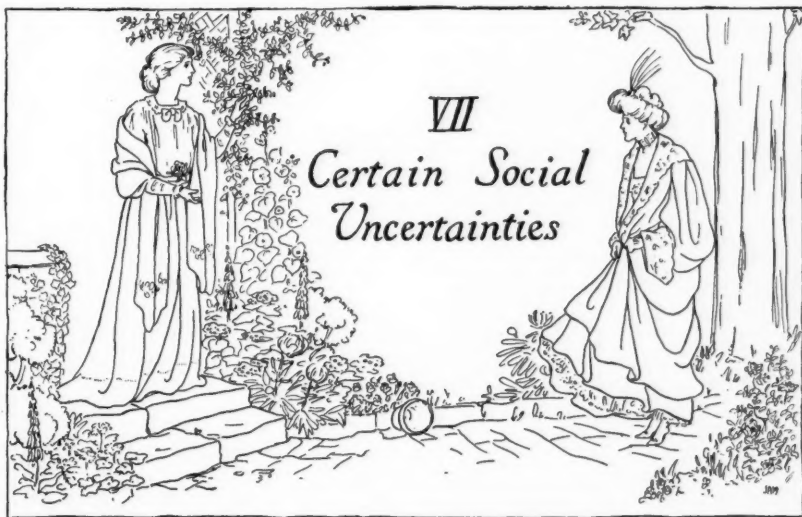
* *The Critics vs. Shakespeare.* By Francis A. Smith. Putnam.

* *The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist.* By George P. Baker. Macmillan.

THE EMILY EMMINS PAPERS

By Carolyn Wells

With Drawings by Josephine A Meyer



LONDONERS have no definiteness of any sort. Their most striking trait is, paradoxically, a vague uncertainty, and this is seen in everything connected with London, from the weather, to the gauzy, undecided, wavering scarfs which the women universally wear.

Indeed I do not know of anything that so perfectly represents the mentality of an Englishwoman, as these same uncertain morsels of drapery.

This state of things is doubtless founded on a logical topographical fact. Baedeker states that the city

of London is built on a tract of undulating clay soil, and the foundation of the average Londoner's mind seems to be of equal instability.

I have learned from the recent newspapers, that owing to these lamentable subsoil conditions, Saint Paul's Cathedral is even now cracking and crumbling, and parallel cases may sometime be noted among the great minds of the Britons.

I trust this will not be mistakenly thought to mean any disparagement to the British mind, whether great or small. It is, I am sure, a matter of taste; and the English people prefer their waveringness of brain, as the Pisan Tower prefers to lean.

The result of this state of things is,

naturally, a lack of a sense of proportion, and an absolute ignorance of values.

And it is this that makes it impossible, or at least improbable, to generalize about the manners and customs of London's polite society; though indeed anything so uncertain as their society ways can scarcely be called customs.

I received one morning from Mrs. C., a hastily written note of invitation to dine with her that same evening.

"Quite informally," the note said, "and afterward," it went on, "we will drop in at Lady Sutherland's."

As I had learned that "quite informally" meant anything its writer chose it to mean, I was uncertain as to the formality of the function, and having no idea who Lady Sutherland might be, I asked information of a casual caller.

"Who is she?" was the response, "why, in social importance, she's only next to the King! that's all! She's the Duchess of Sutherland. She lives in Stafford House. You may not be familiar with Stafford House, but it is on record, that when Queen Victoria was there, calling on a former Duchess of Sutherland, she took her leave with the remark; 'I will now go from your palace to my humble home,' referring to her own residence at Buckingham."

I was dumfounded! To be invited to Stafford House in that careless way, and to have the Duchess of Sutherland mentioned casually as Lady Sutherland,—well!

And so for the informal dinner, I

arrayed myself in the most elaborate costume in my wardrobe.

Nor was I overdressed. The informal dinner proved to be a most pompous function, and after it we were all whisked into carriages, and taken to the reception at Stafford House.

Once inside of the beautiful palace I ceased to wonder at Queen Victoria's remark. Admitted to be the most beautiful of all English private mansions, Stafford House seemed to my American inexperience far more wonderful than Aladdin's palace could possibly have been.

The magnificent Entrance Hall, with its branching staircase and impressive gallery, seemed an appropriate setting for the beautiful Duchess, who stood on the staircase landing to greet her guests. Robed in billows of white satin, and adorned with what seemed to me must be the Crown Jewels, the charming, gracious lady was as simple and unaffected of manner as any American girl. She greeted me with a sincerity of welcome, that had not lost its charm by having already been accorded to thousands of others.

Then, a mere atom of the thronging multitude, I was swept on by the guiding hands of belaced and bepowdered lackeys, and, quite in keeping with the unexpectedness of all things in London, I found myself suddenly embarked on a sightseeing tour. But this was a sort of sightseeing toward which I felt no objection. To be jostled by thousands, all arrayed in costumes and jewels



WHY, IN SOCIAL IMPORTANCE SHE'S ONLY NEXT TO THE KING

that were sights in themselves; to visit not only the great picture gallery of Stafford House, but the smaller apartments, rarely shown to visitors; to be treated by guests and attendants as an honored friend of the family and not as an intruder; all these things made me thoroughly enjoy what would otherwise have been a sight-seeing bore.

It was a marvellous pageant, and to stand looking over the railing of the high balcony at the crush of vague-expressed lights of London society, drifting slowly up the staircase in their own impassive way, was to me a "Sight Which Should on No Account be Omitted."

With a sort of chameleonic tendency, I involuntarily acquired a similar air, and like one in a dream I was introduced to celebrities of all degrees. Authors of renown, artists of repute, soldiers of glorious record, all were presented in bewildering succession.

Their demeanor was invariably gracious, kindly and charming; they addressed me as if intensely interested in my well-being, past, present and future. And yet, combined with their warm interest, was that indefinite, preoccupied, waveringness of expression, that made me feel positive if I should suddenly sink through the floor, the speaker would go on talking just the same, quite unaware of my absence.

The feast prepared for this grand army of society, was on a scale commensurate with the rest of the exhibition.

Apparently, whoever was in charge had simply provided all there was in the world of everything; and a guest had merely to mention a preference for anything edible, and it was immediately served to him.

The Londoners of course, being quite unaware what they wanted to eat, vaguely suggested one thing or another at random; and the vague waiters, apparently knowing the game brought them something quite different. These viands the Londoners consumed with satisfaction; but in



AND SO FOR THE INFORMAL DINNER I
ARRAYED MYSELF

what was unmistakably a crass ignorance of what they were eating.

All this fascinated me so, that I greatly desired to try experiments, such as sprinkling their food thickly with red pepper or putting sugar in their wine. I have not the slightest doubt that they would have calmly continued their repast, without the slightest suspicion of anything wrong.

The air of the "passive patrician," of London society is unmistakable, inimitable and absorbingly interesting; and never did I have a better opportunity to observe it, than at the beautiful reception at Stafford House to which I was invited, "quite informally."

In contrast to this, and as a fine example of the Londoner's utter absence of a sense of proportion, listen to the tale of a lady who called on me one day.

I had met her before, but knew her very slightly. She was exceedingly polite, and well-bred, and of very formal manner.

The purpose of her call was to invite me to her house. She definitely stated a date ten days hence, and asked if I would enjoy a bread and milk supper. "For we are plain folk," she said, "and do not entertain on an elaborate scale."

I accepted with pleasure, and she went politely away.

But I was not to be fooled by intimations of informality. "Bread and milk," indeed! *that*, I well knew, was a euphonious burlesque for a high tea if not a sumptuous dinner. I remembered that she had called personally to invite me; that she asked me ten days before the occasion; and that the hour, seven o'clock, might mean anything at all.

Therefore, when the day came, I donned evening costume, called a hansom and started.

I had never been to the house before, and on reaching it, found myself confronted by a high stone wall and a broad wooden door.

Pushing open the latter, I doubtfully entered, and seemed to be in a large and somewhat neglected garden, filled with a tangle of shrubs, vines and flowers. Magnificent old trees drooped their branches low over the winding paths; rustic arbors, covered with earwiggy vines, would have delighted Amy March; here and there a broken and weather-beaten statue of stone or marble, poked its head or its headlessness up through the wandering branches.

I started uncertainly along the most promising of the paths, and at last came in sight of a house.

A picturesque affair it was. A staircase ran up on the outside, and a tree,—an actual tree, came up through the middle of the roof. It was like a small, tall cottage, almost covered with rambling vines, and surrounded by an irregular, paved court.

From an inconspicuous

portal my hostess advanced to greet me. She wore a summer muslin, simply made, and I promptly felt embarrassed because of my stunning evening gown.

Her welcome was most cordial, and expressive of beaming hospitality.

"You must enter by the back door," she explained, "as the vines have grown over the trellis, so that we cannot get around them to the front door to enter; though of course we can go out at it. But this side of the house is more picturesque, anyway. Do you not think it delightful?"

A bit bewildered, I was ushered into a room, strange, but most interesting. It contained a mantel and fireplace, which had been originally in Oliver Goldsmith's house, and which was a valuable gem, both intrinsically and by association. The other fittings of the room were quite in harmony with this unique possession, and showed experienced selection, and taste in arrangement. The next room, in the centre of the house, was the one through which the tree grew. Straight up, from floor to ceiling, the magnificent trunk formed a noble column, around which had been built a somewhat undignified table.

Another room was entirely furnished with wonderful specimens of old Spanish marquetry. Such exquisite pieces, that it seemed unfair for one person to own them all. Anyone of them would have been a gem of any collection.

My friend was a charming hostess; and when her husband appeared, he proved not only a charming host, but a marvellous conversationalist.

So engrossed did we all become in talking, so quick were my friends at repartee, so interesting the tales they told of their varied experiences, that the time



A MAID APPEARED



I ATE MY BREAD AND MILK CONTENTEDLY, AND IN LARGE QUANTITIES

slipped away rapidly, and the quaint old clock, which was a gem of some period or other, chimed eight before any mention had been made of the evening meal.

"Why, it's after supper-time!" exclaimed my hostess, "let us go to the dining-room at once."

The dining-room was another revelation. One corner was occupied by a huge, high-backed angle-shaped seat of carved wood, which carried with it the atmosphere of a ruined cathedral or a *Hofbrauhaus*. The latter effect was perhaps due to the sturdy oaken table which had been drawn into the corner, convenient to the great settee.

After we were seated, a maid suddenly appeared. She was garbed in a gorgeous and elaborate costume which seemed to be the perfection of a peasant's holiday attire. Huge gold earrings and strings of clinking beads were worn with a confection of bright colored satin and cotton lace, which would have been conspicuous in the front row of a comic opera chorus.

If you'll believe me, that Gilbert and Sullivan piece of property brought in and served with neatness and

despatch, a meal which consisted solely of bread and milk!

The bowls were of Crown Derby, the milk in jugs of magnificent old ware, and the old silver spoons were beyond price.

Yet so accustomed had I become to unexpectedness, and so imbued was I with the spirit of surprise that haunted the whole place, that the proceeding seemed quite rational, and I ate my bread and milk contentedly, and in large quantities.

There was no other guest, but I shall never forget the delight of that supper. Never have I seen a more innate and beautiful hospitality; never have I heard more delightfully witty conversation; never have I been so fascinated by an experience.

And so if Londoners choose to scribble a hasty note inviting one carelessly to a reception at Stafford House, and if they see fit to make a personal call far in advance to ask one to a bread and milk supper, far be it from me to object. But I merely observe, in passing, that they have no sense of proportion, at least in their ideas of the formality demanded by social occasions.

JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE

JURIST AND STATESMAN

By WILLIAM ARCHER PURRINGTON



BRILLIANT career at the Bar does not insure lasting fame. "Many a noted orator many a great lawyer, has been lost in oblivion in forty years

after the grave closed over him," said Joseph Hodges Choate in his address at the unveiling of the statue to his great cousin, Rufus, in the Boston Court-house on October 15, 1898. The speaker has become assured of more lasting remembrance. Even then his fame as a lawyer had been achieved and his clientele spanned the continent. Leader of the New York Bar, he had won great litigations for clients of the Pacific Coast, among them the California Irrigation case, and that of Mrs. Leland Stanford, involving \$15,000,000, success wherein made Stanford University possible. In behalf of Neagle, who, defending Mr. Justice Field, had shot the California ruffian, Terry, he had asserted the right of National officers to release by habeas corpus from arrest upon State process for acts done under the Federal Constitution and laws; he had represented Canada's resistance to our claim of right to seize and condemn vessels sealing contrary to our laws. He had been retained in causes involving the laws relating to Chinese exclusion, Kansas prohibition and New York Indians; in patent cases, notably that of the Bell Telephone; in the Fitz-John Porter and McCalla court-martials; in the alcohol-in-the-arts case under the Dingley Tariff, affecting enormous interests; in the Massachusetts

Fisheries case, and in the Vanderbilt, Stewart, Stokes and Tilden will cases. Among lesser causes he had, in the Martinez-Del Valle suit for breach of promise, at once set New York City laughing by his characterizations, and won its admiration by his keen and destructive cross-examination of the handsome plaintiff, represented by Mr. Beach, reputed one of the ablest men at the Bar, whom, about that time, he defeated in four consecutive causes, to the enhancement of his local fame. His wit and cleverness in *Hunt vs. Stevens*, and *Loubat vs. the Union Club*, and his tact in the Yacht Club's investigation of Lord Dunraven's unfortunate charges, were fresh in memory. In Feuardent's libel suit against di Cesnola he had maintained the authenticity of the Cypriote antiquities in New York's Metropolitan Museum, and by his successes in such diverse litigations he had come to be regarded as, what an enterprising but less modest attorney once advertised himself to be, "A specialist in every branch of Law."

His contentions had prevailed in the great Federal Income Tax litigations. He had brought off success in a host of other causes, both at *nisi prius* and in appellate courts. He had been chosen President by the New York City and American Bar associations. But, except as President of the New York Constitutional Convention of 1894, he had filled no public office, and, apparently, had aspired to none, unless willingness to lead a forlorn hope, as candidate for a United States senatorship, be deemed an aspiration. In the following year, however, he stepped upon the broader

stage of national and international life, as Ambassador of the United States at the Court of St. James, so filling that conspicuous station as to insure perpetuation of his name among those who have honored the State by serving it with high distinction. In the post once held by Everett, Bancroft, Motley and Lowell, by Adams, Phelps, Bayard and Hay, he maintained his country's best traditions, suffered by comparison with none of his predecessors, and won in extraordinary measure the appreciation of those to whom he was accredited, while growing in the regard and affection of his countrymen.

Born on January 24, 1832, at Salem, Massachusetts, youngest son of Dr. George and Margaret Manning (Hodges) Choate, of colonial stock in both lines, Mr. Choate passed his apprentice years in fortunate environment. The Republic that has aged rapidly of late was still young. Its Constitution was regarded with reverence, and, if open to exposition, was considered by none as obsolescent. Uncountable fortunes were not accumulated by either captains or chevaliers of industry. Empire beyond seas was not sought for. Strikes were not continental. Presidents, still executive officers, had the right to lay corner-stones without first joining labor unions, but were not expected to police the States. The Bench was expected, after the passing of the Jacksonian idea, to find inspiration in the law alone. Federal taxation was not considered a proper means of reducing private fortunes. Oratory was still cultivated at the Bar; possibly too much so. The law was more of a profession, less of a trade. Webster and Rufus Choate were retained in causes that became great, less by the amounts involved than by the advocates. Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne, Ticknor, Prescott, Bancroft, Motley, composed a Massachusetts group unequalled since. Boston State House was the "hub of the solar system." Harvard was the literary centre of the country and thither

the Choate brothers, Joseph H. and William G., his senior, went for college training.

When Sargent's portraits of Mr. Choate and Mr. James C. Carter were presented to the New York Harvard Club in 1900, Mr. Albert Stickney, in a happy speech, recalled that, as a boy, he heard at the commencement exercises of the Class of 1852, President Jared Sparks announce "*Expectatur oratio in lingua Latina a Choate*," and saw Joseph H. Choate arise. "What he said," continued Mr. Stickney, "I am now unable to tell: I can only recall the fact that his remarks were greeted with the same laughter and applause which they have ever since received whenever he has appeared in public. Then an hour or two later I heard the same voice utter these other words, '*Expectatur oratio in lingua vernacula a Choate*.'" Joseph delivered the Latin salutatory, William,—afterwards United States Judge for the Southern District of New York,—the English valedictory. The curious may yet find in Gore Hall the former address beginning *Lux tamdiu expectata, tandem aliquando oritur*; and the learned laughed, no doubt, at this sentiment, foreshadowing later tributes to the Pilgrim mothers, and showing already what our kin beyond seas have called "the Choate touch," "*Vos virgines, postremo sed nullo modo minime, salutatae, quae huc quotannis convenientes tam frequentes praestare soletis, quantopere diligatis doctrinam virosque doctos*."

Graduated from the Dane Law School in 1854, and admitted to the Massachusetts Bar, Mr. Choate after a year with Mr. Leverett Saltonstall, came to New York City and entered the office of Messrs. Scudder & Carter, with the junior of whom, Mr. James C. Carter, also recently graduated from Harvard, he was later both to cross swords and stand shoulder to shoulder in many forensic encounters, and eventually to share the leadership of the New York Bar. In 1856 he entered the office of Butler, Evarts & Southmayd, leaving it presently to form the partnership of Choate &

Barnes, but returning, in 1859, to become junior of the reorganized firm of Evarts, Southmayd & Choate. The firm was continued as Evarts, Choate & Beaman, until, with the deaths of Messrs. Evarts and Beaman, and Mr. Choate's acceptance of the Ambassadorship, this most notable association of brilliant lawyers ceased to be.

When Mr. Evarts stood before the general public conspicuously as the President's counsel in Andrew Johnson's impeachment, as Attorney-General, Secretary of State, and Senator, Mr. Choate restricted his activities to the Bar and the civic life of the Metropolis, and his offices to the Presidency of the New England Society, the Union League and Harvard clubs, the Bar Association and such bodies. Both men were not only able lawyers but noted wits and after-dinner speakers as well, differing as stars will differ in glory. Mr. Evarts was an orator of formal cast. His style at times had Ciceronian involution. His sentences of famous length he wittily justified by saying that the only class of persons he had ever found objecting to long sentences was the criminal class. Mr. Choate's expression, on the other hand, is singularly pellucid. Both men were fortunate in that neither suffered from his reputation for wit. Their play of fancy was so obviously controlled by, and subordinated to, the serious theme, that it lightened, adorned and enforced, but did not impair, the graver argument.

The ordinary dinner speaker relies on anecdote to evoke the digestive laugh; Mr. Choate never does. At a banquet of the Bar, attended by Federal and State Judges from far and near, he followed, towards the evening's close, a famous raconteur whose stories, savoring of the saltiness of time, were driving men from the room when Mr. Choate's first words caught and held them: "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, we are all lawyers here to-night,—except the Judges." Many of his sayings have long survived their occasions: that the Pilgrim mothers are more praiseworthy than the Pilgrim

fathers, since they endured the same hardships and put up with the fathers as well; and the toast to "Women, the better half of the Yankee world, at whose tender summons the Pilgrim fathers were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never would have achieved their historic title of the Pilgrim fathers." In England it was said of him, "He was never heard to repeat himself or make a speech without saying something." But his greatest table achievement, a triumph of tact, was at the Alumni dinner in Cambridge when, General Butler being Governor of Massachusetts, Harvard, for the first time, largely through the influence of the New York Overseers, refused to confer her honorary doctorate upon the State's Chief Executive. Judge Hoar, President of the Alumni, fled the occasion. The Governor and his friends were breathing wrath. Mr. Choate, as Vice-President, borrowed from New York to meet the occasion, rising between President Eliot and the Governor, said: "Brethren of the Alumni: I hardly know how to begin. My head swims when I look down from the giddy and somewhat dangerous elevation to which you have unwittingly raised me. Here have I been seated for the last hour between the two horns of a veritable dilemma." The laughter that followed relieved the tension. Then he said all that could well be said in praise of Butler, and yet voiced the spirit that protested against him. The Governor followed in an excellent and touching speech, but admitted in the evening that he had come prepared with a totally different one which had been taken from his mouth by the tact of the presiding officer.

A narration of Mr. Choate's successes at the Bar, within present limitations, would be little more than a further catalogue of cases, and even Homer's list of ships is not particularly interesting. What delights is to read how the men in the ships wrought their great deeds; to hear their winged words, the hurtling spears, the clash of armor as heroes

fall biting the dust. To tell the manner in which he has overthrown antagonists and won fame as lawyer and orator is better worth doing, if the task be feasible, than to enumerate causes. Pre-eminent in cross-examination he screens out the material facts through a sieve of questions and whether addressing court or jury presents his facts and arguments with simplicity and clearness, aided by serenity of temper, personal charm and fine sense of humor, but without empty rhetorical effects; not mouthing, or sawing the air with the hand. The surprise of a crowd that thronged a Western court-room some years ago, attracted by his fame, was thus described by an eminent Judge: "Instead of a declamatory exhibition they saw an unassuming gentleman talking in court. They heard an argument which was lucid in statement, clear in arrangement and strong in structure, presented with directness, just emphasis, pure diction and delightful simplicity of manner. His style of oratory does not mistake noise for emphasis or painful effort for power, and it aims to convince rather than to thrill."

"The advocate who would control others," he has said, "must first, last and always control himself." This precept he has practised. Tall, of gracious presence, with a large, well poised head and fine cut, smooth-shaven face, always urbane, calm, smiling, imperturbable, natural in gesture, he has been, even when trying a cause, a looker-on in Vienna, and therefore a good player, as Demosthenes said an orator must be; for as that consummate actress, Miss Ellen Terry, once said, stage folk who forget themselves in their parts do bad work: and if he who pleads his own cause has a fool for a client, he who makes the client's cause his personal quarrel is not far behind him.

The effect produced upon lawyers by this lucidity of statement, self-control and lightness of touch, was happily summed up, in a recent conversation, by one of excellent ability and standing who voiced the Bar's

affection for and pride in Mr. Choate: "It is good," said he, "to have lived near Mr. Choate. He is the only member of the Bar in whose presence I have always felt that I could not do at all what he does with apparent ease. Often when other men have done a particularly fine piece of work, I have said to myself, 'Perhaps you with equal industry and opportunity might have done as well'; but I have never felt that I could possibly, with every opportunity and most strenuous effort, achieve Choate's results." This apparent ease in accomplishment has been due largely to that rare quality which has enabled its possessor to bear the burdens of the law with careless grace, and made results, yielded only to untiring effort and mastery of the case, come seemingly off-hand; but only seemingly, if we may accept, as indicative of his method, these words from his memorial address on Mr. Saltonstall: "Success at the Bar demands grinding self-denial; a total sacrifice of ease and other enjoyments; an abandonment of all those things which make life charming; until its attainment becomes itself its chief charm." The picture is too gray. The speaker had had, and given, great enjoyment. And while toil is essential to, it will not alone command, success. Other lawyers of his day have been as laborious as he, have argued as great causes: some, perhaps, have argued more. He has had no monopoly of suavity, wit and humor; nor has he been the only keen cross-examiner. But no one of his associates has had so many facets or possessed, in the same degree, that personal quality, not yielded to toil, and evading description, which has enabled him to say and do before the large and the little men on the Bench what would have brought swift and ponderous rebuke upon his lesser confrères. Perhaps this power was never better displayed than in defending Mr. John W. Goff, since Recorder of New York City, and now a Justice of the Supreme Court, against charges of contempt preferred by the late Recorder Smyth, who alleged in

the case of *People vs. Gardner* that Mr. Goff had answered the court contemptuously in cross-examination and summing-up, and had laid hands on defendant to impede court officers ordered to lift him up for identification. The Bar, in general, felt that the Recorder had trespassed on counsel's right. Mr. Choate, sharing that feeling, appeared for Mr. Goff upon the sole condition that he should receive no compensation. Opening the defence by expressing gratification at having been called on to assume it, he first denied flatly the charge of using force. "What do you mean by that?" asked the Recorder, whose gouty foot resting on a chair signalled storm. "I mean what I say, that it is denied,—that part of it that Mr. Jerome and Mr. Goff physically interfered," replied the advocate with perfect poise. "Well, I saw them both put their hands upon the shoulders of the man and told him to stay where he was," said the Recorder,—in the stenographer's English. "Then," said Mr. Choate, suavely, "it becomes a question of course between your Honor's personal observation and the observation of a cloud of witnesses who testify to the contrary." This point the Recorder eventually yielded. He was in desire just; but at times conceived, and let transpire, prejudices. That his interruptions of Mr. Goff were of a nature to defeat cross-examination and justify retort Mr. Choate demonstrated, and said, with telling force to those familiar with the judicial idiosyncrasy: "Was your Honor ever conscious of being absolutely convinced from the very outset of the trial that a person was guilty? If not, then you are more than human. Was your Honor ever conscious as the trial proceeded that it was impossible to conceal that conviction? If not, then you are more than human. Well, that has happened, not in this Court, but in many courts time and again, and, of course, when it does, it rouses the resistance, the aggressive resistance of the advocate who understands his duty; and he would be

false to his trust if it did not rouse him."

His view of the lawyer's duty Mr. Choate has expounded more than once. The remarkable success of Rufus Choate, especially in unpopular causes, begat in some minds, probably of Salem descent, an impression that he was leagued with Satan. Time has shown that he was in most instances on the right side. But laymen then, as now, could not understand why a good man should plead what seemed to the populace a bad cause. That is the lyncher's viewpoint. So then at the unveiling of his cousin's monument Mr. Choate said: "His theory of advocacy was the only possible theory consistent with the sound and wholesome administration of justice—that, with all loyalty to truth and honor, he must devote his best talents and attainments, all that he was, and all that he could, to the support and enforcement of the cause committed to his trust." Again, he said of Mr. James C. Carter, addressing the Association of the Bar of the City of New York in 1905, after returning from England: "He was very far from limiting himself to causes that he thought he could win, or to such as were sound in law or right in fact. No genuine advocate that I know of has ever done that. He recognized and maintained the true relation of the advocate to the courts and the community, that it is a strictly professional relation, and that either side of any cause that a court may hear, the advocate may properly maintain."

Huntington's portrait of Mr. Saltonstall, said Mr. Choate, "gives only an imperfect impression of the living man, for though a very good painting, there is quite as much of Huntington as of Saltonstall there." Sargent's portrait of Mr. Choate in the Harvard Club is open to like criticism. Admirable as a painting, very characteristic of the artist, it does not entirely reproduce the man we have seen in the courts. Some faces refuse to be reproduced. Dignity, intellect and presence it conveys. But

the expression of genial humor has become something like cynicism. Mr. Carter's companion portrait is truer to the subject. His expression was easier to catch. Jovian solemnity is more easily seized than Mercurial lightness. Mr. Choate himself would seem, upon one occasion at least, to have realized this difference between himself and his life-long friend and forensic antagonist. In the former of the two arguments of the Income Tax cases before the United States Supreme Court, Mr. Carter, having dismissed with magnificent scorn the contentions of his adversaries as essays in political economy rather than legal arguments, closed by a solemn menace of what might be apprehended should the Court thwart, especially by a divided vote, the will of a popular majority. "Such a triumphant majority," he said, "is likely to find its way to the accomplishment of its ends over the ruin, it may be, of any Constitution or any court. We have had some experiences in our history of the futility of attempting to convert political into judicial questions, and the result has not added to the authority of this tribunal. It is the part of wisdom for a judicial body to avoid attempts at the solution of problems which must and will be finally settled in another form." Following this sonorous prophecy of evils to result from a decision contrary to Mr. Carter's contention, Mr. Choate began:

If the Court please, after Jupiter had thundered all around the sky, and had levelled everything and everybody by his prodigious bolts, Mercury came from his hiding-place and looked around to see how much damage had been done. He was quite familiar with the weapons of his learned Olympian friend; he had often felt their force, but he knew that it was largely stage thunder manufactured for the particular occasion, and he went his round among the inhabitants of Olympus restoring the consciousness, and dispelling the fears, and raising the spirits both of Gods and men who had been prostrated by the crash. It is in that spirit that I follow my distinguished friend; but I shall not undertake

to cope with him by means of the same weapons, because I am not master of them. It never would have occurred to me to present either as an opening or a closing argument to this great and learned Court, that if in your wisdom you found it necessary to protect a suitor who sought here to cling to the ark of the covenant and invoke the protection of the Constitution which was created for us all, it was an argument against your furnishing such relief and protection that possibly the popular wrath might sweep the Court away. It is the first time I have ever heard that argument presented to this or any other court, and I trust that it will be the last.

Concluding in more serious tone, but to the same purpose, he said:

If it be true as my learned friend said in closing, that the passions of the people are aroused on this subject, if it be true that a mighty army of sixty million citizens is likely to be incensed by this decision, it is the more vital to the future welfare of this country that this Court again resolutely and courageously declare, as Marshall did, that it *has* the power to set aside an act of Congress violative of the Constitution, and that it will not hesitate in executing that power, no matter what the threatened consequences of popular or populist wrath may be.

Mr. Choate's main contentions, sustained by the Court, were not, as popularly believed, that the Federal Government cannot levy an income tax, but that to tax incomes from municipal bonds is unconstitutional, as taxing a State's power to borrow; and that a tax upon incomes, whether derived from realty or personalty, is a direct tax that must be apportioned to population. The Act's effect, if not indeed its purpose, was to mulct New York for the benefit of the country. And apropos of the suggestion that although A, however rich, may not be taxed by name, yet if made a class according to wealth, he may be taxed out of existence, he said:

I have thought that one of the fundamental objects of all civilized government was the preservation of the rights of private

property. I have thought that it was the very keystone of the arch upon which all civilized government rests, and that this once abandoned everything else was at stake and in danger. I was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. That is what Mr. Webster said in 1820 at Plymouth, and I supposed that all educated civilized men believed in that. According to the doctrines that have been propounded here this morning, even that great, fundamental principle has been scattered to the winds.

In the light of recent proposals to enact Federal tax laws, not for revenue, but as a means of limiting fortunes, a forecast by ex-President Hayes in conversation with Mr. Choate, and quoted in the latter's argument, is worthy of note.

You will probably live to see the day when, in the case of the death of any man of large wealth, the State will take for itself all above a certain prescribed limit of his fortune and divide it or apply it to the equal use of all the people, so as to punish the rich man for his wealth and to divide it among those who, whatever may have been their sins, at least have not committed that.

Without seeking office or rewards, Mr. Choate has actively participated in the charitable and political movements of his day. A caller and Vice-President of that great mass-meeting in Cooper Union on September 5, 1871, which destroyed Tweed, a member of the famous Committee of Seventy then appointed, and Chairman of its Committee on Elections, the presentation of his report is thus described by the *New York Times*:

In a speech which was full of telling points and happy allusions, which was popular without being frivolous, and dignified without being dull, Mr. Choate fulfilled in a masterly way the difficult duty required of him.

Always in electoral campaigns his appearance had sufficed to pack the great auditoriums of Cooper Union and Carnegie Hall. A consistent Republican from the time of Frémont, he was not an apologist for the evils in party management, and so, in 1896,

when an election of United States Senator was impending, he was asked by leading lawyers and laymen of his party to be a candidate against the machine's master, Mr. Thomas C. Platt. To a distinguished lawyer advising him to decline this more than doubtful battle, lest failure dim his prestige, he is said to have replied: "If I knew now that not one man in the Republican caucus would dare to vote for me, I should run and continue to run, because I believe it to be my duty to protest against the present political conditions in this State." The Union League Club favored his candidacy in resolutions, to support which it sent a committee of fifty to Albany. At a mass-meeting in Carnegie Hall, addressed by Messrs. Elihu Root, Edmund Wetmore, William D. Guthrie and Wager Swayne, Mr. Guthrie, attacking the existing political system as dependent upon contributions to the "boss" from corporations for the misuse of whose trust funds recipients and corporate officers were equally liable, uttered a prophecy that in part has been fulfilled: "The time is coming when a fearless investigating committee or district attorney will uncover this whole system, lay it bare, expose it, and put an end forever to the political contributions of corporations to the funds of any boss. . . . No corporation has the right to give a dollar for such a purpose, and to do so should be made a criminal offence."

In opposition to such an ideal candidate no valid reason was, or could be urged. The *New York Sun*, then ardently supporting Mr. Platt, though now calling for his resignation, could urge none stronger than this:

Everybody knows that Mr. Choate has genius, learning and wit enough to furnish a whole Senate; and it would be a joy to hear him chaff the solemn bores and cranks who are to be found in no inconsiderable numbers in the Senate, . . . but Mr. Choate is a New York institution, one of the monuments of the town, and he cannot be spared. He is in Washington, in attendance upon the Supreme Court, the more than sufficient part of the time already.

His place is here, and he is to be congratulated upon his ability to keep it. Senators are common enough, but there is only one Joseph Hodges Choate. A writ of *ne exeat* is hereby issued against him.

The result was such as usually follows in New York the efforts of public-spirited men to secure proper nominations against the machine. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib." In the Republican caucus thirty-two senators and one hundred and ten assemblymen, recognizing their master's voice, voted for Mr. Platt. Mr. Choate received the votes of three senators and four assemblymen. Had the result been otherwise the State and the Senate would have gained in dignity and prestige; but the nation might have lost one illustrious name from the list of those who have represented her fittingly abroad. By a mysterious working of Providence, the so-called Empire State is fated to be repre-

sented often in Congress, although not elsewhere, inversely to its size. There have been since that election, there are now, large questions of constitutional law before the Senate of the United States, which has heard great legal arguments upon them worthy of its traditions. Wisconsin, Texas, Pennsylvania and—in a forceful, if somewhat deplorable, way—South Carolina, have spoken in debate. New York has been voiceless. Mr. Choate is in the maturity of his powers, younger than both Senators from Alabama* than White, Allison and Frye; he is only a year older than the senior, and two years older than the junior Senator of New York. If, happily, the mistake of eleven years ago should be retrieved, the State that has been dumb so long in the Senate Chamber would again be heard eloquently and forcefully.

* Since this was written Mr. Morgan, one of those Senators has died.

DEMOCRACY, NATIONALISM AND IMPERIALISM

By GEORGE LOUIS BEER



IN ultimate analysis social evolution is merely the conflict between groups of associated individuals, and progress consists in the survival of the more fit. This survival finds various expressions, ranging from mere political preponderance of the superior, even to his complete predominance as manifested by the physical destruction of the less adaptable group. The various struggling bodies are not sharply distinguished, nor is their membership a clearly defined one. Owing to the fact that they are based on political, racial, religious, economic and even on intellectual considerations, these groups always overlap, thus greatly enhancing the difficulty of comprehending

the underlying processes in any great historical movement.

Obviously the most sharply defined society is the organic state. But within the body politic are innumerable minor groups, each striving for predominance. In so far as internal policy is concerned, the chief work of the state is to regulate this competitive struggle, and to repress and mitigate its inherent brutality and ruthlessness. The United States of the present day offers abundant material for a study of the processes of social development. The survival of the Anglo-Saxon group is most emphatically seen in the framework of society,—in the political and legal systems, both of which were brought over by the colonists from the mother country. The efforts of the state to moderate the competitive struggle are manifested, at the two extremes,

on the one hand in the vast educational and philanthropic undertakings, on the other in the wide-spread movement to regulate the activities and curb the power of incorporated capital.

This latter movement has been marked by a distinctly socialistic tendency, which can in part be attributed to the fact that so many of our economists have studied in Germany, and have gained a wide hearing for the anti-individualistic ideas learned there, not only by means of their own publications, but also through the press, whose contributors are in ever-increasing numbers their former students. Here is found a concrete instance of the competitive struggle between two distinct systems of thought, and the at least temporary victory of ideas not altogether foreign to the United States, but hitherto regarded with disfavor. Such developments have important consequences, not only on the group adopting the alien ideas, but also on the fortunes of the parent community, whose influence and prestige are thereby enhanced and ultimately its well-being increased. Kuno Francke's, interesting and suggestive book* on German ideals is "frankly propagandist," and is an integral part of the well-defined movement of German expansion. It is designed to arouse sympathetic appreciation of Teutonic thought with the ultimate, vague, and probably subconscious purpose of enabling Germany to escape from the position of "splendid isolation," which England only a few years ago occupied, and to which her king and statesmen have relegated the rival Empire on the continent. On the surface it does not appear that these essays are a bid for American favor, but all manifestations of human activity are closely interrelated, and such, notwithstanding its strictly literary character, is the political significance of this volume.

The never ceasing struggle between the countless groups within the

state is exhibited by the strife between the various races of all colors and climes that form the population of the United States. In his recent study* of the races and immigrants of this country, Professor Commons has used the last census to good advantage, and gives much interesting information as to the constituent elements of this heterogeneous population, and also regarding the continuous displacing of one group by another with a lower standard of life. The most important and salient conflict is that between the negro and the white. From a broad standpoint, the institution of negro slavery may be regarded as part of the struggle between rival races, because it was the superiority of the more efficient white over the west African tribes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that brought about the transfer of a not insignificant number of these aborigines to America, where they toiled for their Aryan masters in the sugar, rice, and tobacco plantations. But this institution also illustrates the essential difference between animal and social evolution. In social evolution, defeat does not mean necessarily or even to any extent whatsoever extinction, but usually merely political and economic subordination. The rapid increase of the negro in America and in South Africa, where the white race is absolutely dominant, would belie the appropriateness of the term unfit, were biological canons the standard of measurement.

The broadest phase of the struggle between antagonistic groups is presented by the irreconcilable hostility between East and West,—the two extremes, which according to all keen observers from the days of Herodotus to those of Kipling cannot meet on a common ground. To many students, this conflict has been the most fundamental one in all history. Without entering into the merits of this view, it can be said without fear of challenge that the importance of

* German Ideals of To-day. By Kuno Francke. Houghton.

* Races and Immigrants in America. By John R. Commons. Macmillan.

this hostility can only with difficulty be overestimated. Until the tide of the Mohammedan advance in western Europe was turned in the eighth century, it did not seem unlikely that Western civilization would be submerged. Thereafter Europe, despite periods of acute danger on the eastern frontiers, was comparatively secure from the Asiatic peril; but it was only a thousand years later that the superiority of Western civilization could be unquestionably asserted.

During these ten centuries, and stretching a hundred years beyond them, the political evolution of Europe was marked by two fundamental movements. Ever since the disintegration of the Carolingian Empire, there has been a marked tendency towards the development of increasingly large political entities. Concomitantly also there has proceeded a movement toward giving the individual ever greater control over the governmental activities of these large aggregations. These two movements, on the one hand the national, on the other the democratic, received an enormous impetus from that complex social disturbance known as the French Revolution. The victorious armies of France spread democratic ideas far and wide, and at the same time aroused the dormant national feeling of the subjugated countries. Mr. F. L. Petre has described,* with a technical completeness hitherto not available in the English language, Napoleon's brilliantly successful campaign of 1806, in which Prussia was so completely humiliated. The very sweeping nature of such victories stimulated the forces working for Napoleon's ultimate failure. They roused the German national consciousness, and led directly to Prussia's regeneration under the able leadership of Stein and his associates. The last two years of Napoleon's active political career, whose story Oscar Browning† has recently narrated with minute detail and with

the pious zeal characteristic of a hero-worshipper, witnessed an uprising of the European peoples against a power threatening to extinguish their national existence.

Though the roots of all social movements reach deep into the remote and even into the unknowable past, yet it may be said, in a sense broader than the usual one, that the history of Europe during the two generations following Waterloo is but a sequel to the French Revolution and the inseparably connected imperialism of Napoleon. The development during the first half of the period has been conscientiously if not entertainingly, described in the ponderous volume of the Cambridge Modern History,* that has just appeared. These decades were filled with democratic and national strivings, more particularly with efforts to establish liberal forms of government in the various European states, with attempts to oust alien rulers and to join together under one flag kindred peoples kept apart by artificial conditions.

Probably the most dramatic and picturesque incident in this intricate movement was the flight of the Pope from Rome in 1848, and the subsequent establishment of a republic in the papal territories under the guidance of Mazzini. The present year is the centenary of Garibaldi's birth, and it is fittingly celebrated by an interesting and scholarly—a rare juxtaposition of adjectives—account of this strenuous patriot's heroic defence of the short-lived Roman Republic. The author of this book† is Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan, whose gift of vivid description and narration is evidently an inheritance from the famous historian and essayist after whom he is named.

The three decades following the abortive movements of 1848 witnessed the triumph of democracy and nationalism. The unity of both Ger-

* Napoleon's Conquest of Prussia—1806. By F. Lorraine Petre. Lane.

† The Fall of Napoleon. By Oscar Browning. Lane.

* The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. X. The Restoration. Edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, Stanley Leathes. Macmillan.

† Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans.

many and Italy was effected on the basis of liberal constitutions. In France the Republic was definitely established, and in Great Britain a broader democratic basis was given to the constitution. It is impossible, without some distortion of the truth, to divide history into rigid periods marked off by definite dates. To the extent, however, that this is feasible, it may be said that the decade 1870-1880 marks the end of an old and the beginning of a distinctly new period in European history. Theretofore interest centred chiefly on the conflicts between liberalism and reaction, on the struggles between nationalism and particularism. Thereafter the interest shifts, and the history of Europe to a great extent finds its expression in remote regions. During these years Africa was divided by the European powers, and at the same time there developed a similar movement, whose ultimate outcome seemed destined to be the complete political domination of Asia by the Western nations.

Democracy is to-day an accepted fact, and consequently it is no longer a question whether or no this principle should be adopted, but merely at what rate the logical conclusions therefrom should be carried into effect. It is virtually only in Russia, which is at least a century behind the balance of the Western world in political civilization, that democracy is a burning issue. The present tremendous social upheaval, on a scale hitherto unparalleled, and the dissolution of society into its component elements, not so much of individuals as of racial and social groups, are dramatically and luridly described in Fraser's "Red Russia."* But Russia is a semi-Asiatic country, which, though occasionally drawn into the main currents of European history and profoundly influencing them, has in the main developed apart and in the rear of the Western world, whose ideals the typical Russian of the ruling class looks upon as the products of an effete civilization.

* Red Russia. By John Foster Fraser. Lane.

Despite the events in Russia, unquestionably the chief movements in European history during the past twenty-five years has been that of imperialism and expansion—political and economic. Such a development is the inevitable sequel to a period during which the social forces within the body politic have been successfully readjusted, and are in temporary equilibrium. As has been truly said: "Intense nationalism must and can only be the precursor of imperialism." Once more do East and West stand face to face. In spite of Japan's victory over Russia, the superiority of the Aryan would appear unquestionable, still a careful analysis of the various factors has led many observant students to the conclusion that the risks are exceedingly grave and should not be minimized.

In what position is the West in order to cope with this difficult question? On the surface Europe seems merely a series of armed nations, separated by mutual jealousies and antagonisms. The condition appears to be not one of peace, but merely an armistice. Each nation is striving to develop to the utmost extent its military strength; and even in England many, prominently Lord Roberts, urge the necessity of universal military service. Despite these facts, it would appear that the peace of Europe is more secure than at any previous time. For a generation this peace has not been disturbed, an heretofore unparalleled condition. In spite of the zeal for armaments, the European nations are less antagonistic than at any other period in their history. At various times there have been attempts to form a more or less loose confederacy of the European states. The mediæval Holy Roman Empire represented such an ideal, but it corresponded to no political actuality. Henry IV. of France formulated such a plan, and Napoleon's alleged ambition was to concentrate the great European peoples into homogeneous nations, joined together in a confederation under the

ægis of his Empire. These artificial schemes necessarily failed, but in the meanwhile there was developing a common consciousness among the peoples of the Western world, and a gradual recognition of their essential kinship. This development was in great part due to the common basis of their religious and ethical systems, but it was immeasurably hastened by those mechanical discoveries that have so greatly facilitated the means of communication. Steam and electricity not only made possible large political entities, but they also brought these aggregates into closer relations with one another.

This development is most concretely shown in the history of international law, which is gradually giving to the Western world an informal political organization, and thus somewhat limiting the complete freedom of action of the sovereign states. Two English authorities* have recently prepared a comprehensive and portly work on the rights and duties of neutrals as against the belligerent powers, and Professor Hershey† has written a valuable book on the legal questions connected with the recent war in the Far East, in both of which can be clearly traced the gradually increasing complexity of the rules of war,—a state formerly deemed synonymous with the utmost license. This vast body of custom—for law is to a great extent an inappropriate title—with its growing complexity, and increasing validity despite the fact that it lacks a legal sanction, is a palpable sign of the growing solidarity of the West.

The improved means of communication have not only led to greater cohesion in the West, they have also brought all humanity closer together. The Suez Canal was an important influence in this direction, and the Panama Canal, whose long period of incubation Mr. Johnson‡ has de-

scribed in a satisfactory manner, is destined to play a similar part. Humanity is no longer a purely abstract expression without any concrete meaning. Psychologists and sociologists have taught us that human nature is fundamentally the same, and that variations are largely the result of different environments. Some men even assert that there are no superior and inferior, but only advanced and backward races. The West has dropped its extreme antagonism to the East, and is striving with sympathetic insight to fathom its inner secrets. Yet it is doubtful if the consciousness of ultimate kinship will ever be able to do away with the existing radical differences, and enable these two contrasting types of civilization to adopt a common viewpoint.

At the present day there are notable signs of a coming revolt of the East against the domination of the West, and it is generally recognized that the far Pacific will be the scene of the most momentous events of the present century. The Western nations realize in a dim, vague way how intimately their future is connected with the East, and it is in response to the demand thereby created that the presses of the world are pouring forth books on all phases of the Eastern question. The numerous English books vary in purpose and in merit. Penfield* is especially intent on securing for America a fair portion of the Chinese trade; his book is, however, mere journalism and, though interesting, is by no means trustworthy. Colonel Murray's exceptionally well made book,† for which Lord Roberts wrote the introduction, is designed to awaken English interest in the vital question of imperial defence, and devotes a great deal of attention to an estimate of the value of the Japanese alliance. This slender book is, however, merely the record of an intelligent traveller; it is in no sense of the word authoritative and is but a slight contribution to our know-

* *Commerce in War*. By L. A. Atherley Jones, assisted by Hugh H. L. Bellot. Methuen.

† *The International Law and Diplomacy of the Russo-Japanese War*. By Amos S. Hershey. Macmillan.

‡ *Four Centuries of the Panama Canal*. By Willis Fletcher Johnson. Holt.

* *East of Suez*. By Frederic Courtland Penfield. Century.

† *Imperial Outposts*. By A. M. Murray. Dutton.

ledge. Dr. Martin's "The Awakening of China"* is a well-informed work, and describes, in a readable though somewhat succinct manner, the process of transformation now going on in China. Far above any of these works in value is "The Truce in the East"† by a keen observer, whose identity is veiled under the pseudonym of B. L. Putnam Weale. His penetrating insight and shrewdness of observation, in combination with a broad and minute knowledge, give a firmness of touch that inspires a strong feeling of confidence in the author's opinions. The journalist, soldier and missionary-educator—Penfield, Murray and Martin—must yield the palm to the expert student of social and political conditions.

Japan's adoption and successful assimilation of Western civilization within the space of a single generation has upset the theories of social evolution in about the same way as de Vries's discoveries and mutation theory modified the Darwinian hypothesis, that new species resulted only most slowly and gradually through the cumulative effect of infinitesimal variations. *Natura non agit per saltus* is answered by the drastic transformation of a people within a few decades. But the complete success of Japan against Russia does not in itself indicate a revival of Eastern civilization. For Russia is a semi-Asiatic and an only partially civilized nation, and in addition Japan fought with Western weapons and was financed by England and America. Her victories have, however, led to a marked movement among Eastern peoples, and their effect can be traced in the pan-Islamic agitation, in the serious unrest in India and in the strong anti-foreign feeling in China.

In varying degrees all these presage a renewal of the conflict between East and West. Such a struggle can assume two forms, either a military

or an economic one. The peace in the Far East is probably assured for at least eight years by the Anglo-Japanese alliance. But as Weale correctly says no durable peace has been established; a truce is all that has been concluded. The temporary makeshift will, according to many predictions, give way to a junction of the Chinese and Japanese forces. The military power of China is actually as yet slender, but potentially it is enormous. An efficient army is gradually being developed, and as China's four hundred millions can furnish an ample number of soldiers, it is patent that the "yellow peril" is not a mere nightmare. The development of this inherent military strength is contingent on the building of railroads, on the exploitation of the rich mineral resources of the Empire, and in general on the adoption of Western economic civilization. Steps in this direction have already been taken; but they are of the slow pace characteristic of a race, whose ancestors were civilized when those of their Western critics roamed as wild savages through the dense forests of Europe.

The economic conflict between East and West will probably become acute before the military danger assumes threatening proportions. This phase of the struggle is essentially one between different standards of life,—between the Western workman with his ever-growing demand for a participation in the benefits of a highly developed civilization, and the Eastern coolie with stationary wants, only too willing to work for a bare sustenance. In the sixteenth century as a result of the discovery of the Cape route to the Indies, the trade with the East was transferred from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic nations, and assumed large proportions. The object of the Portuguese, Dutch, English and French, who participated in this trade, was not so much to sell merchandise to the East, as to obtain there the exotic products, especially spices, that were highly prized in the West. At the time

* The Awakening of China. By W. A. P. Martin. Doubleday.

† The Truce in the East and its Aftermath. By B. L. Putnam Weale. Macmillan.

Europe could not compete with the cheap labor of Asia's teeming millions, and hence could not, to any considerable extent, find a market there for her surplus manufactures. In fact this competition was so dreaded that in some states the use of Eastern textiles was absolutely prohibited. The economic inferiority of the West was redressed by the mechanical inventions that toward the end of the eighteenth century completely changed the industrial organization of Europe. Thereafter the dear and highly-specialized labor of the West, working with power-driven machinery, was able to undersell the Asiatic relying solely on manual force. Consequently throughout the nineteenth century, the East was no longer primarily regarded as a source of supply, but mainly as an outlet for the increased productive capacity of the West. The efforts of the various European nations and of the United States have been consistently directed toward opening up the Eastern markets, and somewhat less persistently toward developing in the Asiatic a higher standard of life which will increase his demands for Western products. At the same time, however, there has always been

present the dread that the East, by adopting the industrial mechanism of the West, will once more, by a cheaper cost of production, regain its former economic superiority. Japan is already dispensing with the skilled European workman, who taught her Western industrial processes. Lancashire has not been unduly alarmed at the growth of India's manufacturing interests. China also is intent on transforming and modernizing its economic and industrial system. The East and West will always engage in mutually profitable commercial relations, but with the adoption by Asia of modern devices, this intercourse will assume a new character. In turn this will react most powerfully on the American and European workman. The situation is, however, so complex, and its possibilities so manifold, that even were there not present as warning the realization of the futility of political prophecy, it would require more than human courage to try to pierce the veil of the mysterious future. But on account of these very possibilities, both for good and for evil, the eyes of the far-seeing statesmen will be concentrated with increasing fixity on developments in the Eastern world.





Idle Notes

By An Idle Reader



THERE is a vast amount of the raw material of fiction in Mr. Emerson The "Bad Hough's "Story of the Man's" Book Outlaw." Mr. Hough grew up with the frontier; he has drawn upon his own memory and upon that of other eye-witnesses and participants for this account of the outlaws, vigilantes and historic feuds of the southwest and west. It is all interesting and suggestive, as material lifted bodily from life always is, but a little of it goes a long way. The "bad men" were more or less alike, and a few pages about them is all that the average civilized citizen can digest at one time.

I have been wondering if it would have been possible to import more human and psychological interest into such a piece of work, but I doubt it. The strongest chapter in this regard is the one dealing with Henry Plummer, the man from Connecticut. Plummer, who operated in Idaho Territory in the early seventies, had organized and was directing the worst band of thieves that ever infested a mining country at the same time that he was acting as sheriff and vigilante. He played the double part so well that his wife and his brothers and sisters could not believe he was not an upright, honorable citizen. His was a picturesque history, brought to an early end by the miner's meeting and the halter.

The "bad man" is an historical personage, but he has little or no sociological value, for the conditions that produced and permitted him were transient, and have already passed. The criminal we have always with us, but the record of western outlawry throws no light on this ultimate disposal.

Candidly, I was never a great admirer of Elizabeth, the German gardener. When she got away from her garden, her tongue was too sharp. Boredom turned her inhuman, and she exhibited

**A New
Friend for
Novel
Readers**

small cruelties unworthy of a flower-lover. I was perfectly resigned to the fact that she lived some thousands of miles away from me, and was not likely to come any nearer. But Rose-Marie Schmidt, the heroine, or rather the whole, of this writer's new book, "Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther," is another matter. I am sorry her domicile does not lie on my morning route to the nearest car-line. A nod and a smile from her as one passed would be a distinct stimulus for the whole day's work. She is wholesome, simple, fine, brave and clever. One likes Rose-Marie, and one needs all the above adjectives to describe her. Not one can be spared. It is really extraordinary—the way one feels the vitality of this letter-writing girl in a book. She is the daughter, by an English wife, of a learned German at Jena who writes books that do not sell and takes English pupils for financial reasons. One of these, Mr. Anstruther, hastily engages himself to Rose-Marie on the eve of his departure for England, and the volume is made up wholly of her letters to him. Presently Mr. Anstruther becomes fascinated with an American girl whom his father wishes him to marry; later, the girl tires of him. Rose-Marie writes to Mr. Anstruther first as her lover, then as her friend, almost her *protégé*. She warns and counsels and commands. There is no story—there is just Rose-Marie and what she thinks and feels.

The letter-form in fiction is confessedly difficult to handle and likely to prove tiresome. It is

The Letter-Form in Fiction

supposed to be easy for the writer and hard on the reader. But in fiction as in life, there are letters and letters. Some women undoubtedly have an almost miraculous gift for direct and vivid self-expression in epistolary form. The only part of "The Christian" worth reading, you remember, the part that carried the rest of the book, was Glory Quayle's letters from London, reported, I know not how truly, to be transcripts from a genuine correspondence. Rose-Marie is the only correspondent worth mentioning who has appeared in fiction since, and she is of much finer spiritual fibre than Glory Quayle, of as much charm and of a better brain-capacity. She is marvellously real and warm and human, and of such a high spirit that you can no more pity her than you can the lark at heaven's gate—though, heaven knows, the circumstances of her life and fate are pitiful enough—or would be if she were not herself. It is the creation of this self of hers

that gives me a greater respect for the author of "Elizabeth" than I have ever felt before—since it is very difficult to regard Rose-Marie as the "creation" of anybody but the *Herr-Gott*, so real is she.

If other people like her as I do, the popularity of "Elizabeth" will pale before hers—but (all critics think this in their hearts) "other people" are so stupid about liking the best things best!

That same warm, human quality, however you define it, is the soul of all lovable, comfortable

Aunt Jane of Kentucky

fiction. Wherever it is found, there will the readers be also. There is quite a little of the quality in "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," a volume containing some of the reminiscences of a country woman in the Blue Grass. Aunt Jane's friends of the last generation are real people too, and there is something of humor and much of tenderness in her recollections. A little more humor as pungent and appealing as that in the opening sketch, "Sally Ann's Experiences," and "Mrs. Wiggs" would have had a rustic rival.



The Editor's Clearing-House



THE UNCOMMON

I

THE ordinary is what usually happens. The extraordinary occurs more rarely. What one does not anticipate comes upon one more or less unexpectedly. Up to his nineteenth year Bill had strung wires on telegraph poles. There was nothing in that to mark him out from the common run. He lived in the West, in the land of tall trees—so tall that it took two men and a boy to see to the top. Stringing wires was Bill's daily occupation. It was obvious. Every one could see the climbers on his feet with which he stuck to the telegraph poles.

One day there came the extraordinary, the unexpected, the strange. A wind blew such as the oldest Siwash Indian had never seen blow before. It uprooted traditions, heaved over prejudices, and utterly removed long-cherished convictions; and it bent over the tallest of all the tall trees till its crown swept the earth. Bill nearly lost his senses; the sense of touch alone seemed to remain to him. Animated by that he clung to the top of the tallest of the tall trees and held fast, like a limpet on a rock. Presently the wind abated, and the tree straightened up. This was the culmination of the unusual.

II

Far below Bill lay the earth. Around him the gale blew with ever-lessening force. There was nothing to eat. Bill scrambled down the tree. The rough bark wore his fingers. Birds twittered about him, but out of reach. On the earth a party of tourists tried to look to the top of the tree, but their team-work was poor and they could only see half way.

Bill cut an inch from his belt and chewed it. He longed for salt. He caught a red ant and laid it on. It crawled off. He caught it again and held it firmly in place with his thumb till it was safely in his mouth. It tasted vinegary and pleasant. He caught two more. That was the crop, and he kept on scrambling downward.

Night came. The souging of the wind lulled him. He remembered the singing of his telegraph wires, and two great tears squeezed from under his eyelids. As they trickled down his nose a new terror came over him: there was no water to drink and he realized that he could not afford to indulge himself in emotions that required tears. He knew that if he wasted moisture in this way he would shortly dry up and blow away. The cold sweat broke out on his forehead at the thought—more fear!—he could not afford to sweat.

About noon a wren fell into his hands. He thrust it greedily into his mouth, and was in the act of gulping it whole when the thought of how much more hygienic it was to masticate one's food thoroughly caused him first to pause, then to disgorge the wren. He was wonderfully well-instructed in hygiene for one of his profession. Bill chewed the wren conscientiously, little by little, a head, a wing, a leg—feathers and all—all seemed wonderfully good except the claws, and them he kept in his mouth, trusting that they would soften by supper time.

III

From branch to branch he climbed down. Once he saw a grasshopper, but it hurried away at his approach. He began to have hallucinations. He felt as if the wren's feathers were growing inside him, and that he could vomit forth a feather boa at any moment. The skin was entirely worn from his hands by the rough bark, but he had learned to use his feet alone. At times he slept: waking he always continued his descent.

Every day he took up one hole in his belt and had one more inch to cut off and eat. He wondered what he should do when he came to the buckle. He sat down and laughed at the thought. "Why, I should be worse 'n a wasp," he exclaimed. He wondered if the buckle would be as nourishing as the rest of the belt. This reminded him of the claws of the wren, and with his worn fingers he fished about in his mouth for them. He found them underneath his blackened tongue and they proved quite soft and palatable.

* * * *

IV

"Who is that white-haired man, forever digging holes in the ground?" the stranger asks, as he passes by in the tall-tree land.

"That," replies the intelligent native, "is a man who should look young as you and I. His name is Bill, and he once was on the top of yonder mammoth tree—" And he proceeds to tell the strange story of the telegraph-pole man to the wondering stranger.

"He has never rightly recovered his wits," the native concludes his tale, "and forever digs and digs. Only in the bowels of the earth will he feel safe."

JACK LIVERPOOL-LONDON-AND-GLOBE.



AS OTHERS SEE US

MR. H. G. WELLS AS CRITIC AND PROPHET

Even those readers of Mr. Wells who are sworn enemies to his conclusions will readily make the handsome admission that "The Future in America" * is one of the most interesting books that has been written about us by a foreigner these many years; that it proceeds from an abounding goodwill; and that it is quite free from malice, presumption, or condescension. The author's transparent good nature makes it impossible to be angry at even his sharpest criticisms; and the vitality and freshness of his style have produced a work that is readable from cover to cover. It is a wholesome book, too, for our perusal, for it does not spare the ugly flaws in our civilization and brings us face to face with the giant band of problems that confront us. The work has grown out of the author's book-knowledge of America, reinforced by observations of his own made in the course of a recent flying visit to our shores, and includes a forecast, properly vague in detail, but clear in its general outline, of our future.

In one aspect "The Future in America" is a survey of such aspects of American life and society as came under the author's own eye. With his happy descriptive faculty, he records the impression made upon him by our great cities. We read the familiar story of the noise and headlong hurry of New York, and of the "vast magnificent squalor of Chicago, the most perfect presentation of nineteenth-century individualistic industrialism I have ever seen . . . a scrambling, ill-mannered, undignified, unintelligent development of material resources." Nor does Mr. Wells forget Boston. And it is where he speaks of her, if anywhere, that he will give offense. There is a tang to his tongue when he sets down his impressions of that historic town, which may well have made him enemies among the bluestockings of the Back Bay. He complains that Boston turns its back upon the future, and discriminates against both present and future in favor of the mellow and cultured past. His painful personal experiences at the Hub culminated on an evening when he listened to the proceedings of a book-collecting club, which left him obsessed "with a horrible quality of conviction that the mind of the world was dead, and that this was a distribution of souvenirs. . . . I felt that all the books had been written, all the pictures painted, all the thoughts said. . . . I felt that it was dreadful nonsense to go on writing books. Nothing remained but to collect them. . . . The capacity of Boston. . . . was just sufficient, but no more than sufficient, to comprehend the whole achievement of

the human intellect up, let us say, to the year 1875 A.D."

In his survey of American society, Mr. Wells reminds us that America is, from the social, if not from the intellectual, standpoint, essentially a middle-class community, and that its problems are the problems of a modern individualistic society, simplified somewhat by the fact that they are not influenced by feudal traditions either at crest or base. In America there is no peasantry, no soil people (barring the negroes), and "your bottom-most man is a mobile free man who can read, and who has ideas above digging and pigs and poultry, except incidentally for his own ends." Nor, at the opposite remove of the social scale, is there anything that corresponds with the European upper social structure of leisure, and power, and State responsibility. In a word, American society resembles the central part of the European organism without either the dreaming head or the subjugated feet.

As might be expected "The Future in America" does not fail to give a very particular attention to our "aristocracy of wealth." Our plutocrats are regarded, as on the whole, a mob of wealthy persons with no strong sense of duty to the State, moved by mean and vulgar ideals, with no collective dream, and no broad humane conceptions,—men whose brightest virtue is an impulsive and often ill-advised generosity. Hard things Mr. Wells says of our plutocrats, but no harder things than we say of them ourselves; and he speaks without our extravagance of rhetoric. He gives them their due, too. Voluptuaries they are not, he well knows. The Puritan tradition has left them mostly moral in the limited sense of that word. It is to the lust of acquisition only that they abandon themselves, and they do so without restraint, and even with unctious ardor and enthusiasm. Industrious and commonplace men, upholders of the ignoble tradition that links economy and earning with piety and honor, and, living apart from the grave and ennobling affairs of statecraft, they are, in general, unresponsive to the appeal of art and letters, and to the finer graces and pleasures of social life. The type we see upon Mr. Wells's canvass of the shrewd, hard, insanely acquisitive man of business on the grand scale, the man of business and nothing more, the man whose reckless disregard of the rights and interests of others is checked only by a fear of the dogs of the law—this is a type as ill-favored, sinister, unlovely and repellent as any set of institutions ever bred.

In his discussion of the economic process in America, Mr. Wells reaches the heart of his book. He follows the development of the game of business, and shows how middle-class equality has been, or is being, quite destroyed. He insists, too, that the

* *The Future in America*. By H. G. Wells, Harper.

great accumulations of American wealth show no signs of disintegrating. He freely admits that, thanks to the present flood of prosperity, the great mass of the population is not conscious-defeated in the economic game, but he holds that it will, in time, if the economic process is permitted to work out to its logical conclusion, be defeated. And this fact, he believes, is being clearly recognized, by rapidly increasing numbers of the people who think and have the future in their hands. Men now are encountering a rising standard of living; they find it more difficult, for all their energy and activity, to get on as their fathers did before them; and they are now wide awake to the fact that they are more and more at the mercy of the minority of successful getters into whose hands a growing proportion of the wealth of the community is passing. In a word the conviction is gaining ground that if the rule of unrestrained competition is still to stand, the great mass of the people must more and more play a losing game.

It is at this point that Mr. Wells scans the future and becomes prophetic. In his view enormous sections of the American public are disgusted with the dark, confused, reckless, buccaneering business expedients of the Victorian time, and are giving themselves up to a rigorous process of heart-searching that is unparalleled in history, and finds expression in the press, in the magazines, and in the sphere of practical politics. And the great question about which all this cogitation centres is "Shall America rescue her land, her public service, and the whole of her great economic process from the anarchy and irresponsibility of private ownership?"

In America we have the most powerful tradition of individualism in the world, but, if Mr. Wells is correct, the beginning of the end of this tradition is at hand. Already a many-sided repudiation of it is under way, "a denial of the soundness of individual property in land, an organized attempt against the accumulation of gold and credit, . . . a revolt against the aggregatory outcome of untrammelled business competition, a systematic interference with the freedom of railways and carriers to do business as they please, and a protest from the most representative Americans against hereditary wealth." As an end of the whole matter, as the substance of Mr. Wells's prophecy, we beg the reader to permit the following sentence to stand out in the highest possible relief in his mind:

The trend of things [in America] is altogether away from the anarchistic individualism of the nineteenth century, that much is sure, and towards some constructive scheme which, if not exactly socialism, as socialism is defined, will be, at any rate, closely analogous to socialism.

With the detailed ways and means by

which this process will be accomplished Mr. Wells does not concern himself; but he is perfectly clear in his mind as to the kind of preparation that must condition any sound and durable reconstructive process. His thoughts upon this matter he finds so well expressed in a Cornell address of President Andrew D. White's that he quotes President White's words as they stand in the passage which we in turn quote herewith:

For the great thing to be done [in America] is neither more nor less than to develop other great elements of civilization now held in check, which shall make the history of our country something greater and broader than anything we have reached or ever can reach under the sway of mercantilism alone.

What shall be those counter elements of civilization? Monarchy, aristocracy, militarism we could not have if we would, we would not if we could. What shall we have?

I answer simply that we must all do what we can to rear greater fabrics of religious, philosophic thought, literary thought, scientific, artistic, political thought, to summon young men into these fields not as a matter of taste or social opportunity, but as a patriotic duty. . . . The greatest work which the coming century has to do in this country is to build up an aristocracy of thought and feeling which shall hold its own against the aristocracy of mercantilism.

In this brief review attention has been centred upon the main business of this book—the forecast of our future. Of the other problems with which Mr. Wells chiefly concerns himself two have a prominence that makes it improper to pass them by in silence,—immigration and the negro question. Immigration, Mr. Wells thinks, is the factor that, more than any other, is going to complicate our economic and social development. He very much doubts our capacity to assimilate the foreigners. He admits that we have already worked miracles in the matter of assimilation, and, though the dark shadow of disastrous possibility somewhat darkens his outlook, he is ready to believe that all may be well if we draw the line at Asiatics. On the race problem his conclusions may be thus summarized: You must repudiate separation; no peoples have yet endured the tension of intermingled distinctness.

In "The Future of America" there is little in the way of constructive suggestion. Its author confesses himself bewildered by the confused and varied surface of American life. It is plain that he lacks that profound and comprehensive knowledge of our past and of the present which makes it possible for a man like Mr. Bryce to generalize securely, and to see each fact in its true perspective. But this at least Mr. Wells's book does: it clearly defines the problems that confront us, and in its broad, humane, and generous temper, there is an exhilaration that leaves a reader eager to have a hand in shaping the future of America after his heart's desire.

HORATIO S. KRANS.



The Lounger



MARK TWAIN'S triumphal tour of England reminds me of the one made by Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1886. The same attentions were showered on both our humorists. This time it was the King who entertained the American author at Windsor; before it was the late Queen. The King, then the prince of Wales, took Dr. Holmes on his coach to Ascot. At the present writing Mark Twain has had no such social distinction, but he has had a greater one in having a degree conferred upon him by Oxford. By the way, must we call him Dr. Clemens? I hope not—Mark Twain comes so much easier.

22

Mr. Clemens is not the only dis-

tinguished foreigner to get an English degree. There is M. Auguste Rodin, the great French sculptor, upon whom Oxford conferred an LL.D. in June. M. Rodin, who has just finished a bust of Bernard Shaw, is at work upon a statue of Whistler that is to be placed on the Chelsea Embankment. In an interview on the subject M. Rodin said that he does not intend to make his statue altogether a likeness.

The fact is [he said] I could not have done a satisfactory bust of Whistler, even had I wished to do so. I knew him personally, and we have his admirable portrait of himself to go by. But in order that I may produce a satisfactory bust of a man from the artistic point of view, it is ab-



OXFORD COMMEMORATION DAY

Mark Twain, Rt. Hon. John Gilbert Talbot, M. P., for Oxford Univ., Rudyard Kipling (feebly suppressing a yawn), and Sir Norman Lockyer, the noted astronomer.

olutely essential that he should sit to me. I want to see him before me, a living being, that I may see the fleeting changes come over his face. Then I select a characteristic expression, and there I have the man.

Speaking of art to-day M. Rodin went on to say:

Then there are the impressionists, who have taught us much that is useful by showing things as they really look to our eyes. Naturalness is their keynote. Their leader is Monet. He is a great painter, but his talent has never had official recognition. Monet has not even the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Well, there are others besides Monet among the impressionists who have done good work. I say nothing of the extremists among his imitators. They are not artists and they tend to bring ridicule on the movement. We want not imitators, but men with individual talent. Above all, we want men who have a love of their art and faith in it. Unfortunately commercialism is too much mixed up with art nowadays. I do not speak only of those who paint portraits of rich people whose riches are their only claim to consideration. I speak of those who supply merely that for which they know there is a demand. An artist should be prepared to sacrifice himself more or less for his art. Of course, he must live, but he should not look to the rewards of his profession after he has secured a certain competency.

Not only M. Rodin but the King of Siam and Mr. Kipling were given degrees on the same day, but by different universities. The King was made a D. C. L. by Cambridge, while Durham University made Mr. Kipling a D. L. H. The King received his degree at Devonshire House in London, while Mr. Kipling went to Durham for his. I will venture to say that the latter had the best time, for the students of Durham gave him a great ovation. A procession of undergraduates in fancy costume met him at the station and, taking the horses from his carriage, drew it through the streets to the castle. It was the day after this that Oxford conferred hon-

orary degrees upon Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Prime Minister, the American Ambassador, Mark Twain, M. Rodin, General Booth, and many other celebrated people. Why General Booth I wonder!



One day while I was in London I wanted to know what the weather report was. The sort of weather we had been having was not all that could be desired and I hoped against experience that it might be better. Turning to the *Tribune* I found this:

SUMMARY FORECAST

Light to moderate breezes, varying in direction; alternate close and thundery and fine periods; sharp local storms.

I pinned my faith on the "fine periods," but they did not come.



Harvard, or perhaps Radcliffe, can do nothing less than confer a degree upon Miss Marie Corelli for her successful efforts to preserve the home of John Harvard, the founder of the University. It seems that the Harvards lived at Stratford-upon-Avon and there this house was built in 1596. Three hundred years is not old as houses go in England, but it is a long time nevertheless, and the Harvard house had fallen into a sad state of dilapidation. Vandals had lived in it from time to time and plastered over the old wood carvings and done other things that vandals love to do. The house was offered for sale some time ago for £1300, but no one wanted it at that price, and, to tell the truth, as a matter of business it was not worth that much. It seems that Miss Corelli, whose home is at Stratford, happened to be one of a yachting party, not long ago, which included several Americans. To them she told the story of the Harvard house, hoping to interest them in its fate, but they did not respond to her enthusiasm, and she decided to buy it herself and present

it to the United States as a gift from her. There was one among the Americans, Mr. Nelson Morris, of Chicago, who like "brer Fox" lay low and said nothing until later in the day, when, as Miss Corelli passed him on her way to her state-room, he called out with true American impulsiveness: "I say, Miss Corelli, the first moment you get to Stratford buy the Harvard house for me. Have it restored regardless of cost, make it worthy of Shakespeare's country as well as of Harvard, and send the bill to me." When Miss Corelli returned to Stratford she lost no time in opening negotiations for the purchase of the house. At first it looked as though a native would get it for a "public" but Miss Corelli succeeded, and Harvard house is now properly restored and out of the reach of vandals. It is one of the oldest and best remaining examples of ancient domestic architecture in Stratford. The house was built by John Harvard's maternal grandfather, Thomas Rogers, and in it his parents were married. All thanks are due Miss Corelli and Mr. Morris, but I am wondering why Harvard University did not buy the place long ago, before decay and vandals had laid their hands upon it.



When I first visited London it was a comparatively quiet city. If one wanted a private conversation with a friend, he took him for a drive in a hansom cab through Piccadilly, or the Strand. To-day it would be impossible to carry on a conversation in such circumstances. The streets of London are noisier than the streets of New York. This is



JOHN HARVARD HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

largely due to the number of automobiles, private and public, but more than all to the motor-bus, the most outrageous infliction upon a long-suffering people. I warn Americans to be prepared, and if there is any proposal to run motor-buses in the cities of the United States, to nip it in the bud. The motor-bus is a curse and a pestilence. Its noise and its stench, to say nothing of its menace to life and limb, should rule it out of civilization. The picturesque London bus, drawn by horses and presided over by a jolly red-faced driver in high hat and light-colored top-coat, is almost a thing of the past. There are a few still to be seen, but the hideous motor-bus with its grimy ununiformed driver will soon put it among the things of the past. It is the regular thing to speak of New

York and Chicago as rushing, roaring cities. They may be in the matter of conducting business, but in the hustle and roar of the streets, London puts them in the category of quiet towns. Every vehicle in the streets of London goes at full speed. The law in America would prevent such reckless tearing through crowded thoroughfares. It is as much as one's life is worth to cross a street in London or Paris. In the latter city also every vehicle goes at top speed, motors, motor-buses, and cabs. The pedestrian's life is of no account. If he values it let him keep out of harm's way, he must not interfere with the racing and tearing of those who drive.



The motor-buses of Paris are of various kinds. They are even bigger than those of London and more hideous. The largest as they bear down upon you look like huge ships that rise high above the water, for they are all two stories in height and seem to be built entirely of iron. In London the motor-bus rampages through the street at its own sweet will, but most of those in Paris run on tracks, which is something of a concession to the pedestrian, though in jumping off the track he is very likely to be killed by a trackless vehicle tearing around the corner. The greatest convenience to the nerve-racked foreigner in Paris is the taximetre. Instead of high words and endless strife with the *cocher* as in old times, all is now settled. The taximetre tells him just what he owes, and courtesy compels five sous *pourboire*. It is all so cheap and so simple—fifteen cents a mile and no disputing. New York is introducing the taximetre system but alas! not the fifteen-cents-a-mile tariff. There are motor taximetres in Paris as in London and the rate is the same as the taximetre cabs, but in the former city you will find it difficult to get one for a short distance. They all want to be engaged for long trips, but in London they will take you for one mile or five with equal amiability.

If the motor taximetre drives out the horse-propelled cab in Paris I shall rejoice, for the cruelty of the Paris *cocher* keeps me in a constant state of excitement and indignation. He hires his horse for so many hours a day, and it is his business to get all the work possible out of him. As he does not own the horse but merely hires him it is not his property that he is abusing but that of another man, so he has no business interest in the unfortunate animal, and of human interest he is entirely devoid. If the horse is old and tired he lashes him unmercifully with his long, cruel whip. You may expostulate, but it only makes matters worse. He mutters curses upon you and beats the horse more than ever. Even when not actually beating the horse he is forever cracking the whip so that the poor beast may know what he is going to get if he falters at his post. Of course there are exceptions to every rule, and I have seen Paris, *cochers* who took pride in their horses and treated them well.

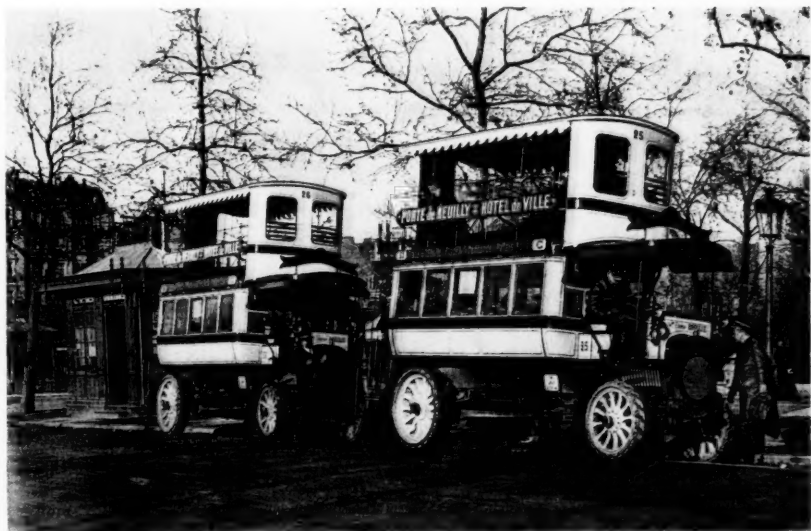


The advent of the woman *cocher* should be a good thing for the horses. She may crack her whip and bluster a bit, but I do not believe that she would cut into the flesh of the animal as the man *cocher* does. There are not a great many women *cochers* in Paris, and I doubt if they are a great success. The men *cochers* hate them and the public seem shy of them. I saw a few and in each case they were carrying "fares," but while they are a picturesque feature of the boulevards I do not think that they have come to stay. At a little distance, sitting on their boxes you can scarcely tell the lady Jehu from her male rival. She wears the same sort of hat and coat, and when her skirts are covered with a blanket wrapped tightly around them she may readily pass for one of the rougher sex. The Paris women are trying hard to become emancipated and the *cocher* is an entering wedge. In the small business world the French woman has always been



MME. DECOURCELLE, THE FIRST WOMAN TO
POSSESS A LICENSE BOTH AS A "CABBY" AND
AS A CHAUFFEUR.

MME. CHARNIER, FEEDING HER FAVORITE CAB-
HORSE



A PARISIAN "AUTOBUS" STATION



Photo by Hoffman & Johnston, London

MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS

pre-eminent, but she wants equal rights with men in the world of politics. She wants to have a hand in making the laws that she must keep. It would be a good thing for her perhaps if she had for then a married woman would have a right to her own property, which now she has not, even to her own earnings. What is hers is not hers, it is her husband's, and he being a law-abiding citizen takes it without hesitation.



English women are very anxious to vote also and have even gone to jail and suffered a few hours' martyrdom

for their cause. They are very much in earnest, and after talking with a few of the calmer of the suffragists I became convinced that they have more reason for wishing to be voters than have their American sisters. One of the most enthusiastic suffragists in England is our own Miss Elizabeth Robins. Miss Robins delivers addresses and writes plays on the subject so near to her heart. While in London I went to see her play, "Votes for Women," at the Court Theatre. Miss Robins calls it a "dramatic tract," and it is much more than that it is a play. It is really a special plea for suffrage,

saved from preachiness by one great act, the second, which takes place in Trafalgar Square and is one of the best bits of stage realism I have ever seen. It is almost impossible to believe that this scene is not the real thing. "Votes for Women" as a whole would not go in America, but that act would go anywhere. Miss Robins has every reason to be pleased with the success of her play in London for it has brought her commissions from two actor managers for plays upon which she is now at work. Although she has a most comfortable and attractive flat in London, Miss Robins does all her writing in the country, where she can work without interruption. Three months of the winter she spends in her Florida home amid her orange groves, and there she tries to rest, but this she finds harder to do than to work, for she is of an eager and enthusiastic temperament that finds it easier to invite her soul than to loaf.



Apropos of Miss Robins's success

as a playwright I might mention a number of English women who have made more or less success along the same lines. They are Lady Cromartie, Mrs. Blundell (better known as a novelist under the name of M. E. Francis), Mrs. Egerton Castle, and Miss Diana Cholmondeley, the sister of Miss Mary Cholmondeley, are among the latest recruits to their ranks, though at present they have only written short plays.

Among the writers of longer plays are Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, the author of "Peter's Mother"; Mrs. W. K. Clifford, author of "The Likeness of the Night"; the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, whose "Warp and Woof" was warmly commended by the president of the Local Government Board in a speech he made in the House of Commons, and the Baroness Orczy, whose "Scarlet Pimpernel" is the record-breaker among recent plays, having run over six hundred nights, and like "Charley's Aunt" is still running. We have more women playwrights in America and they are more successful, with the excep-



CHINSEGUT
Miss Robins's home in Florida



VIEW OF THE ISLAND OF ST. GEORGE, VENICE

tion of the Baroness Orczy. There is always Miss Martha Morton, and to the list of new recruits may be added Miss Crothers, the author of "The Three of Us," Miss Rida Johnson Young, who wrote "Brown of Harvard," and the co-authors of "The Strength of the Weak," a capital play capitally acted by Miss Florence Roberts.



As I have already said, the noises of London and Paris are maddening. Though I had rooms opening on a lovely garden in Paris, they were not quiet. I was aroused every morning at four by the twittering of birds. It seemed to me that every bird in France was saying *bon jour* in its shrillest notes. This excited greeting lasted for nearly an hour, and just as I turned over to see if sleep could not be coaxed till getting-up time the *concierge* came out into the garden and, after pattering about in his wooden shoes until he found a spot exactly under my window, he began beating rugs with all the strength that was in him—and he was a powerful man. Oh, if the rugs had only turned and beaten the *concierge* how happy I would have been; but, alas! he had it all his own way, and by the time the rugs were

all beaten sleep had fled. As I travelled about to other cities I insisted upon rooms opening upon courts, but even these were not quiet: there was always a bell to be pulled every time a chamber-maid was wanted. I became desperate. I thought with envy of Carlyle and his padded room at the top of the house in Cheyne Row. Could I never get away from noise? was my sleep to be limited to five hours forever? No. I would go to Venice and sleep the sleep of the doges. There was a city with no automobiles, no motor buses, no tram cars, no horses, but just canals with noiseless gondolas floating on their placid bosoms, with not even a tree for birds to twitter in. Venice was my spot, and to Venice I went. I am not going to describe Venice. I want the distinction of being the only person who has visited that unique city and not described it. I may say, however, that it was all my fancy had painted, if not all that the fancy of Turner, Moran, and F. Hopkinson Smith had painted. No city in the world gives the visitor such sensations, and for reasons that I refer to Ruskin and other writers to explain. Of course I must stay at a hotel on the Grand Canal, and of course my windows must look out over the water. Now I was going



IN THE COURTYARD OF ST. MARK'S—VENICE

to have quiet, noiseless nights for sleeping; why had I not gone to Venice before and why should I not stay there forever? Alas and well a day! I did not know Venice. No one had told me that its people never went to bed, that their night was as our day. Opposite my window was the church of San Giorgio Maggiore, just to the right the Santa Maria della Salute: could anything more surely suggest peace and quiet? But also opposite my windows were nine gunboats in battle array and two ocean steamers which took on coal all night long. At the door of the hotel was a local steamboat landing. As no one goes to bed in Venice, except deluded foreigners, the little steamer made its landing and blew its whistles till the grey dawn broke over San Giorgio Maggiore. No sooner did it stop running for an hour to two—it is now four A.M.—than gondolas with provisions for the hotel arrived upon the scene. If the gondolas had arrived without gondoliers all would have been well, but they did not. Some had two or three men aboard, and every man among them had a voice as big as Edouard de Reszke's. The first morning I heard them I was sure that murder would be done. Each man was speaking at the top

of his lungs and all at the same time. I flew to my balcony and peeped out into the morning, covering my eyes with my hands, lest I should see a stiletto thrust into quivering flesh. What did I see? Only a dozen or more stalwart Italians in their gondolas, handing out carrots and other peaceful vegetables to their fellows on the dock.

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There are no automobiles in Venice, but there are motor boats on the Grand Canal, snorting and smelling in the most offensive manner as they dash past you. And there are steam launches as well as steamboats. In ten years' time, there will be fewer gondolas than there are to-day. The one city in the world that it seemed impossible to spoil with the march of progress—heavensave the mark!—will show the taint of commercialism. In her great days Venice was a centre of commerce, but who would object to commerce conducted in gondolas or from the decks of barges? Even now it is only on the small canals and in the narrow streets that Venice is quiet. She is still, however, the city of poetry and romance, of history and of mystery, the only city of her kind in existence or that ever



STATUE OF SEBASTIANO VENIERO
Doge of Venice in the 16th Century

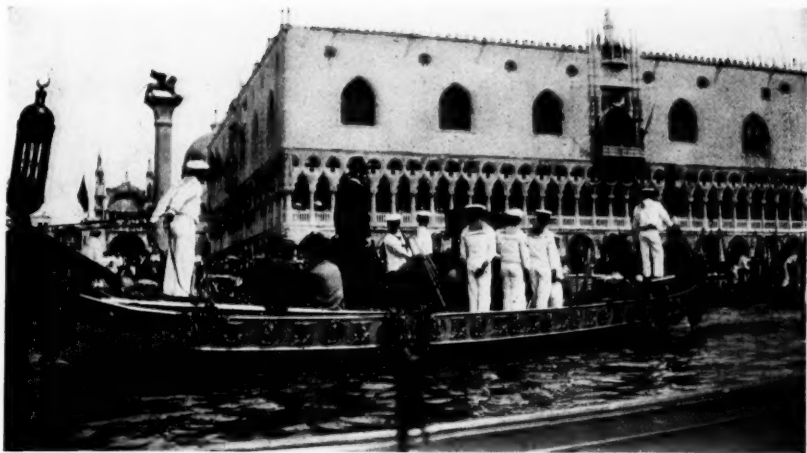
will exist—she is Venice, and that is enough.

22

Had I timed my visit to Venice I could not have done better, for I assisted at a ceremony that originally took place nearly four hundred years ago and will never take place again. I was present at the funeral of a doge! Now Venice has not been ruled by a doge for more than a hundred years, but this particular doge, Sebastiano Veniero, died over three hundred years ago and was decently buried at Murano, and one might have supposed that that was the end of him. This

was not, however, the place indicated in his will; no attention was paid to his wishes until his remains, with the heart intact, were brought to Venice in June last. Then all that was left of this distinguished doge and brave soldier—for he commanded the Venetian flotilla at the battle of Lepanto in 1571—was placed in the church of S. Giovanni and Paolo, where his statue done by Antonio Dal-Zotto stands in a conspicuous place. I had been saying all the time I was in Venice that it was a great pity one could not see the gondolas decked in gay colors and manned by gaily costumed gondoliers as in the days of the doges; and here, as though by the touch of a necromancer's wand, we were taken back nearly four hundred years. I had not heard of the funera, and was drifting about idly in my gondola when the scene of splendor burst upon my gaze. You may be surprised at the idea of a funeral being a scene of splendor, but the barge in which the remains of the great Veniero lay was gay in red velvet and cloth of gold and was towed by a gorgeous gondola with gondoliers in the costumes of his day. In the one black covered gondola sat a cardinal in robes of scarlet, and before him in an open gondola draped in black came the one surviving Veniero, the one living descendant of the fighting doge, an old man the very image of his ancestor, dressed in black broadcloth with a deep mourning band upon his tall hat. There was nothing more interesting in the whole pageant than this gray-bearded descendant of the great doge: the last of his line, too. for my gondolier told me, with a tone of reproach in his voice, that Signor Veniero, though rich, was a bachelor.

As the funeral cortege floated by we followed it to the doge's palace, where it landed and was met by a cordon of soldiers and sailors and a military band playing a funeral march: the very march, I should say, judging from the style of the music, that was played at this doge's first funeral, centuries ago.



From a snap-shot by "THE LOUNGER," June, 1907

THE FUNERAL OF A DOGE

The Reburial of Sebastiano Veniero, Doge of Venice, in 1571

Shortly after this splendid pageant I saw Venice illuminated and in gala dress. Queen Marguerita was at the palace and her loyal subjects turned out to do her honor. An enormous barge, decorated with fairy lamps of all colors worked into the shape of marguerites, held the military band, and this was followed by gondolas gay with Chinese lanterns. To add to the beauty of the scene the entire water front was illuminated with

"red fire," then "green fire," while in front of the public buildings rows of blazing torches added to the splendor of the scene. At the end of all, as the illuminated barge was being towed home and the strains of Liszt's Thirteenth Rhapsody were fading away in the distance, some one threw a searchlight over the scene. Now it fell upon San Giorgio Maggiore, now upon Santa Maria de la Salute, and again upon the gondo-



ON THE RIALTO—VENICE



las rowing slowly home. Beautiful as was this scene it was not more beautiful than a Venetian moonlight night. To see the moon coming up round and red from the bosom of the Lido, then shining cold and white over the Grand Canal with its hundreds of gondolas, their little lights twinkling at the bow, their gondoliers standing like statues silhouetted against the sky, is beauty enough. To this add the gay barges of the singers that dot the water, and you have something you will never forget and something you can get nowhere else in the world.

22

On April 30th, the anniversary of the founding of Rome, the customary "ritual fête" was celebrated in a



Mlle. OFELIA MAZZONI DECLAIMING VERSES BY CARDUCCI ON THE PALATINE HILL, ROME, ON THE CITY'S BIRTHDAY, APRIL 30, 1907.

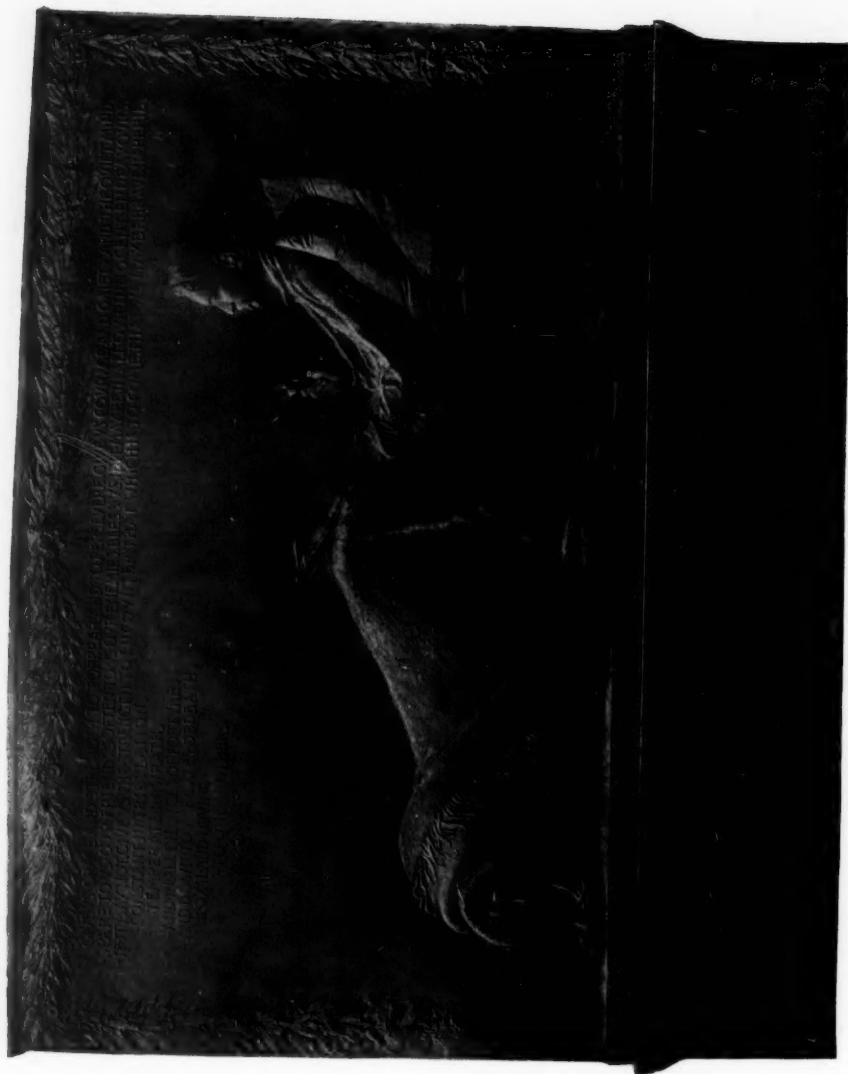


ELLEN KEY, OFELIA MAZZONI AND SIBILLA ALERAMO ON THE PALATINE HILL

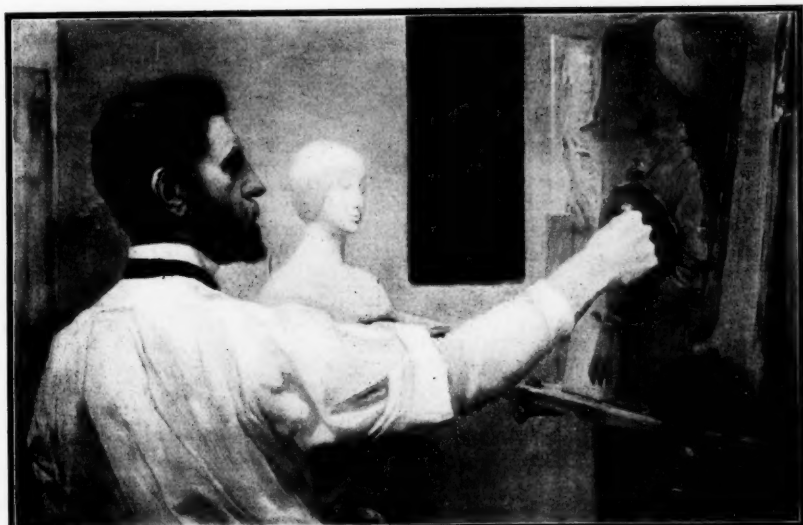
highly esthetic manner amid the ruins of the palace of the Flavians, on the ancient Palatine Hill, the birthplace of Rome—a city where it is always easy to find a magnificent setting for any artistic undertaking. Three actors dear to the Italian public recited poems by Giosué Carducci, the great writer who died recently after having received the Nobel prize. Next to Dante, Carducci is the Italian poet most penetrated by a sense of the greatness of the Latin past: he has well been called the Poet of Rome. In the centre of the scene reproduced in the accompanying photograph, directly beneath the point where a tree rises against the sky, stands the actress Ofelia

Mazzoni, declaiming Carducci's verses.

In the other photograph, the same actress occupies the middle of the group. The larger of the women beside her is the Swedish author Ellen Key, whose work "The Children's Century" is known throughout Europe and has been much discussed in Italy. The smaller of the two is a young Italian, Sibilla Aleramo, whose romance "A Woman" has not only been greatly discussed by the critics of her own country, but has already been translated into three languages—German, French and Russian. In the accompanying caricature, the "Dispute between Sweden and Norway," the most conspicuous figure on the Swedish side is Ellen Key the



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
FROM A BAS-RELIEF BY AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS



From a painting by Kenyon Cox

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS

1 March, 1848-1907, August 3

others being Strindberg, Sven Hedin, Selma Lagerlöf and the King. On the other side are Ibsen, Björnson and apparently Nansen.

22

As we go to press, word comes from the little town of Windsor, Vermont, of the death of Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Born of French parentage in Dublin, Ireland, March 1, 1848, he came to this country in infancy, and at an early age was apprenticed to a cameo cutter. After attending the classes of Cooper Union, and the National Academy of Design, in 1867 he went to Paris for further study. Returning five years later to New York City, there came to him one after another the commissions for the works which have made his name the greatest in American sculpture. The figure of Diana on the Madison Square Garden; the equestrian statue of General Sherman at the entrance to Central Park; the Shaw Memorial statue at Boston, and the bas-relief of Robert Louis Stevenson (reproduced herewith) may be mentioned as typical examples of the wonderful versatility of his genius.

In an early number of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, a competent critic will present an "appreciation" of the productions of Mr. Saint-Gaudens's work and will trace the development of his art.

22

In the recent exhibition at the *Salon* it is a curious fact that American artists have attracted the most attention. Not only do Americans in Paris say this but French people admit it, not only admit it but tell you so before you ask. It is the same in England. The only thing that people, talked about in the Royal Academy this year was Mr. Sargent's portraits, particularly those of Lady Essex, Lady Speyer, and Lady Sassoon. Lady Speyer will be pleasantly remembered in America as Miss Leonora von Stosch. An American girl of German descent, she studied the violin in Germany and came to America to earn her living with that instrument. It was while playing in a semi-public way in London that she met Mr., now Sir Edgar, Speyer, an amateur of music as well as a successful banker. It was not long before they were married, and now

Lady Speyer's violin is seldom heard outside of her own drawing-room. In the three ladies presented by him to the public this year, Mr. Sargent had an opportunity to show the variety of his talent. In Lady Speyer he had the most picturesque subject, but his portrait of Lady Sassoon is the one that will add the most to his fame.



I do not know what may happen before this paragraph gets into type, but at the present moment there is every reason for believing that Mr. Granville Barker, the manager of the London Court Theatre, may come to America as the director of the new endowed theatre. Ever since the idea of having Mr. Conried in that position has been given up, the board of directors have been looking for the right man, and if they get Mr. Barker they will get absolutely the right man. Mr. Otto Kahn, an enthusiastic member of the board, was in London during the past summer, and whether by accident or design, attended a performance of "Votes for Women." When it came to the second act he made up his mind that the man who produced that play was the man for the new theatre. He obtained an interview with Mr. Barker and a proposition was soon made. Although it was an unusual and most flattering one it was not accepted on the moment. Mr. Barker

is a man with ideals and aspirations, and he is interested in the work he has done so splendidly in London; not only that, but he hopes in time to retire from active management and give himself over to the writing of plays. Mr. Kahn and his board are not to be discouraged readily, and an offer was made to Mr. Barker such as was never made to a manager since the world began. At the end of a few years he could retire and live on his income while devoting his leisure to play writing. Still he hesitated. England was his home, there were his family and the friends who had made it possible for him to accomplish the work he has done. At this writing it is known in London that he has had the offer to go to America, and already Mr. William Archer is beseeching the London public not to let him go. In September Mr. Barker and his partner, Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, will move from the Court to the Savoy Theatre, an admirable move, for the Savoy is in the thick of things on the Strand while the Court is far out of the way in Sloane Street. The Court, too, is a dreary place, while the Savoy is one of the most attractive theatres in London. It will be some time before Mr. Barker will be needed in America, for the new theatre is far from being ready, so he can get the Savoy in good running order before coming to us. But he must come, for his coming will mean everything to dramatic art in America.

